Collier's

April 29, 1950

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS
15c

THE TEEN-AGE PUNKS:

A City Tries To Tame Them

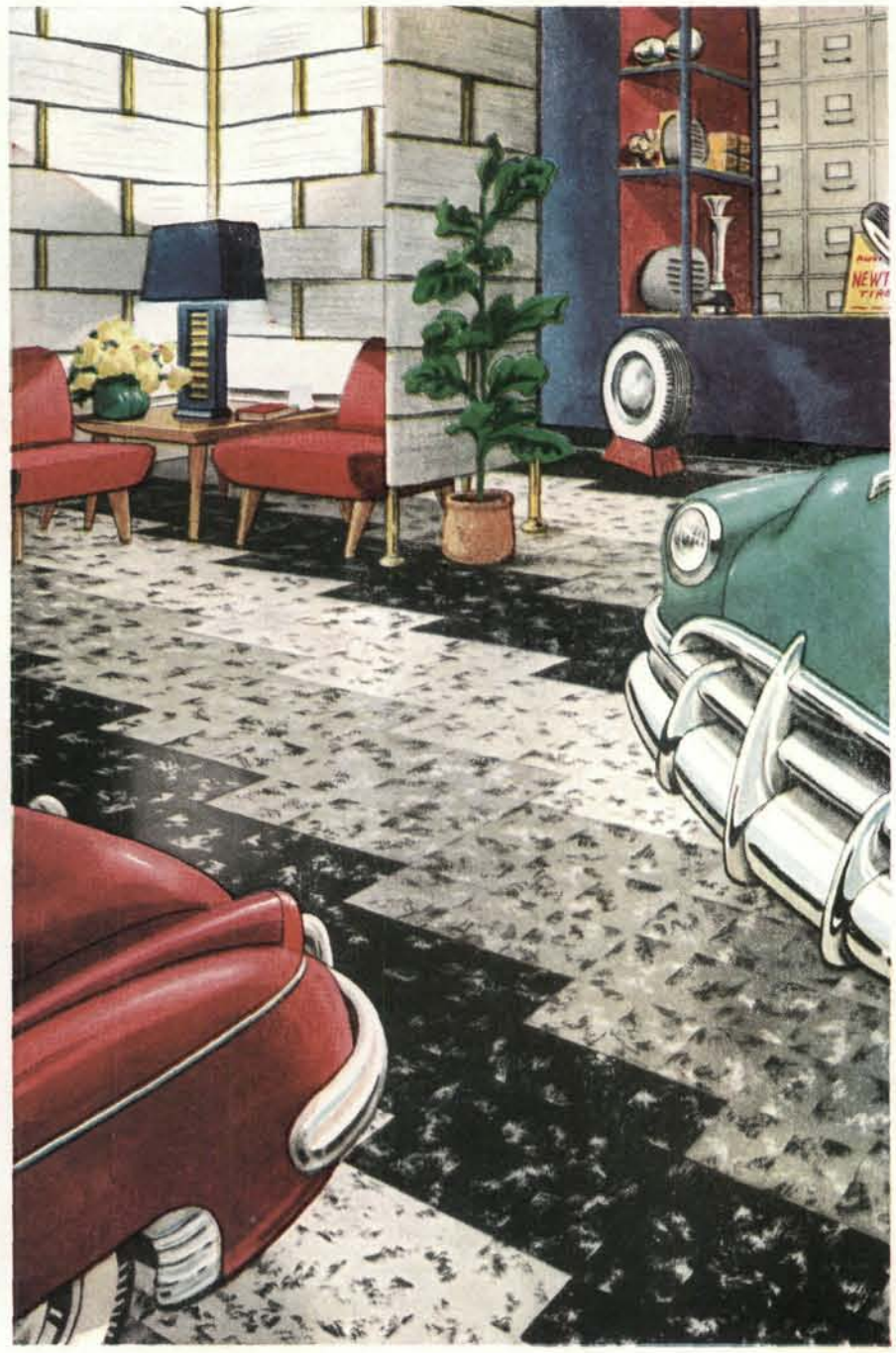
CHARLIE

The Double Li

PUBLIC LIBRARY
IOLA
KANS
A 8452 38
R
19AU50

April 29, 1950

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



This floor is Armstrong's Linoleum

Armstrong has developed many new types of resilient floors, but Armstrong's Linoleum, the oldest of them all, still holds its place at the top of the list. In most cases, no other flooring offers a combination of so many desirable qualities. That's more true today than ever before because, year after year, scientific development has made Armstrong's Linoleum better and better.

This floor has always been noted for its ability to withstand the wear of heavy traffic—and for the ease with which it can be kept clean. Today, Armstrong's Linoleum is more wear resistant than ever, even easier to clean.

Underfoot comfort has always been an important advantage of Armstrong's Linoleum. It cushions the impact of footsteps, cuts down clatter, makes life easier for those who must stand at their work.

In the wide range of its decorative possibilities, no other flooring can match Armstrong's Linoleum.

They're both Armstrong's Floors

This floor is Armstrong's Asphalt Tile

When first cost is a particularly important consideration—or if you need a floor to put on a concrete slab that's in direct contact with the ground—Armstrong's Asphalt Tile should be your choice.

It's the lowest in cost of all of the resilient floors, yet it is long wearing and very attractive in appearance. Armstrong's Asphalt Tile can be used on almost any kind of subfloor, but it has a special advantage for basements and basementless buildings, because it isn't harmed by the alkaline moisture that's almost always present when a concrete subfloor rests directly on the ground.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?" This 20-page booklet contains illustrations of floor designs in full color and gives all the facts about Armstrong's Linoleum and Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, as well as Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and other Armstrong Resilient Floors for business use. Write Armstrong Cork Company, Floor Division, 5004 Jackson St., Lancaster, Pa.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Westinghouse

Announces

The World's First and Only Fully Automatic

FROST-FREE

Trade Mark

U. S. Patents Issued
Nos. 2,459,173 and 2,324,309

REFRIGERATOR

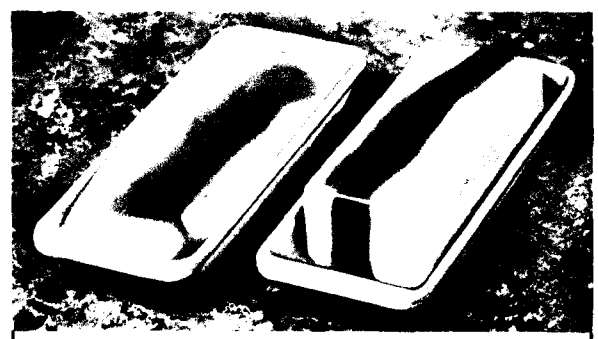
It's Here! The Only Refrigerator That *Automatically* Defrosts Itself... *Automatically* Disposes of Defrost Water... Does It So Fast Even Ice Cream Stays Hard

This is it! The greatest refrigerator development in the last 20 years. Now, for the first time, you can *truly* forget all about defrosting. With the revolutionary new Westinghouse "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator you can wipe the word . . . and the work . . . right out of your mind.

Think what that means. No more frost to scrape . . . no more water to carry and empty, and no more floors to mop when it spills . . . no more melting and refreezing of ice cream and frozen foods, they never get a chance to thaw . . . no more food to remove and replace again . . . no dials to set or clocks to turn.

In fact, with this great "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator, all you have to do is put it in your kitchen . . . and use it!

The new, fully automatic "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator is simplicity itself in operation. You see, every time your Refrigerator door is opened, warm, moist air flows in. This warm, moist air is what causes frost. When the door has been opened 60 times, the first thin layer of frost starts to form. So, the "FROST-FREE" system *automatically* counts the door openings. After the 60th door opening, it swiftly and *automatically* wipes out every trace of frost. Does it so fast . . . that the temperature of your foods changes practically not at all. Since the Freeze Chest normally operates at zero, your frozen foods, ice cubes, and even your ice cream, stay brick hard *always*.



The Amazing Story of Two Identical Bricks of Ice Cream

Ice cream on right went through a defrosting cycle in the new "FROST-FREE" Westinghouse. It came out as you see it here . . . still hard, the two flavors still separate and rich.

The ice cream on the left went through so-called "automatic" defrosting in a refrigerator equipped with a defroster. The camera tells what happened. The ice cream had melted, flavors ran together. The ice cream lost its shape, flavor, richness and appetite appeal.

What happens to the frost water? There's very little of it, and that little is *automatically* evaporated . . . *quickly*. As far as you're concerned, the defrost water does not exist.

This "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator works less . . . and so does your budget! Since frost never really forms in this amazing new Refrigerator, there's no accumulated frost-resistance to combat. As a result, the Westinghouse Economizer Mechanism operates at peak efficiency . . . *and costs less to run.*

Fully automatic defrosting is only part of the story. You get all these marvelous features, too, in the great new "FROST-FREE" Refrigerator:

- An Automatic Butter Keeper that keeps a half pound of butter just right for spreading.
- A Meat Keeper that automatically keeps meat at just the right temperature . . . and keeps it that way for days if you don't want to freeze it in the Freeze Chest.
- Two Humidrawers that automatically maintain the right temperature and humidity to keep fruits and vegetables fresh and crisp.
- It even has an automatic door closer, in case you forget to close it yourself.
- And a Sterilamp® germicidal light guards against transfer of food odors, protects health and insures cleanliness.

In every way, this new "FROST-FREE" Westinghouse is today's last word in modern refrigeration.

All Westinghouse Refrigerators Have COLDER COLD For Safer, Surer, Food Keeping

COLDER COLD means lower temperatures in the Freeze Chest to freeze foods faster . . . to make ice cubes quicker . . . to keep frozen foods safely frozen. At the same time, you get safe, steady cold in the Main Food Compartment, even with zero cold in the Freeze Chest . . . and sure, moist cold in the Humidrawers.

WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC CORPORATION
APPLIANCE DIVISION • MANSFIELD, OHIO

SEE THE REVOLUTIONARY NEW "*FROST-FREE*" AND THE OTHER GREAT NEW WESTINGHOUSE REFRIGERATORS AT YOUR RETAILER'S NOW

PRICES START AT $189.95

SEE T-V's TOP DRAMATIC SHOW..."*STUDIO ONE*"...EVERY WEEK

YOU CAN BE SURE..IF IT'S Westinghouse

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION*"
care...

FEEL the difference in your scalp! What a wonderful wake-up glow — when you use Vitalis "*Live-Action*" care. That's Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout!" 50 seconds' massage with *active* Vitalis (1) stimulates scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair. Then 10 seconds to comb and you're all set!

...gives you
HANDSOMER
HAIR

SEE the difference in your hair! How much neater, handsomer your hair is—set to *stay* that way all day! Natural-looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil. For a scalp that *feels* its best and hair that *looks* its best, get "*Live-Action*" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop.

● Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. Vitalis *stimulates* scalp, *prevents* dryness.

"LIVE-ACTION"
A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

*VITALIS and the
"60-Second Workout"

THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* ALBERT E. WINGER, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
LOUIS RUPPEL, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* JOHN DENSON, *Managing Editor*

WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director* KNOX BURGER, *Fiction Editor*
GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoons* WALTER DAVENPORT, *Senior Correspondent*
JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief of Washington Bureau*

Associate Editors · BERT BACHARACH · HELEN S. BILKIE · WARREN BROWN
HELEN P. BUTLER · JEAN B. CAMPBELL · JOSEPH CARROLL · ALLEN CLEATON
JOHN CONNER · WILLARD B. CROSBY · BILL DAVIDSON · WILLIAM A. EMERSON, JR.
MACLENNAN FARRELL · BILL FAY · JOHN FLOREA · DIANA HIRSH · DEAN JENNINGS
JAMES M. KAHN · JOHN LEAR · DAVID MANESS · GORDON MANNING
MARSHALL McCLINTOCK · TOM MEANY · FRANK D. MORRIS · JOHN C. PELLEW
ELEANOR PORTER · JAMES A. QUIGNEY · COLLIE SMALL · RED SMITH
JAMES THRASHER · LESTER VELIE · FRANCIS WALLACE
TODD WRIGHT · JAMES N. YOUNG

April 29, 1950

ARTICLES

Charlie McCarthy: The Double Life of Edgar Bergen..... (PART ONE OF TWO PARTS) DEAN JENNINGS 13
Teen-Age Punks: San Francisco Tries to Tame Them..... (Another TERROR IN OUR CITIES Report) HOWARD WHITMAN 18
Lonesomest Man in Town.....SAMUEL GRAFTON 20
Angel of Boyle's Thirty Acres.....BUDD SCHULBERG 24
(Continuing THE MIKE JACOBS STORY)
Mr. and Mrs.—Let's Look at Your Happiness.....OREN ARNOLD 28
Would You Enter a Door Marked 'Socialism'?..... BENJAMIN H. NAMM 34

FICTION

When You Come Home.....WILLIAM R. SCOTT 16
(PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS)
Sneak Preview.....JACK FINNEY 22
Pilgrim's Progress.....HARRIET FRANK, JR. 26
The Case of the Smuggler's Bell.....ERLE STANLEY GARDNER 30
(CONCLUSION)
Head-On.....RICHARD R. WERRY 32
Captain Ollie and the Monster.....GILBERT BYRON 72
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)

Keep Up with the World.....FRELING FOSTER 8
Ladies' Day.....DICK ASHBAUGH 10
Family Garden of Vs.....KEN KRAFT 50
Editorials..... 86
Cover.....RICHARD TUCKER

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Vol. 125, No. 17. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Thomas H. Beck, Chairman of the Board; Albert E. Winger, President; E. A. Schirmer, Executive Vice-President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, J. B. Scarborough, Edward Anthony, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.
SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00. Canada, 1 year $5.50. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other foreign countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio.
ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.
MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

COPYRIGHT, 1950, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

The Cover

Part of The Greatest Show on Earth, which opened two weeks ago in New York's Madison Square Garden, are Rita Reich and Ernie Burch. Born in Munich twenty-three years ago, but until recently a citizen of Austria, Rita studied music and dancing, and is now a Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey aerialist. Newark-born Ernie, at twenty-six, is one of the youngest clowns in the profession, with nine years of experience behind him. It takes him an hour and a half to put on any of his eight different make-ups.

Week's Mail

Florida's More Than Fun

EDITOR: We enjoyed the article by John K. Lagemann (Miami: How to Improve on a Boom, March 4th) and think it particularly well written. We in Florida are proud of the natural advantages which make this state the vacationland it is; and we well realize the impact of tourism on our economy. But so few people, and evidently Mr. Lagemann is not one of them, realize that Florida is more than a land of fun.

The income of the people of Florida in 1940 was $900,500,000. During 1944 the income from all sources was $2,432,900,000 —a figure which is not three times the 1940 figure.

How then can Mr. Lagemann say that "war agencies tripled the income of the entire state"? The 1948 income (latest available figure) was $2,762,000,000 but government payments and war manufacturing have decreased and private enterprise increased, making the income triple the 1940 income for the first time.

HAROLD COLEE, Florida State Chamber of Commerce, Jacksonville, Fla.

Mr. Lagemann should have said war agencies "approximately" tripled the state's income. Aware that Florida is more than a land of fun, he pointed out, among other things, that Miami has become the nation's largest port of entry for air freight.

. . . The article by Mr. Lagemann has been received well in this part of the state and I have heard many complimentary remarks. Undoubtedly in this part of Florida emphasis is very strongly on the tourist trade and on the amenities of subtropical living. Mr. Lagemann has caught this spirit in his studies here and the excellent statistical illustrations have hit the many questions that are on the minds of students of the Miami scene.

I believe that Mr. Lagemann's article will go a long way to explain to Northerners the true meaning of our growth here and the future potentials of this area. In my opinion it has been the first article in a national magazine to do justice to our area.

REINHOLD P. WOLFF, Coral Gables, Fla.

. . . Miami: How to Improve on a Boom was interesting, informative and accurate. Although the article failed to mention Coral Gables, may we point out that here is one community along the gold coast which does not tolerate lawbreaking in any form.

Coral Gables is one of the three largest municipalities in Greater Miami and today has a permanent population of 20,000. This city will celebrate its 25th birthday of incorporation on April 29, 1950. Born in the boom, Coral Gables has experienced a sound growth despite terrific odds against its survival. The late founder, George E. Merrick, would be proud today of the *annual* building permit *average* of $10,000,000 for the past several years. And this has not been speculative building.

Our residents are understandably disappointed over being omitted from Mr.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here, at last, is golf ball perfection.

Electronic Winding makes it so—gives each U. S. Royal the uniformly high compression that produces length of drive and degree of control unmatched in the golfing world. **Only U. S. Royal and U. S. True Blue give you all these: Electronic Winding, Silicone "Magic" Center, Cadwell-Geer Cover, Better Appearance.**

U.S. ROYAL GOLF BALLS

at your pro shop

PRODUCTS OF UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FATIMA
is the long cigarette which contains the finest Turkish and Domestic tobaccos superbly blended to make Fatima EXTRA-MILD.
superb blend gives smokers a MUCH DIFFERENT, MUCH BETTER FLAVOR AND AROMA.
FATIMA
ENJOY FATIMA
...BEST OF ALL LONG CIGARETTES

Lagemann's otherwise excellent article. But don't get us wrong! We still love Collier's!

MARY T. MOORE, Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce, Coral Gables, Fla.

Hour of Sharing

EDITOR: It is a real help to those who are trying to help others less fortunate than themselves to have your magazine print information concerning the One Great Hour of Sharing program (editorial Shining Hour, March 11th). My parishioners appreciate it very much.

REV. CLARENCE W. BALDWIN, Plymouth Congregational Christian Church, Dunkirk, Ind.

. . . Please accept my word of appreciation for your recent article about One Great Hour of Sharing. Our world in deep distress needs a lot of the uplift that you are giving us; for I am convinced that there is only One Saviour for our world.

REV. BRUCE MCCULLOUGH, D.D., First Presbyterian Church, Clinton, Iowa

. . . I wish to commend you for printing Shining Hour.

Certainly Christendom owes a debt of gratitude for such co-operation in favor of the church's program as you have demonstrated.

W. L. VAUGHAN, Minister, Ozark, Mo.

Faithful Brownie Fans

EDITOR: I enjoyed your Tinker to Evers to Freud editorial of March 11th, but am a little concerned regarding one statement you made. "Theirs (the Browns') is a double misfortune. St. Louis is too small to support two baseball teams. And the public there is hopelessly and perennially in love with the rival Cardinals of the National League. As a result the hapless Brownies have more wolves at the door than paying customers at the turnstiles."

Both teams won the pennants in their respective leagues in 1944. Unless I am mistaken, the Browns outdrew the Cardinals, although the Cardinals were apparently the better team, having won the World Series from the Browns. All of which may be a valid basis for protesting your statement that the St. Louis fans are "hopelessly and perennially in love with the rival Cardinals."

LES MILLER, Chicago, Ill.

Last season the Cardinals played to 1,430,586 home customers, while the Browns drew 310,621. For 1948 the figures were Cardinals 1,113,490, Browns 335,564; for 1947, Cards 1,249,931, Browns 332,608. Maybe those figures don't add up to love, but we figure they'll have to do until the real thing comes along.

. . . I live near St. Louis and am a Redbird fan, but I still don't feel that the Browns are as funny as you think they are. Look at the Washington Senators and the Chicago Cubs. Maybe this psychiatrist will help the Brownies and, if and when they do reach the top, you will probably write a big story on them and say, "My, what courage and fighting spirit these boys have."

And, by the way, St. Louis is not too small a town for two baseball teams—good ones. When the Browns are winning they will have as many fans as the Cards, without cutting out any of the Redbird rooters.

So there. LENORE COLLINS, O'Fallon, Ill.

Full-Length Fran

EDITOR: Thanks so much for the story about Fran Allison (Allison in Wonderland, March 4th). We have been watching and loving her ever since she came on TV. She is so fresh and so—human.

What I would like to see is a full-length TV of her. All we ever see on the program is the top half, which is okay. But how about a full-length?

MRS. WALTER V. ZUBER, Cleveland, Ohio

Congratulations & Corrections

EDITOR: CONGRATULATIONS TO COLLIER'S AND ARTIST FRANSIOLI FOR BEAUTIFUL JOB ON SEATTLE'S GREAT HARBOR (COVER, MARCH 11TH). A CORDIAL INVITATION TO ALL TO VISIT AMERICA'S FUTURE, THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST.

WILLIAM F. DEVIN, MAYOR, CITY OF SEATTLE

. . . Re your handsome cover on Seattle: streamlined cars are fine—so are streamlined people. But shucks, couldn't good old Elliott Bay just stay as always—instead of *Eliot?*

BESSIE ELLIOTT MAYLOR, Oak Harbor, Wash.

Setting the Record Straight

In Collier's April 15th issue, there appeared an article by Craig Thompson entitled Adventurer in Darkest Washington. It concerned itself with the work of Robert Heller, a Cleveland engineer who has undertaken to develop an efficiency program for the Department of Defense.

The article opened with an anecdote which quoted President Truman as saying Heller (a Republican) could be President in 1956. This statement, the anecdote went on, was made in the presence of former President Hoover who was also quoted as confirming Mr. Truman's observation.

Collier's has been advised by Mr. Hoover that no such discussion ever took place in his presence.

Collier's therefore wishes to set the record straight.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is a MEN'S SHIRT ad for WOMEN ONLY!

FOR WOMEN ONLY? Yes! For *more than half of all the Arrow shirts* we've made have been bought by women . . . for men.

We're pretty proud of this fact. For, to us, it's evidence that women, as well as men, recognize the value that's packed into every Arrow shirt.

Coming down to cases, women like *these* features in America's most popular shirt.

1 . . . the handsome, can't-be-copied Arrow collar! Women often check collar points to see if they're *exactly* even. (They ALWAYS are in Arrow shirts!)

2 . . . women can tell, by touch, that the combed cotton yarn in Arrow shirts means *just this: better feel . . . longer wear!*

3 . . . women demand garments with permanent fit. "Sanforized" trade-mark on every Arrow shirt (fabric shrinkage less than 1%) means *just that!*

4 . . . for appearance and comfort, the shoulders, sleeves, and sides of Arrow shirts taper to follow a man's contours. This design is trademarked "MITOGA." *Only Arrows have it!*

5 . . . women love Arrow buttons! For they're *durable, anchored on* — no fuss having to sew on buttons that pop off.

6 . . . finally, fine tailoring makes Arrow shirts *easy to iron!* We are flooded with letters about this. Sample: "Arrow shirts require *only about half* the time to iron that I used to spend on others!"

Arrow Dart *(left)* has the famous non-wilt, wrinkle-free collar that needs no starch—keeps neat all day, $3.65. This collar is also available in Mall, $3.95; Dale, $4.50; and Regis, $5.50. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

P. S. Those handsome neckties are Arrows, too! Pure silk Royalty repps $2.

ARROW
SHIRTS

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Makers of Shirts . Ties . Handkerchiefs
Underwear . Sports Shirts

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There's a special reason why Florsheim Summer Shoes are first choice of America's better-dressed men. They know that, in addition to finer style, perfect fit, and cool comfort, they get the added premium of Florsheim longer wear. Yes! Smart buyers know that today's "Sunday best" are next Summer's "every day" —if their Summer Shoes are Florsheims.

Florsheim Shoes

The Pacer, S-1249, Two-tone Vent, $16.95

Other styles $15.95 *and higher*

The Florsheim Shoe Company · Chicago · Makers of fine shoes for men and women

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

No women are permitted in the ancient Greek republic of Mt. Athos

The smallest and strangest republic in existence is Mount Athos, on a peninsula 30 miles long by four miles wide connected with the coast of Greece. Since 1024 A.D., the land has been owned and governed by monastic orders of the Greek Orthodox Church. Its inhabitants are some 5,000 monks and lay brothers who live in its 20 monasteries and 12 communities. These men raise their food, make their clothes and do all other work, as no woman has ever been allowed to set foot on the holy mountain. The territory still has no telephone, radio, newspaper, road or wheeled vehicle, its only means of transportation being mules. Thus, Mount Athos is a world of its own, with its people living today as their ancestors did nearly a thousand years ago.

* * * * * * * * *

Because alcohol evaporates rapidly, most spirituous liquors decrease in strength while aging. Yet, for some reason, certain American whiskies increase in alcoholic strength with time. For example, during a maturing period of four years, a 50-gallon barrel of such a whisky at 100° proof will lose, through evaporation, seven of its 25 gallons of water, but only three of its 25 gallons of alcohol.

* * * * * * * * *

Many an old stone house on Guernsey Island in the English Channel has a small projection on the side of its chimney known as a witch's seat. When these homes were constructed centuries ago, the fear of incurring the ill will of witches was so strong that, as a gesture of friendship, a seat was always built for them. Thus, when a witch flying by on her broomstick happened to be tired, she had a place to sit down and rest.

* * * * * * * * *

When a person walks across a desert where there is no object that he can watch to guide himself, he will unconsciously turn to the right or left and travel in a circle. This is due to the steering instinct which takes control of him, in such a case, and is influenced by some spiral tendency in living matter in motion. In hundreds of tests made, not long ago, with blindfold swimmers, motorists and aviators, all invariably veered in one direction or the other while trying to keep a straight course.

* * * * * * * * *

On May 24, 1854, a sheriff from Virginia arrived in Boston and arrested Anthony Burns, a fugitive slave. The act deeply incensed the city's fiery abolitionists and other famous men. After holding several futile protest meetings, they decided to form a mob and take the Negro from the sheriff by force, but later abandoned the plan. On the day the slave was taken aboard ship, however, federal soldiers guarded him, while others were stationed on street corners with muskets and cannon. But Boston, to show how it felt, was draped in black as though it were in mourning for a President of the United States.

* * * * * * * * *

A baffling crime was the attempt to blow up the British Pavilion at the New York World's Fair on Thursday, July 4, 1940. On the previous Tuesday afternoon, an untraceable call warned the telephone operator of the coming explosion and, shortly, a dozen extra detectives were on duty in the building. On Wednesday afternoon, a male employee noticed a suitcase in the engine room, but disregarded it as he was unaware of the warning. At about four the next afternoon, the man noticed the suitcase was still there; but this time, being closer, he heard a ticking inside and informed the manager. Within a half hour, four members of the New York Bomb Squad had arrived and carried the infernal machine to an open area where, two minutes later, it exploded, killing two of them and injuring the others. Although no clue has ever been found, the case is still open and the reward of $26,000 awaits anyone who can supply information that will solve it.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

repared in cooperation with specialists of American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

See the difference between the **INDIAN** and the **AFRICAN BLACK RHINOCEROS?** The Indian Rhino (*above*) has only one horn, but the African (*left*) has two. The hide of the Indian Rhino is also different in having deep folds that give it the appearance of armor plate.

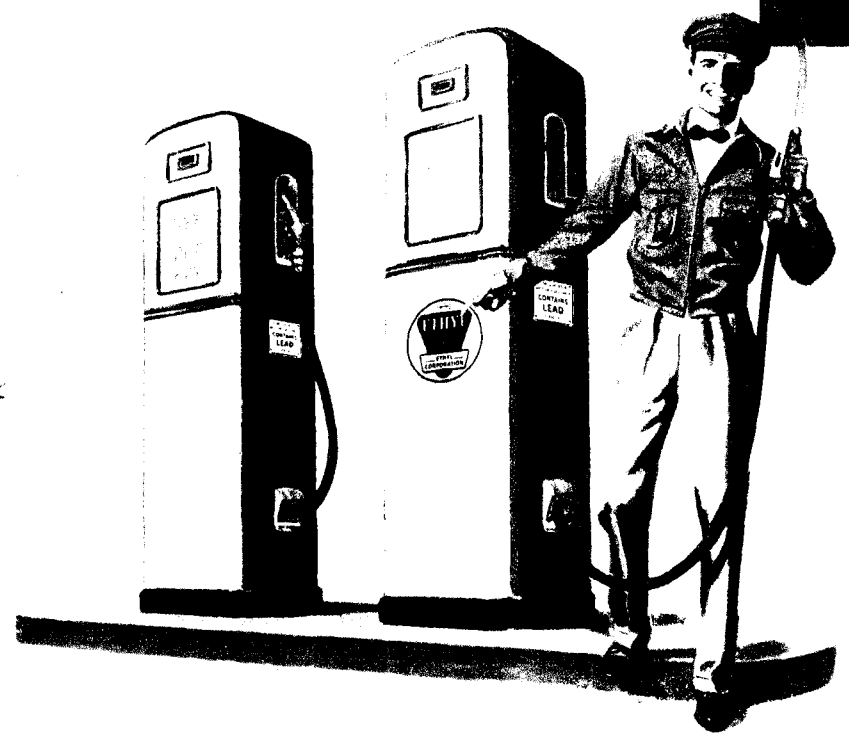
THE "TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

mark the difference in these look-alikes

hey're both armor-plated, but there's an easily ɔotted difference between the **PANGOLIN** (*left*) and ıe **NINE-BANDED ARMADILLO.** The Armadillo wears s armor in bands around its body, while the Pango-n wears his in a shingle effect.

The venomous **GILA MONSTER** (*left*) is sometimes confused with the much smaller and harmless **GROUND GECKO.** But the Gila Monster may be quickly distinguished by the "beaded" skin and its different coloration.

THE TRADE-MARK "ETHYL" marks the important difference in gasoline



ENJOY THE DIFFERENCE!

Just fill your tank with gasoline from an "Ethyl" pump and feel the difference for yourself. Because "Ethyl" gasoline averages *five full octane numbers higher* than regular gasoline, it will bring out the full power and performance of your car.

When you see the familiar yellow-and-black "Ethyl" emblem on a pump, you know you are getting the best gasoline your service station offers—gasoline that is improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid, the famous ingredient that steps up power and performance.

"Ethyl" products are made by **ETHYL CORPORATION,** *Chrysler Bldg., N. Y. 17, N. Y.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

introductory offer!

New **PERSONNA** precision

injector blades

the very finest injector blades ever made!

Never . . . never . . . never before have you used an injector blade as fine as these *new, improved* Personnas. They'll give you smoother shaves, cleaner shaves, *more* shaves. Yes, *9 superb shaves from every blade* . . . or return the pack and your money will be refunded.

Personna invites you to try these new injector blades at a price which makes them *cost less than the most widely advertised brand*. Don't pass up this opportunity. Get Personna injector blades *today!* They fit your injector razor perfectly. Personna Blade Co., Inc., 43 W. 57th St., N.Y.

Personna guarantees 9 superb shaves from every blade or return the pack for full refund

Injector! Double Edge! Single Edge!

LADIES' DAY

By DICK ASHBAUGH

Equal rights for women will be a break for the male sex

WHEN my newspaper recently informed me that the Senate was considering a bill giving complete equality of rights to women, I accepted the news calmly.

However, as I turned toward the sports page, watching carefully for the latest thunderbolt from the throne room of Happy Chandler, an exhilarating thought struck me. This was followed closely by a number of compact little scenes, some in full color, which spun through my mind. If the bill were passed, I reflected, any or all of the scenes would become history.

Scene one takes place in front of an apartment building where a man and woman have just emerged in evening clothes. The lady extends a handful of objects toward her escort.

"Put these in your pocket, lamb."

The man gives a short, hard laugh. "It's not my hardware, Jocelyn. Pack it yourself."

"But, Harry, it's only my compact, lipstick, comb, pillbox, cigarette case, lighter, gold taxi whistle, and a change of pearls."

"Wrestle those bags along, dear, or we'll never catch the train"

"You should get away from that canasta deck, kiddo, and read the paper oftener. Washington says you can carry your own stuff."

The lady looks around her person desperately. "But where?"

"Ask your congressman," says the man airily. "And by the way, it's your turn to find a cab. Get busy."

The next scene shows a man and woman seated in the living room of their home. The man is more or less hunched under a shawl on the sofa. He coughs discreetly. The woman flips down the corner of her paper and glares at him.

"Quiet, Stanley; can't you see I'm trying to read the bowling news?"

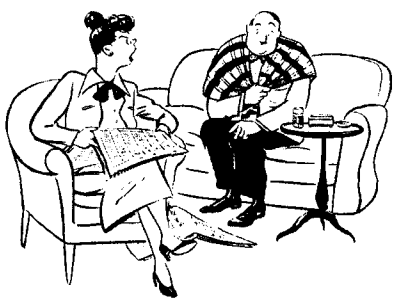
The man reaches for a cigarette and knocks over the box with a clatter.

The newspaper rattles briskly. "Good heavens, Stanley, what's the matter with you tonight? You're as nervous as a cat."

The man is silent for a moment. Then he pushes aside the shawl and juts out his chin defiantly. "I want to be cuddled."

The next episode takes place in a railroad terminal. A man and his wife stand before a pile of luggage as the man tries vainly to summon a porter. "No luck. Well, dear, this brief case is mine. The other three bags and the overnight case are yours. Better wrestle them along or we'll miss the train."

Our final scene takes place in the Primrose Tea Shoppe. A young matron, her arms loaded with packages, enters and sinks wearily onto the banquette. As she is kicking off her shoes a friend crosses the room and sits down beside her.



The woman flips down the corner of her paper and glares at him

"Well, Marie! Long time no see."

"Oh, hello, Agnes. Didn't know you stopped in here."

"Once in a while. Pretty nice spot even if they do have tables for men. What are you having?"

"I'd like a double orange pekoe with a twist of lemon peel. How was the party last night?"

"Quite an affair. Sorry you couldn't make it."

"Well, I've had lodge and Town Hall so far this week. And then there's the sorority smoker Friday. Harold's getting a little edgy about my nights out."

"I'm in the doghouse myself. Last night at the party Helen Jenks and I put on men's hats and did the Charleston. Then some of the girls started a card game in the basement. The men were furious. Leroy didn't speak to me all the way home."

"How do you square yourself in a case like that?"

"Oh, I'll pick up a box of cigars on the way home, or tell him how nice he looks in his new hat. It usually works."

"Sounds like a good idea. I'll try it on Harold. Shall we have another?"

"I don't know. This is my third and Harold's having veal birds tonight. He likes to serve everything hot."

"Not much like old times, is it, Aggie? Remember when we used to have three or four and then go on someplace for a toasted olive and nut on whole wheat?"

"Those were the days. I suppose we could have a quickie and then grab a cab."

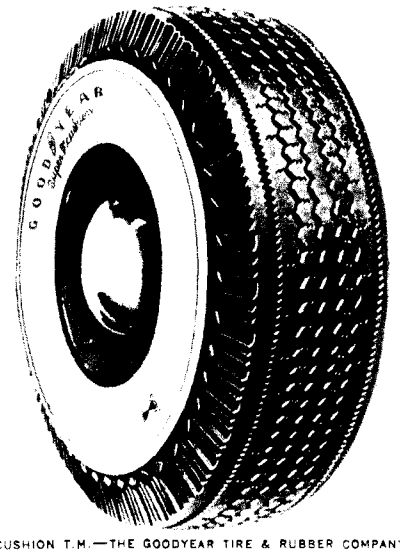
"Okay, can't fly on one wing. Here's to Susan B. Anthony."

"Righto." THE END

DOROTHY McKAY

"Not much like old times, is it?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Here's why leading car makers and the public prefer this great tire: It gives . . .

A SOFTER RIDE!
A SAFER RIDE!
FEWER CAR REPAIRS!
MORE MILEAGE!

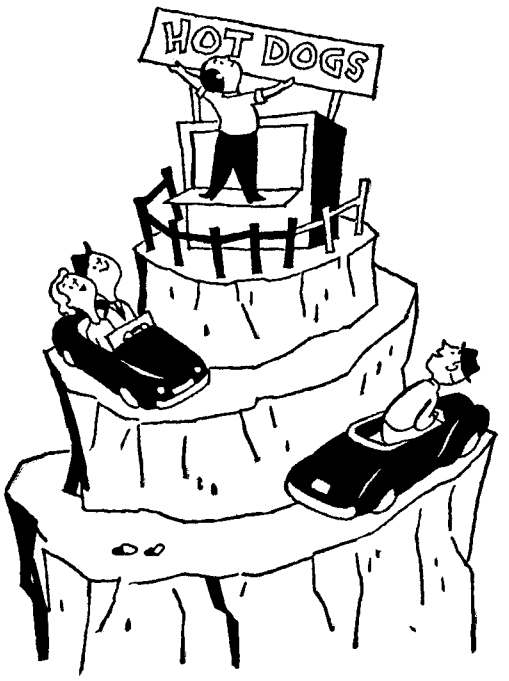
Super-Cushion by

GOODYEAR

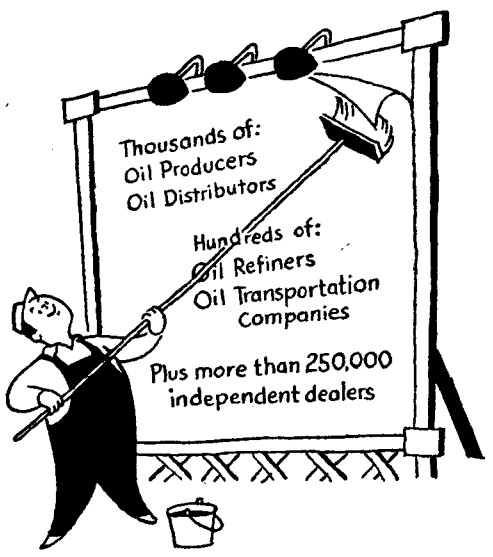
MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

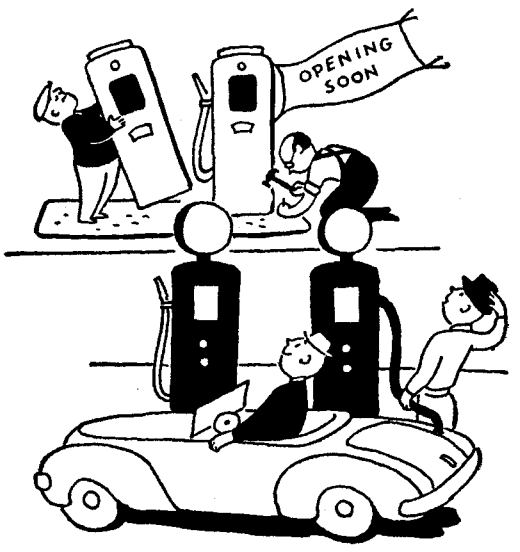
SUPER-CUSHION T.M.—THE GOODYEAR TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY, AKRON, OHIO

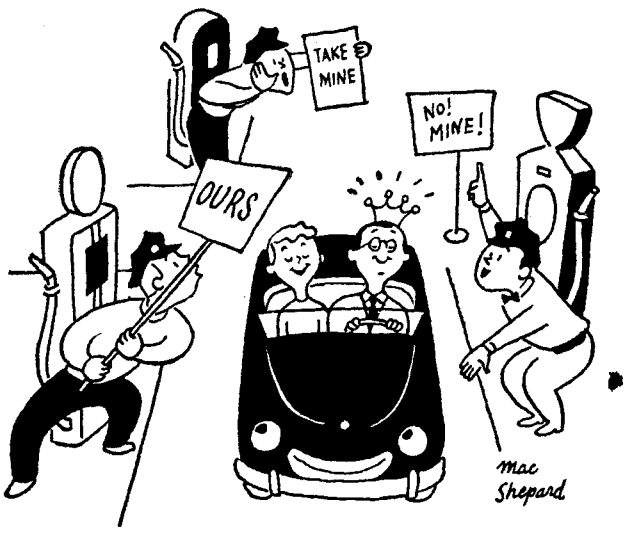
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Take one person... who has everything to himself... and you have a monopoly.







Take thousands of firms... that strive to out-do rivals... and you have the oil business.

IF YOU EVER HEAR anyone link the word "monopoly" to the oil business, you can be sure of one of two things—he just is downright uninformed or he is deliberately trying to mislead.

The truth is there are thousands of individual firms of all sizes in the oil business. Each competes with rivals to win *your* favor.

That's why more and more oil is discovered. That's why more than 1200 different oil products have been developed. That's why ways are always being found to make your fuels and lubricants better and better. That's why you pay the *lowest* oil prices in the world for the *finest* oil products in the world.

Competition is just as much a part of the oil industry as drills or refineries or service stations. It's standard equipment.

Thousands of oil companies mean competition . . .
competition means progress . . .
progress means better living for everyone

Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IOLA,
FREE PUBLIC LIBRARY
KANSAS

Show-off Charlie keeps the Bergen family waiting while he considers a grapefruit. They are Edgar and Frances and daughter Candy

The Double Life of Edgar Bergen

By DEAN JENNINGS

WHEN Edgar Bergen gets angry or excited these days, itself a phenomenon of some magnitude in a man with an unusually even temper, his voice suddenly scoots up half an octave and the sound that pops out accidentally is not the voice of Bergen at all, but the thin soprano of wooden Charlie McCarthy. This curious switch, which has seemed to happen with greater frequency of late, is occasionally augmented by an even weirder manifestation in which, associates swear, Bergen and McCarthy can be heard talking simultaneously.

"Obviously that's impossible," says one of Bergen's men, "since McCarthy is Bergen, or vice versa. But the two voices overlap, just the same. I tell you—it gives me the creeps."

Bergen pretends not to be aware of this cabalistic business and discusses it only under provocation. But he does admit the existence of a titanic psychological conflict which in recent years has become so acute that he consciously rejects Charlie and is jealous of him. Bergen is bitter because the public will not accept him without Charlie, and has willingly risked financial losses and social rebuffs in desperate attempts to escape the monocled monster he created.

On the other hand, when a radio network not long ago offered him $1,000,000 cash for Charlie, the most fabulous value ever placed on a doll, Bergen recoiled like a mother asked to sell a favorite child into slavery.

"I thought about it," he says, ". . . the rest of my life as Edgar Bergen—and no Charlie. I couldn't do it. I am very sentimental about him. He has a soul."

Today, after some 30 years of a complex, intimate and mysterious relationship with his rasping alter ego, Bergen stands at a crossroads in his career. Now forty-seven, with thinning brown hair and a filigree of fine lines under his blue eyes, Bergen is still a shy, dreamy and monosyllabic man who modestly lists himself in Who's Who as a "radio entertainer." But as he pauses at the dividing trails, with aging radio on the left and television beckoning on the right, Bergen can look back on a past unique in the entertainment world.

This Is the First of Two Articles

To the language, for example, he has contributed the phrase "a Charlie McCarthy" as a synonym for anyone easily manipulated or used as a convenient front. The U.S. Army took official cognizance of this usage during the war when, in a training film about Japanese army psychology, the narrator referred to Emperor Hirohito as "a Jap god on earth behind whom there is always an Edgar Bergen."

Charlie became such a fixture on the national scene, like Mickey Mouse, that he was soon a commercial, mass-produced item. Before the war there were some 35 Charlie McCarthy products manufactured under license from Bergen—comic books, pea shooters, bubble gum, games and other toys whose annual retail value exceeded $400,000. As millions of miniature Charlies padded into homes

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The comedian-ventriloquist desperately tries to escape domination by his famou

all over the world, ventriloquism underwent a renaissance that was a bonanza for puppet makers and teachers of the art.

Bergen took a myopic view of all these enterprises, and still does to the extent that he now permits manufacture of only three best-selling items, one of which is a rubber reproduction of Mortimer Snerd, his laryngeal stepchild. Bergen cringes at the suggestion that he is a successful businessman, on the grounds that his profession is entertainment. He says he would rather have his millions of listeners—as he does on the Coca-Cola show over the Columbia Broadcasting System Sunday evenings—than twice that many bubble gum customers.

A Wizard at Wisecrack Production

In a field where humor is as mechanized as anything on a Detroit production line, Bergen is considered one of the most original and prolific gag writers of them all. His wisecrack factory can, under pressure, turn out from 300 to 500 shiny new jokes a week. But he saves only those which can be made to come barreling out of Charlie like a hot rod. His act is the awe of professionals who are aware that although three or more characters are heard, Bergen is actually delivering a monologue. Jack Benny admits to a mortal fear of the Bergen-McCarthy crossfire, and once reported: "I got so confused waiting for them to stop throwing dialogue around that when I finally got a joke of my own I read it like a question."

Bergen's endless gag belt, with the blueprints essentially unchanged in 12 years, has put him into the $350,000-to-$500,000 annual income bracket. It has been directly responsible for bringing him more diplomas, awards, degrees and decorations than any other entertainer in the world. But in self-purging moments Bergen tends to depreciate the sum of his achievements. He broods over the fact that most of the awards are made in Charlie's name, and that people's faces sag like a bad soufflé when they find he has left Charlie at home.

Groucho Marx, he says, can be funny without his dummy brother Harpo; Charlie Chaplin doesn't always have to carry his cane and derby hat; W. C. Fields was good for a laugh with or without billiard cue. "But who," Bergen asks plaintively, "is Bergen without Charlie? A nobody! How I would love to trade places with Charlie and be accepted as he is."

Bergen takes an almost masochistic delight in visiting towns near Hollywood and keeping painful score on the number of people who look at him blankly when he introduces himself. More than once, in hotels, stores or bars, he has been frozen by belligerent individuals who challenge: "So you're Bergen, eh? Well, where's Charlie?" Sometimes Bergen obliges by producing convincing identification or, if sufficiently goaded, will even put Charlie's voice through a makeshift dummy improvised by wrapping a handkerchief or a bandanna around his right hand. But usually, when the game reaches the touchy "Where's Charlie?" stage, Bergen ducks into his shell like a turtle, and his day is definitely spoiled.

In these dark moments Bergen, like Frankenstein, undoubtedly considers ways and means of killing the thing he created. In fact, Bergen has made a number of homicidal passes in Charlie's direction.

Two years ago, when he and Mrs. Bergen were all packed up for a long trip to Europe, Edgar heard that RKO planned a movie version of the Broadway play, I Remember Mama. Bergen beleaguered Director George Stevens for the part of the Norwegian undertaker in the show, and got it. A secondary role, it was nevertheless the first major performance of his life without Charlie, and he admitted later that he kept looking down for someone to talk through. Bergen's price for a starring role—with Charlie—is $150,000 a picture, but he once told a producer: "You'd be surprised to find how little I'd ask to get away from Charlie for a while again."

The creation of Mortimer Snerd, the rustic simpleton, was another murderous swipe at Charlie. Since Mortimer in some respects resembles Bergen himself—slow-moving, self-conscious, afraid of children and girls—the war between Mortimer and Charlie was really Bergen versus Bergen. The public would not accept Mortimer as a complete substitute. The late Heywood Broun publicly scolded Bergen in his syndicated column: "Psychologically, it is Bergen who sits in the lap of McCarthy. In an endeavor to deliver himself from the demon, Mr. Bergen has invented Mortimer Snerd. It won't do, Mr. Bergen. You may have created Charlie . . . but you may not drop him, even to save your face. We are not willing to have him obliterated to serve your whim."

Eventually, in the ruthless intracranial battle that was fought without public knowledge, Mortimer could not match Charlie's mugging or his lethal jabs, and ever since he has been strictly second-string. Still later—again to spite Charlie—Bergen spawned the waspish Effie Klinker, who is reportedly the image of a country schoolteacher he once admired. Effie's crinoline skirts never made much of a swish on the air, and, while Bergen occasionally brings her out during a program warmup period, she is rarely heard on the network show itself.

Yet even with Mortimer and Effie defeated, the conflict has not been resolved. To keep that shrill small voice further subdued, Bergen is in a constant fizz with outside activities that have nothing to do with Charlie. This frenzy goes on seven days a week, and covers such oddly assorted activities as photography, beekeeping, painting, plastics, ceramics, ice skating, inventing, magic, flying, fishing, machine tooling, ancient cars, ranching, gold mining, college scholarships and a nursing foundation.

Occasionally, Bergen takes a fresh cut at Charlie. Before the current season began, for instance, he ordered his program listed in the newspaper radio logs as "The Edgar Bergen Show," with no reference to Charlie. Some of the journals acquiesced. But a few rebels, ignoring the Freudian consequences, still bravely call it the "Charlie McCarthy Show." Right now, in what may be the last act of a long-brewing infanticide, Bergen is immersed in Project X, a supersecret plan that will, if successful, send Charlie back to the lumberyard.

Charlie, in one corporeal disguise or another, has been Bergen's psychological prop since the entertainer was a youngster on his family's farm in Decatur, Michigan. An awkward, bashful lad overshadowed by an older brother and by his father, a hard-working Swedish farmer and dairyman, he was then known as Edgar John Berggren. He had the social presence of an amoeba, but counterbalanced it with a prodigious energy. Bergen ushered in a theater, served as janitor, assisted the projectionist, fed the player piano, and in his spare time worked as a celery weeder and amateur photographer.

But despite the high voltage that went into these jobs, young Edgar was frustrated and emotionally tongue-tied. "Before Charlie," he says, "I didn't say much at any time. I guess I was the mildest, meekest boy you ever saw." Then Bergen read an advertisement about a little book called The Wizard's Manual—Ventriloquism, Black Art and Mysticism. He had already discovered he could throw his voice a little, but kept the discovery secret. He sent for the volume—which cost 25 cents—and also bought a junior magic kit from Sears Roebuck. One day Edgar's mother heard a faint cry coming from the oven, in which she was roasting a chicken.

"Help!" the voice called. "It's hot in here. Lemme out!"

Frowning, Mrs. Berggren opened the oven, and the chicken said, "Thanks. That feels better."

Presently there were voices all over the house. Mrs. Berggren was kept busy peering into closets, running to the cellar, and answering calls at the front and back doors. She didn't suspect Edgar until he started giggling, and that first ventriloquism presentation ended with a whacking in which the yelps of pain were authentic. But in any event, no Prometheus was ever unshackled so dramatically and permanently. Bergen has an affectionate remembrance of this debut; retrospect also suggests that it released the mysterious wellspring of a secondary personality. To keep it flowing, there was need for a pipe line, and thus was born Charlie McCarthy.

Bergen made the first rough sketch of his brash and impudent dummy in Chicago. He took it to Theodore Mack, a talented wood carver who ran a small shop for ventriloquists and magicians. Mack whittled the head for $35, and Bergen made the articulated body to fit it. He dressed the dummy in the blouse and knee-length pants small boys were wearing at that time, and baptized it Charlie Mack—in honor of the wood carver and of Charlie, a freckle-faced Chicago boy who sold newspapers near Bergen's school, Lakeview High.

Name Changed to Fit the Face

Bergen subsequently changed the surname to "McCarthy" because it seemed more compatible with Charlie's Irish puckishness, and dressed Charlie in a beanie, knickers and sweater. The 38-inch body, its over-all measurement about equal to those of a five-year-old boy, has been modified or replaced some 25 times.

That remarkable original head is still in use, and Bergen lives in constant fear that it will be lost or damaged beyond repair. He guards it like the gold in Fort Knox—certainly not a farfetched parallel—and is almost irritably reluctant to have anyone else handle it.

Charlie travels in a velvet-lined box with his head encased in a cellophane bag. At home he stays in a fireproof safe. Bergen has insured the head for $25,000, merely a token figure because he believes no one could ever duplicate Charlie's lecherous smirk, the saucy dip and flare of his nose, or the bold eyes.

Just a few weeks ago a well-known wood carver—like others before him—submitted a new head which to neutral observers seemed an exact reproduction. Bergen gingerly held it at arm's length and examined it suspiciously.

"Well," he concluded, "it looks like Charlie. But

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it isn't Charlie. It's a face without any soul. I couldn't use it . . . it wouldn't be right."

Bergen's feelings for Charlie bubble so close to the surface that sometimes they slop over into the radio script. One recent broadcast went like this:

Bergen: I really think an awful lot of you, Charlie.

Charlie: Yes, I guess I'm a pretty nice kid—for a brat.

Bergen: I've tried to show you how I feel. I've showered you with love and affection . . . I was a lonely man before I found you. I always longed to hear the patter of little feet around the house.

Charlie: Couldn't you afford mice?

Bergen: I longed for the company of a child. When you were just a newsboy, remember how I came around to see you?

Charlie: Sure, every time you needed some paper to put in your shoes.

Bergen: You've always been close to me, Charlie. You've been like a little tug at my heartstrings.

Charlie: I hope he doesn't start blubbering.

While Bergen had Charlie react derisively, his friends thought the script reflected more genuine emotion than was apparent to most of his listeners. This is not surprising, of course, considering that Charlie has been sitting on Bergen's knee since 1922, and in that time has acquired a personality so formidable that people who forget he is not human have been tricked into embarrassing behavior.

Wooden Handshake for First Lady

When Eleanor Roosevelt was first introduced to Bergen and McCarthy, she impulsively extended her hand to Charlie. Bergen, who was sitting several feet away, had to reach over and raise Charlie's hand without using the string controls, and Mrs. Roosevelt found herself with a handful of wood.

Another time, when Bergen was making a picture, technicians were baffled by the weakness of his voice on the sound track until they discovered that the sound men were switching their microphone booms from Bergen to the dummy when Charlie had lines to read. More than once actors on the Bergen show, picking up a dropped script, have automatically held it up for Charlie to read.

There are countless incidents in which people have handed objects to Charlie without realizing that he cannot hold anything in his curled wooden fingers. Bergen himself unwittingly contributes to the illusion by privately quoting Charlie on a wide range of subjects, and by having Charlie talk while he remains silent. These off-stage ad libs make Charlie seem all the more real. Thus, when someone asked Bergen what Charlie and Mrs. Roosevelt talked about, Charlie snapped: "She talked about her day and I"—with a reminiscent sigh—"talked about my night." When Bergen stepped out of an airplane after eloping with Frances Westerman, Charlie greeted them and quipped: "You told me you were going fishing in Mexico, but it looks like you're the one who got hooked."

Charlie's aliveness seems as natural to Bergen today as it did when he first tried the little figure in public years ago. Bergen had another dummy at the time, a curly-haired blonde named Laura who wore high-button shoes and starched white dresses, and sometimes he used them both—one on each knee. But Laura lacked Charlie's spontaneous combustion and was permanently interred after Charlie helped Bergen survive a series of crises in his education. The first occurred when Bergen was a senior in high school, and was told not to rent a cap and gown for the graduation ceremonies.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because you're flunking two of my courses," the history teacher said, "and you won't be getting a diploma."

A week later Bergen halfheartedly took part in a school show, and took Charlie up on the stage. Secure in the protection of his uninhibited mouthpiece —as he is today—Bergen poured out his accumulated disappointment and resentment in a blistering monologue. The barbs flew indiscriminately at principal and teachers. But the sting was anesthetized by laughter, and Bergen's history teacher started the riotous applause. *(Continued on page 71)*

PRODUCED BY UN2.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When You Come Home

BY WILLIAM R. SCOTT

All George Alford asked of his home town was to get away from it. He made that clear to the girl—or thought he did. Now he had to make it clear to himself

PART ONE OF FOUR PARTS

THE letter caught up with me in a northern California seacoast town, a largely Mexican and Portuguese fishing community where I was loafing between jobs and soaking up sunshine and muscatel and sea food and carrying on something scandalous with the innkeeper's black-eyed daughter, Serena, who was almost seven. There was also a black-eyed daughter named Consuela who was almost seventeen and more my size, very lovely and curved and bewitching. But she was in a frankly matrimonial mood, and I just as frankly wasn't. Our romance never got out of low gear.

It was afternoon when Serena brought me the letter. She came galloping into my room without knocking, her blue-black pigtails flying, shouting excitedly. "*Hor-jay!*" she shrieked. "*Una carta por usted!*" Don't quote me on that. I hadn't ever learned to hear Spanish fluently. But from the year of it I had in high school, I recall that Hor-jay is spelled Jorge, and boils down to George in English.

The envelope was covered untidily with forwarding addresses, and the letter was from a lawyer named Welty, in Clover, Oklahoma, and said in effect that I had just inherited an eighty-acre farm. I read it with an obscure feeling of regret, but no sense of personal loss, no grief. The postmark showed that the letter was two weeks old, and it was now too late to get back in time for the funeral, even if I'd wanted to.

Serena tugged at my sleeve. "*Esta malo?*" she asked somberly.

I shrugged. "My padre is muerte," I told her, not caring if I said it right or wrong. After she had gone sorrowfully away, I broke out a half gallon of muscatel and got a little high. Not because I was sad. Because I wasn't sad. I said to myself: Be human, ache a little, Hor-jay. But I couldn't help thinking his dying had killed the dreary past forever, and I was in favor of that. *Too bad,* I thought, but what I really meant was: It's too bad, but I guess I'll have to go back and clean up his affairs. I wanted to go over to Sequoia, where there was a good chance for a job. I didn't want to go back to Oklahoma. I hadn't wanted to go back to Clover, Oklahoma, again, ever.

When I slept off the wine's effects, it wasn't morning yet. After I washed my face and combed my hair, I walked down to an all-night café on the water front and had some breakfast, and after that I stood on the dock and watched the gray morning light grow stronger on the oily water of the small harbor, smelling the tar and fish and salt and dead crab smell of the place, feeling the dampness of the thin fog on my face.

I'll sell the farm and come back, I thought. You could buy an old fishing boat pretty cheap. Paint it and scour it and repair it and you'd have a nice little boat, a floating home. *Are you kidding?* I asked myself. *You know the farm will be in hock up to its ears.*

I didn't think of Charley Rainfall or Jud Clymer then. I hadn't thought of Charley since I left the last of the hospitals. Then I thought someday I'd look him up and thank him, if he was still alive. I hadn't thought of Jud for much longer. Even now, it didn't occur to me that either or both of them might have gone back to Clover after the war. I didn't suppose anybody had gone back to Clover after the war. . . .

In the late summer I worked as timekeeper on a construction job upstate near Hollister, and there had been four other native Oklahomans. They weren't successful transplants, because when it got to be September, and then October, you could see the change in their eyes. They weren't farm boys, but they wanted some of that Sooner State fall in their eyes and noses. They began to knock California's climate in a melancholy way, and I knew they were really homesick. They wanted autumn, they were consumed with nostalgia for Indian summer around Skedee, or Anadarko, or Tahlequah.

Not me. I always arranged to be homesick for some other state. Colorado, or Texas, or the Missouri Ozarks. I made it a point never to be homesick for Oklahoma. When those guys drifted away, one by one, heading back to Skedee and Tahlequah and Anadarko, I stuck with the job for another week before I drew my pay and headed South. The mornings had been getting a little chilly and foggy that far north, and the rainy season was about to happen. Me and the sun went South for the winter, and when the winter was gone we headed back up the coast, and now it was summer again and I was going to a place called Clover, in Oklahoma, and I didn't like it a bit.

BACK at the inn I loaded my gear into my jalopy. It'll only be a few days, I thought; just long enough to sell the farm, or turn it over to the bank. As a farewell gesture—and because I wanted the stuff—I bought some rum and wine from Serena's father to take along with me. I thought it would be very dry in Oklahoma at that time of year. I didn't say good-by to Consuela, but I told Serena I'd be back someday.

Then I got in the car and drove south to Los Angeles, where I had twenty-seven hundred dollars' worth of War Bonds in a safe-deposit box. With me I had some cash and my last pension check, but it occurred to me there might be debts to settle in Clover, for the sake of my pride. So I got part of the bonds. *Funeral expenses,* I thought. I got some more of the bonds. In all I had more than a thousand dollars in bonds, and I put them in a Manila envelope with the last check and stuck them in the glove compartment, and on that second day I turned east. Three days later I reached Clover just before dark with a thin rain falling from low, dirty clouds.

There wasn't much light left when I topped the grade and dipped into the valley, but it didn't matter because I couldn't have seen much of the town through the trees anyway. The glistening blacktop spiraled downgrade, and after another half mile the dripping timber gave way to wet fields, and there ahead was Clover. Maybe I'd hoped the sight of Clover after almost ten years would revive some good sweet memory I'd lost along with all the bitter ones, and allow me the luxury of feeling something for the place. Maybe I expected to revive the bitter memories, so I could hate it. But all I felt was tired and sticky and a little depressed. My right leg ached and I needed something to ease my sandpapered eyeballs and I looked forward to a cold shower. But there was absolutely nothing poignant about my return to the old home town.

Clover looked small and shabby against the backdrop of gray-green timber and the distant blue river bluffs and the foothills beyond, and the one tree-hairy, broad-shouldered mountain southeast of town. The woods and fields seemed seared and gaunt with drought, and the buildings of the town looked forlorn huddling around its tree-lined streets, with all that lapping empty brown twilight closing in on the dim cluster of lights like floodwaters.

THE rain stopped before I reached the edge of town and the streets were barely damp. I drove past the grade school and high-school buildings and the WPA-built hybrid that was both gym and auditorium, where I had played basketball. Kids were playing and yelling along the street, and I drove slowly past four blocks of homes and turned onto Clover's brick Main Street and parked in front of what had been the City Drugstore in my day. Now the sign read: Morgan's Pharmacy.

I got out of the car and pulled my sweaty shirt away from my back and stretched my legs on the untidy sidewalk. You could stand where I was standing and see all the way into Arkansas on a clear day, if you knew exactly where to look—and if you wanted to see into Arkansas. You could see Hungry Mountain, too, but that also was a matter of preference.

Halfway down the block a neon sign informed me that Roy Bailey still ran the café. I was hungry enough to do business with him, as soon as I tried on a sedative. There was a sedan parked a few feet behind my jalopy, and as I turned toward the drugstore I saw that a woman was sitting in it, watching me with a faintly amused stare. I had a few faintly amused stares left myself, so I made it an even swap.

"Hello," she said softly. "Would you happen to have a match?"

I'm the kind of guy who always has a match. I moved to the car window and she leaned out with a cigarette between her bright red lips, and I lighted it for her.

"They sell matches in the drugstore," I suggested.

She blew smoke in my face. "Do they?" she said. "Maybe you'll buy me some, honey."

I looked at her. She was a handsome woman, sitting in a car. She would very likely be a tall handsome woman, standing up. Her hair looked a little coppery in the light from the drugstore windows, and her eyes were much darker than you usually associate with red hair. I had been around long enough to recognize a woman who had also been around. She could have been eighteen or thirty, but she was a woman who had been around.

"I'll get you some matches," I told her. "You seem to have everything else."

"You're nice," she said. She had a throaty, disturbing voice. "You have a California license plate. You're a stranger in town, aren't you?"

"In this town," I said, "I am even stranger than that, honey."

She gave me a long, thoughtful inspection, and then blew smoke in my face again. I didn't mind. What's a little smoke? She said: "Maybe I could show you around." *(Continued on page 53)*

Charley's reflexes were slow, and I managed to slam a fist into his belly. Then I eased him down. The girl said calmly, "That was neat"

ILLUSTRATED BY GLEN FLEISCHMANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEEN-AGE PUNKS:

San Francisco Tries to Tame Them

By HOWARD WHITMAN

WHEN sixteen-year-olds carry guns, when youngsters of thirteen to seventeen pummel innocent pedestrians with blackjacks or lay open their cheeks with rings filed sharp as scalpels; when young wolf packs roam the streets for prey, when they flail their victims with chains and belts, smash at them with brass knuckles or fists weighted with lead—when kids who are still wet behind the ears begin to worship a new god named Violence, then a city must sit up and take notice. That's what San Francisco did. It sat up with a jolt. It watched with horror an epidemic of teen-aged violence that all but unhinged the Golden Gate.

San Francisco, for the time, became a national laboratory. What can you do about kids—children, literally—who ought to be home doing their arithmetic and instead are stalking the city in predatory packs, stealing cars, destroying property, hunting for someone to beat up? What can you do when *children* display the ruthlessness, the lust for mayhem, even the sadism, of the worst misanthropes of gangster days?

San Francisco was trying to find out. The chief of police called a conference. The board of supervisors met in august session. Youth leaders, social workers, psychologists, judges, clergy, probation officers—everybody who could possibly contribute—met, conferred, shook heads, took notes, went home. A big new organization was started—the San Francisco Youth Council, complete with ten mimeographed pages of organizational data and committees.

For three hectic weeks, starting January 10th when the outbreak hit the front pages, the newspapers had a field day. Teen-age gangsterism burst into type an inch high. The San Francisco News discarded the more delicate phrase, "juvenile delinquents," and angrily called the young offenders "punks." Punks and "punkism" became the top subject of conversation from the Embarcadero to Lake Merced, and among commuters on the goat-

Members of the suburban Precita Valley Boys' Club, who are themselves helping in the fight against "punkism," demonstrate in a posed photo how a teen-age gang operates: A lookout taunts an approaching couple while armed confederates lie in wait around the corner

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

like cable cars clambering over the hills between.

Back of the journalistic Roman holiday is the real story. Juvenile crime is bad, yes. But probably no worse in San Francisco than in other large cities. San Francisco simply turned the spotlight on it. "Punkism" is not a three-week wonder. It is a continuing, deadly serious proposition. Scores of cities, along with San Francisco, are wondering what to do in an era when violence has become the shiny new toy of mere kids.

What is the answer?

San Francisco has the answer—perhaps without realizing it.

The answer is right there in the rubble of rampant hoodlumism, just as a bright new city lay in the fire ruins of 1906. It is a new philosophy about kids. It is a philosophy which *loves them without coddling them.* It is *firm without being cruel.* For what it hands kids on a silver platter, it asks *responsibility* in return.

I didn't find San Francisco's answer all in one place (it wasn't on 10 mimeographed pages). It came out in bits and pieces as I roamed the city, hobnobbing with kids, talking to parents, judges, doctors, city fathers; patrolling with cops, seeing kids in court and in detention cells, going to conferences with the "experts" and sitting in bull sessions at the bowling alleys and creameries.

The new philosophy lay like pieces of a jigsaw pattern strewn about a city.

* * *

The punks' reign of terror burst into public consciousness with the beating of a clean-cut fifteen-year-old, Raymond Peterson, a promising football player whose right eye was so badly smashed that he probably will never play football again. It was early evening, January 9th. Ray was talking to a girl friend outside her house on Capp Street in San Francisco's Mission District, not far from the famous old Mission Dolores.

A teen-age gang of five swaggered down the street. None of them knew Ray. Ray didn't know them. "We didn't have any reason to fight him. We were just looking to beat up *anyone,*" one of the gang said later.

The five walked by Ray, brushing close. Nothing happened. Then they walked back the other way, brushed close again, and the smallest one, a boy of eleven, pretended to stumble and yelled, "Hey, he tripped me!" That was it. The gang moved in and started to rain blows on their quarry. But not just with fists. This gang, known as "the Buckles," used a weapon popular among the juvenile desperadoes—an Army garrison belt used as a flail.

On one lashing blow the heavy brass buckle crashed into Ray's right eye. When it seemed that his eye had been knocked out, the gang fled. A passing motorist found Ray on the sidewalk, his forehead and both eyelids deeply cut, his right eye a pulpy red mass. At St. Luke's Hospital doctors worked all night to save the mangled eye . . . When I saw Ray some weeks later he still had a huge bandage over it and the doctors hoped they might save at least 4-200 vision (so he could see at four feet what a normal eye could see at 200).

"Why did you do it?" I asked one of the gang at the Juvenile Detention Home. The boy, a fifteen-year-old, slim, light-haired, blue-eyed, said, "I don't know why—except I got jumped myself once."

Youngsters on Patrolman Harry Gurtler's beat got to know and like him, won't let him down

Violence had begotten violence.

Two days after the Peterson beating, a four-boy gang which had spread terror—even among adults—in the Ingleside and Potrero districts was rounded up by police. Two of the boys were sixteen, one seventeen, one fourteen.

Known as the "Big Four," they had ranged the streets for months armed with blackjacks, brass knuckles, knives and long chains.

Among their victims were three neighborhood boys who had been jumped, slugged and flayed with the chains as they walked home from a Christmas Eve Mass at St. Elizabeth's Church.

"Every teen-ager in the area is aware of the criminal tendencies of this group," said the Police Juvenile Bureau report. Apparently the police were aware, too. The gang leader had been run in 20 times in the past 18 months for assault, molesting citizens, suspicion of burglary, extortion (even extorting ice-cream money from the small fry) and chain lashings. Two others had been run in 15 times, one five times.

The police report continued: "Numerous offenses have never been reported due to the fear of reprisals. Even adults have refused to make official complaints because retaliation was certain to be the aftermath." Here was an American neighborhood held at bay by four ruthless punks!

Ruthless? Well, judge by what happened to a perfectly innocent man who attended a dance at the Irish-American Hall the night of January 2d. During intermission he walked out to the sidewalk for a smoke. He was standing there minding his own business when the gang hove into sight. There was the usual brushing up close, circling around the quarry, leering and swaggering, a wisecrack or two—all the tricks designed to touch off an incident. But the man smoking the cigarette didn't bite. He just kept smoking. The gang moved in anyway. "We don't like your looks!" one of them snarled. Another smashed out with *(Continued on page 76)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

Above: James Dierke, third from left, former principal of Everett Junior High and now head of Aptos Junior High, sits with Judge Thomas Foley and students at a ball game. Dierke made Everett into a model school. Below: Close-up of typical weapons confiscated from teen-agers

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Judge Waring senses "an undercurrent of good feeling which dares not show itself"

Lonesomest Man in Town

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

N IMPRESSIVE six-footer, of humor and charm, Federal Judge J. Waties Waring, of Charleston, South Carolina, has unimpeachable social background and high standing in the law—but almost no white person in Charleston will call on him or, if he can help it, speak to him.

Elderly gentlewomen, forgetting their dignity, whip around street corners when the judge or Mrs. Waring approaches. Men the judge has known since school days, and he is sixty-nine, turn aside and manifest deep interest in the window display of, say a cleaning and dyeing establishment or an emporium selling baby shoes, until he passes by.

The old prep-school business of sending a man "to Coventry," of refusing to speak to him, of looking through him, and carrying on, in general, as if he were not there, is being re-enacted in Charleston, with a federal judge as the object.

J. Waties Waring is, of course, the judge who ruled, in a vigorous and since famous 1947 opinion, that Negroes must be given the full right to vote in South Carolina's (previously) all-white Democratic primaries. Thirty-five thousand Negroes went to the primary polls the following year for the first time, and white Charleston stopped coming to the judge's house.

At least that's the way I had heard it. A sad and simple story, of an angry city and a lonely man. A story that, in its essentials, I could have written without leaving my Connecticut acres. But in Charleston I learned something of what makes men and cities act and react on each other in ways that cannot be summed up in a sentence.

The boycott against Judge Waring is complete. He has resigned from his local clubs, societies and trusteeships. "A stone wall of unpleasantness," as he puts it, met him wherever he went, and he had to send in those little notes, withdrawing from associations that the better part of eight generations of Warings had belonged to. There are stores with which he has had to stop trading. One of the Charleston guidebooks mentions the unusual fan window above the doorway of his wide, handsome gray house on Meeting Street, but the judge no longer expects white Charleston to knock on the door beneath it.

So deep does feeling run that in the last Democratic primary election, the famous balloting of '48, in which Negroes voted for the first time, all five senatorial candidates campaigned very largely on the ground of their disapproval of Judge Waring, giving the new Negro voters a somewhat limited choice. Recently, impeachment petitions against the judge have been circulated, hand to hand, in

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WEINER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Quiet Charleston is at war with one of its sons, a federal judge— a harsh, bitter war waged silently among men who once were friends

several parts of the state. And, just a few weeks ago, a flaming cross burned near his home.

All this has happened to Judge Waring in his late sixties, with no sign in the first six and one-half decades of his life that it was destined for so strange an evening.

One talks with Charleston, and the picture that emerges is of a well-regarded local lawyer, J. Waties Waring, "a rather plodding lawyer, in fact," who worked his way along for 40 years in a sober business practice, rising, but not spectacularly, in his profession, becoming corporation counsel of the city of Charleston for a time, and then, in 1942, being made a federal judge, to universal approval. A well-qualified, unexciting man.

And then suddenly: "—Why, he'd never shown any interest in the Negroes before," says one man bitterly. "Then he writes this decision, full of insults to the South. He says it is time for South Carolina 'to rejoin the Union,' and so forth. It wasn't only the decision that made people angry. It was the way he did it. Something come over him."

Playing Up the Divorce Angle

They tell you, eagerly, about the judge's marital life: In 1945, two years before the famous decision, he was quietly Florida-divorced by his then wife. He immediately married a twice-divorced Northern woman. "But he'd been married for 32 years," says Charleston irritably, "and he seemed like a man who was set. Something come over him."

Divorce, they let you know, is approximately as popular in Charleston society as the measles, and has about the same social standing. The state of South Carolina until quite recently granted no divorces on any grounds. There are stately Charleston organizations, like the St. Cecilia Society, whose annual dance, the social high-water mark of the year, may not be attended by a divorced person. Charleston is quick to point out that the boycott of Judge Waring began two years before the primary decision.

"And it wasn't only the divorce itself," says Charleston, moving its chair a little closer. "It was being divorced down in Florida like that, and marrying a woman who'd been divorced twice, and arranging things so they live in the same house in which the first Mrs. Waring had lived for 32 years."

I knew what Charleston would say next. It said it.

"Something come over him," says Charleston, leaning forward. "We're not sore on account of his decision. That decision was just his revenge against Charleston because of the ostracism that followed the divorce. That's why he put those insults into it."

And in January of this year, the present Mrs. Waring, formerly Mrs. Elizabeth Avery, born and reared in Detroit, now living in the South, delivered a speech to Charleston's Negro Y.W.C.A. in which she declared a cold war on white supremacy and gave it as her considered opinion that the white people of the South were sick, confused and decadent.

The speech, as might be expected, transformed the boycott into an uproar.

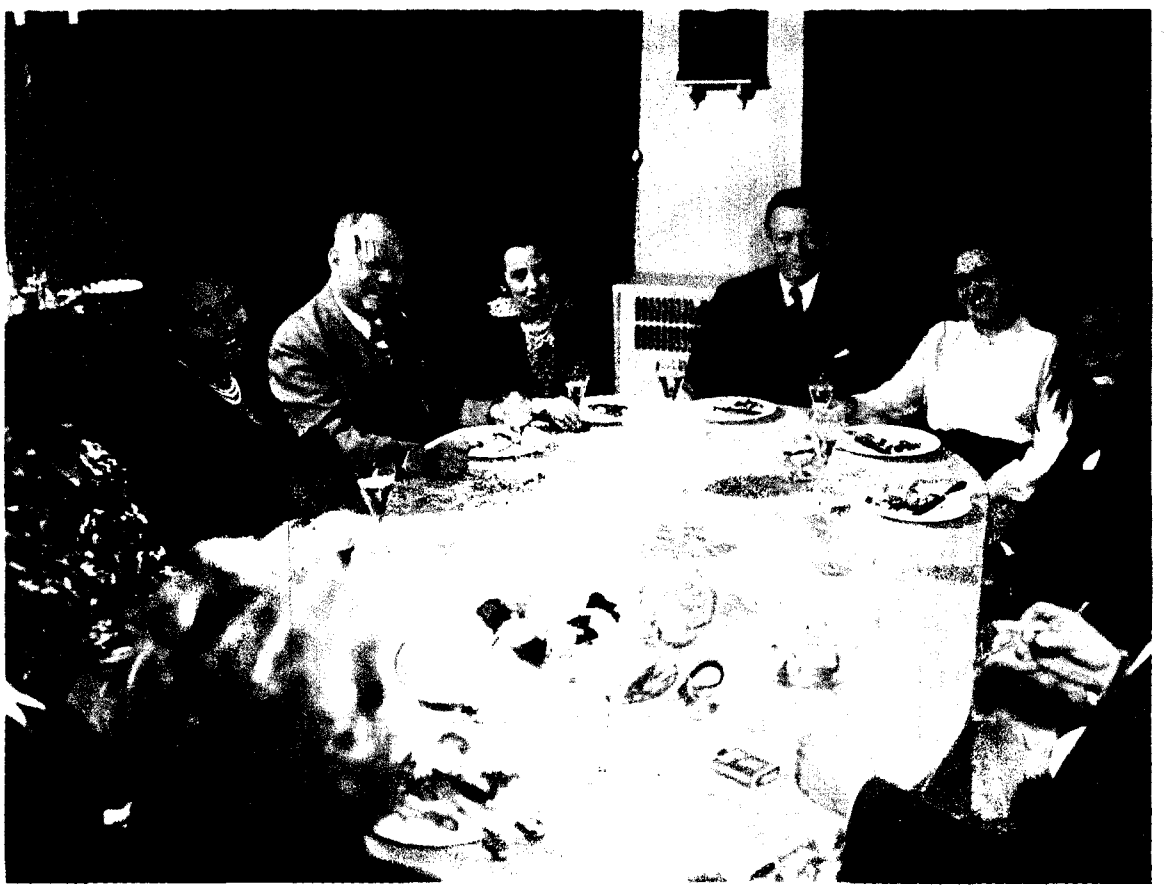
I went to see the man whom something had come over in his middle sixties.

One ought to feel rather safe sitting in a federal judge's house. Especially in the heart of old Charleston, "south of Broad Street," where the stucco walls remind you of old Mexico and the frame houses remind you of old New England.

But then there came this knock on the door. If a knock on a door can sound like a curse, this one did.

Judge J. Waties Waring, of the eastern District of South Carolina, in the Fourth Federal Judicial Circuit, stood up and *(Continued on page 49)*

Evenings, in the house that has become a fortress armed with the modern weapons of words and paper, the Warings study the letters and press clippings they save



In their charming house on Charleston's world-famous Meeting Street, four blocks from the city's historic Battery, Judge and Mrs. Waring entertain dinner guests

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sneak Preview

A bedtime story for expectant fathers

By JACK FINNEY

SLOWLY, Al backed the car, then cut the wheels and leaned out the window to watch the parked car at the rear. The bumpers clicked and he drew his head in and edged the car forward. Then he set the hand brake, switched off the ignition, and sat back, turning to his wife beside him. "Well," he said, "this is it, chaps."

"Yes." She leaned forward to look out the windshield up at the tall stone building beside them. She studied the building, frowning, then sat back again, making no move to leave the car. "Al, what do you think?"

He shrugged. "I don't know. I'd say yes, though. Soon find out, anyway." He watched her face for a moment, then drew her toward him. "Nervous?" he said gently.

"No. Not really." She sat up again as though to get out of the car, but instead she sat looking absently out at the crowds passing on the sidewalk. "Dotty was telling me—"

"Look, Debbie, you can stop worrying about what Dotty or anybody else says now." He reached across her and opened the door. "How foolish can we get? Sitting here wondering, when the answer"—he nodded at the building outside—"is right upstairs there. Come on; let's go find out."

High up in the Medical Arts Building forty minutes later, Al sat waiting in a low, upholstered chair, an open magazine on his lap. Occasionally he glanced up at the closed door opposite, listening to the muffled sounds of voices or footsteps behind it.

The door opened and Debbie came out. She took her gloves and purse from the magazine table, her back to Al. Through the opened door he could see the nurse standing at her desk, busy with papers, and he kept his voice low. "Well?"

She turned, glancing at him briefly. "Tell you outside." Then she raised her voice, calling to the nurse, "Good-by!"

Outside in the hall, they walked toward the elevators in silence, till the slowly closing door of the doctor's office clicked shut. Then Debbie stopped and turned to Al, her eyes excited and awed. "Well, it's true," she said softly, "Al, it's really true!" She grinned. "To quote the eminent doctor, I am pregnant as hell."

"Well, well"—he took her in his arms and smiled—"and how did that happen? You ask him that?" He lowered his head, his mouth brushing her hair close to her ear. "Well, now we know," he said. "And I'm glad. It's wonderful, baby."

"Are you?" She drew back, looking anxiously up at his face. "Al, are you really?"

"Of course I am," he assured her. "What did you think?"

She moved her shoulders in a little shrug. "You always used to say—"

Al took her by the arm, and they walked to the elevators. "I used to say a lot of things. I used to say I wouldn't be married till I was thirty, and look what happened." He bent to kiss her. "You gonna have a fat little baby?"

"Looks like it," she said cheerfully, then she laughed, shaking her head. "Damn. That's the trouble; I *will* look like it. Al, will you—?"

"Sure," he said. "You'll be bulging but beautiful, to me."

Downstairs, out on the sidewalk in the late-afternoon sun, they walked along in silence until they reached the car. Then Debbie said, "Al, is this too silly? Do you mind, I mean, if we take just a few minutes more? I'd like to . . . buy something. For the baby. Just some little thing. It's silly this soon, I know, but—"

"Look." Al paused, his hand on the door handle. "I know I haven't been the traditional prospective father. When we first suspected, I didn't rush out to buy a football for the kid, and I don't intend to." He opened the door and motioned Debbie in. "But I'm not going to eat him either, when he arrives. Or she. Matter of fact, I kind of hope it's a girl." He watched as Debbie drew her feet and then her coat free of the door, then he slammed it shut, and got in on the other side. "It's just that it's a serious business having a kid." He smiled. "But I think it's swell. My folks had children, and so did yours, I believe, and they seemed to get along. Certainly we'll go buy something; anything you want.". . .

It was early evening when they got back to their apartment, and Al hung his hat in the hall closet while Debbie began opening her packages in the living room—a tiny jacket of embroidered yellow silk, no larger than a man's handkerchief, and two little bibs. Al came in and looked at them, fingering them, and agreed they were cute. Then, while Debbie rewrapped them, he walked to the desk, found some papers in one of the drawers, and lay down on the davenport.

For a time he looked through his papers—several printed folders and two typewritten pages—then he became aware of a telephone conversation in the dining room. "I see," Debbie was saying, then she paused. "Yes, of course. . . . Yes, the doctor told me. . . . *How* many times? . . . Oh, of course. . . . Yes. . . . Yes, I will; I'll feel free to call you. Thanks loads; you're a darling, Dotty. . . ."

PRESENTLY the call ended. Debbie came into the living room and sat down on the edge of the davenport, facing Al. "Dotty was telling me—"

"She certainly was."

"Well, she's been through it, remember, and she says that during the first month I should be sure—"

Al laid his hand gently on her arm. "Didn't the doctor tell you about the first month?"

"Yes."

"Then let's do what he says and forget Dotty. One kid doesn't make her an exper—"

"Well, of course." Her voice was amused. "But it's nothing, Al; it's just what women *tell* each other. The doctor can't tell you *everything*." She looked at him affectionately. Then her eyes slowly widened and she looked absently into the distance. "Dotty says don't wait too long getting the things I'll need for the baby. She says it's surprising how fast the time goes. You think you've got plenty of time, just months and months, then all of a sudden you're ready for the hospital."

She smiled. "She says they grow up just as fast, too. Before you know it, they're a year old. Hers is four, you know." She shook her head sadly. "And ours will be, too; she'll be ready for school before we know it. It doesn't take them long. And then—imagine!—she'll be going to high school. Our daughter, Al." She looked at him, suddenly astonished. "And having dates! Al, *imagine!* Then college and more dates, the house full of boys half the time! And then she'll be married, and—Al! Isn't it silly! We'll be grandparents!"

"I know," he said sadly. "And soon after that, *her* daughter will be grown. I imagine it will take just about as long as it's taken you to raise ours—about one minute flat. So that we now have this unborn infant of ours a *(Continued on page 79)*

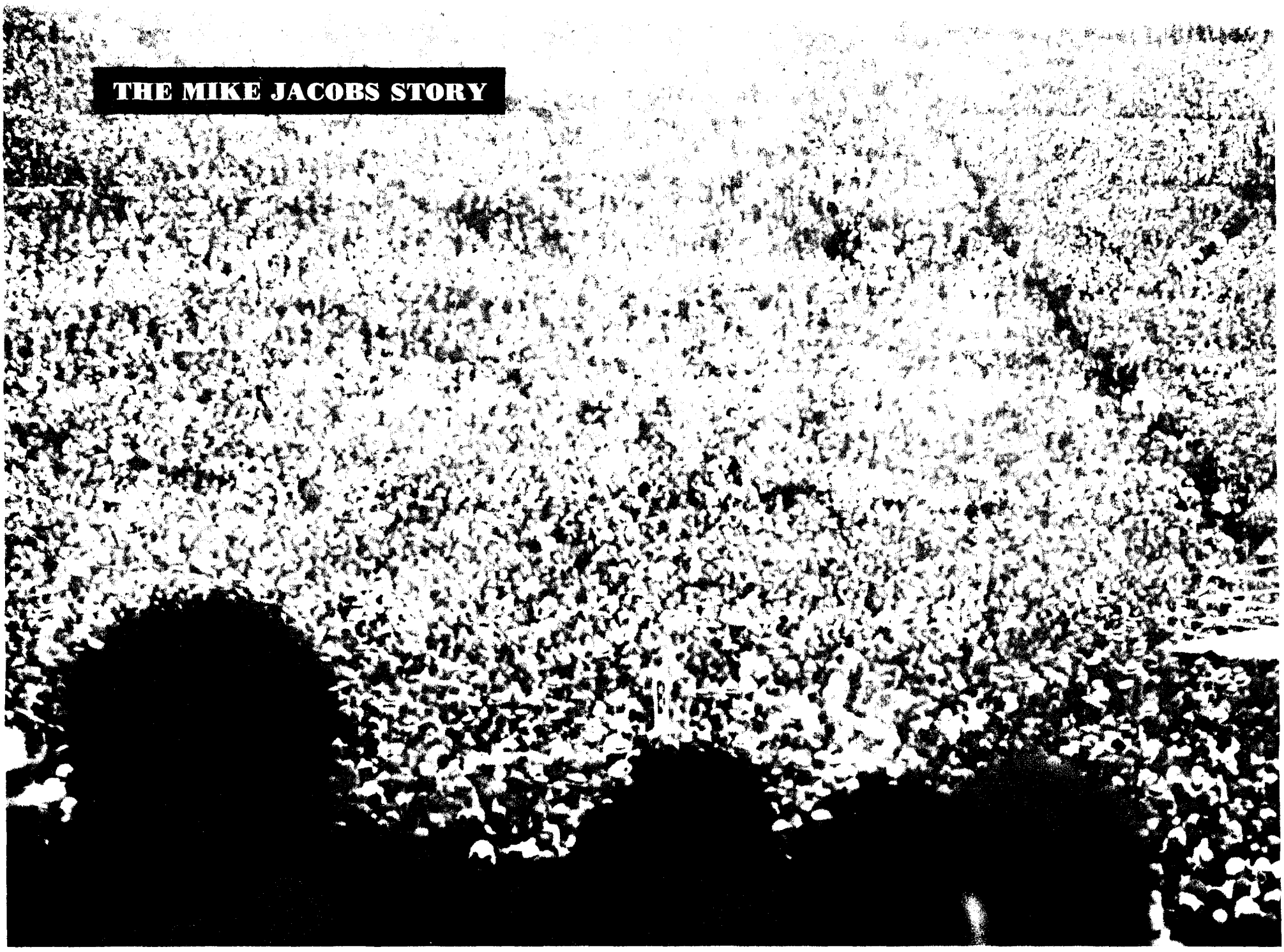
ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It's my understanding," said Al, "that you are supposed to go to sleep." "I always hear a story first," the child argued

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE MIKE JACOBS STORY



Boxing's first "million-dollar gate," Dempsey vs. Carpentier for th

ACME

Mike Jacobs rode to success on a fistful of tickets, first as a "digger" for others and then in business for himself. Working day and night, scheming endlessly, he began to amass his fortune. Those were the days when there was practically no limit to the profits a scalper could make and a man who had the inside track to the best seats in New York stood to clean up. Mike was working on that angle when opportunity knocked

By BUDD SCHULBERG

III

THE incongruity of the Marx Brothers at the opera had nothing on Mike Jacobs. Thirty-five years ago, take or give a year, as they say on the corner, Mike was hustling from the curb outside New York's Metropolitan Opera House. In the beginning he doubled as ticket speculator and seller of librettos, and the guttural come-on of Mike's "Get yuh Traviatuh librettos here" seems to have been a familiar sound to operagoers of that day.

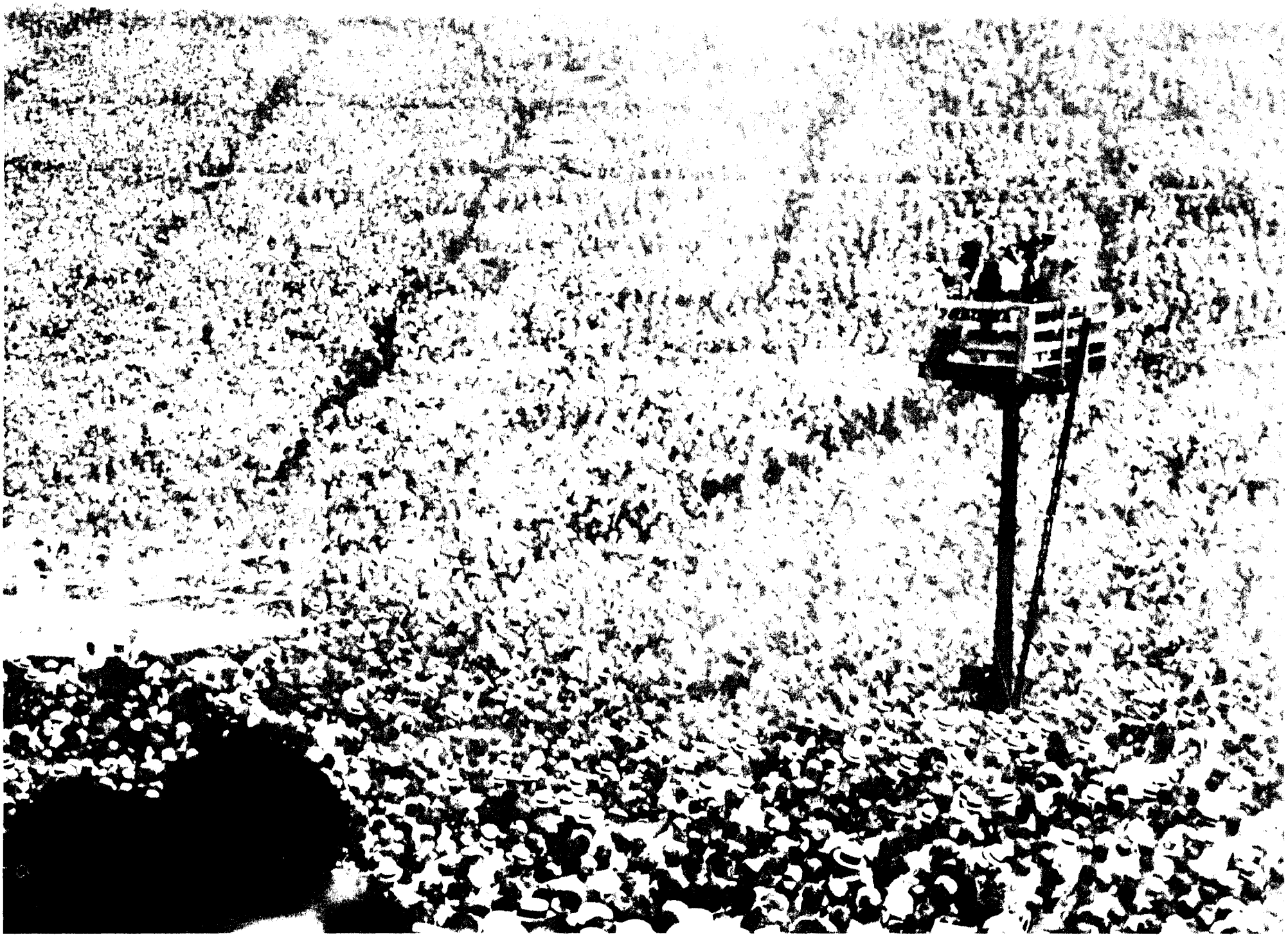
Why Mike should have been hawking for small change after his profitable venture in excursion boats wasn't clear until an old student of Jacobsiana explained, "You gotta get Mike's philosophy. No matter how much hay you make while the sun shines, never turn down the nickels, dimes and quarters in the rain."

That Mike should latch on to the Metropolitan Opera House rather than the old Madison Square Garden where he might have felt more at home is further evidence, if we need it, of his instinct for moving to the right place at the right time. Those were the days before radio or the movie boom, when the opera was in its glory and Caruso, Dame Melba, Galli-Curci, Geraldine Farrar, Tito Schipa and the other great names at the Met were not only hailed as great voices but as the Gables and Grables of the hour. Caruso and Melba singing La Bohème or any of the other reliables meant there was no limit to what a scalper could charge for precious ducats. It was more or less a matter for the broker's own conscience.

The big trick in the ticket business is how to corner the choice seats for hit shows. And Mike, as he was to do so many times, made the big move: He soon became the man you had to see if you wanted to hear Caruso or Tito Schipa from the best locations. He did it by arranging to meet and then impressing the impresario of the Metropolitan Opera House, Gatti-Casazza. With his stylish Vandyke and his cutaway, "Gaz" was a resplendent figure in pre-World War I society. He and Uncle Mike moved in such completely different social circles that it hardly seems possible they should touch at all. But they did, and Mike thereafter had the inside track to the Met.

"What sort of fellow was he to do business with in those days?" we asked a veteran ticket man the other day.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



eavyweight title on July 2, 1921. Note movie cameramen's tower

INTERNATIONAL

"Lemme give you this example," the old speculator told us. "A big official from Cuba came up with a party for the opening of the season and wanted a box. I told him I was sure I could get it and right away called Mike at the old Normandie Hotel. I knew he was going to hit me over the head with a hammer, but this Cuban big shot came up every season and was too good a customer to turn away.

"Mike says $500 for the box, which is almost $100 a seat. But I say, okay, I'll send my man right over so be sure and hold them.

"When my guy gets there, Mike has sold the tickets out from under me for $600. But at the last minute he calls me he's got a late cancellation on a box for my customer. Only by now the tariff is $800. In this business most of us learn to scratch each other's backs. But not Mike." The old ticket man shook his head, as he finished his tale: "Eight hundred berries for a $50 box. It's 35 years ago and it still hurts."

Each spring when the opera company went out on tour after its New York season, Mike went along to continue the good work.

It may have startled the leading citizens of communities outside New York to hear this hard-faced man in the black derby hawking opera tickets with diction that was somewhat less than impeccable, but his relationship with the opera, like the occasional happy marriage of opposites, was mutually beneficial.

Of course, Mike couldn't differentiate between the styles of Caruso and Tito Schipa any more than, in later days, he could between those of Louis and Conn. But nobody alive had a more accurate idea of just how much a show would draw.

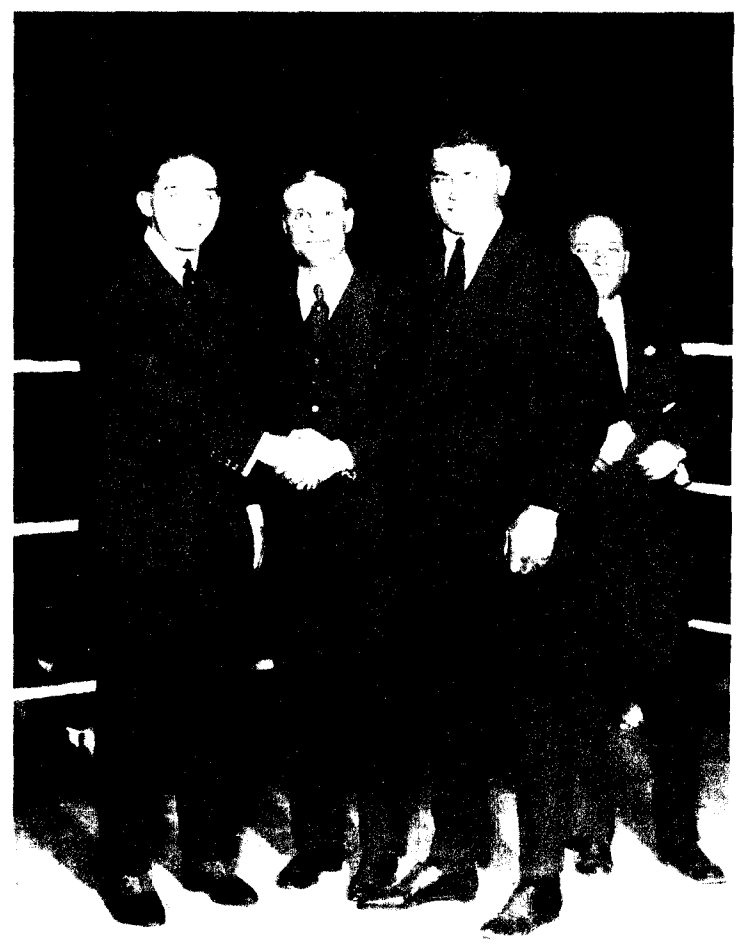
"It was kind of a sixth sense, hard to explain," the old ticket broker had to acknowledge. "He'd have it about a show or he would have it about a certain personality. He could go out of town and see a show and he wouldn't even be able to tell you what it was about, but he'd say No Sale and the thing would come in and go right on its face. Same with Caruso. Right away Mike knew this was something special.

"He could smell a hit from here to Hoboken."

At the close of one opera tour, Mike guaranteed Caruso $1,000 a night for 10 one-night stands. It's generally believed Mike made more than Caruso on the deal. An inveterate radio listener of the louder-the-better school, Mike happened to tune in one evening not long ago on an old recording of Caruso's Martha. Mike isn't known for his appreciation of classical music, *(Continued on page 82)*

First informal meeting before the official signing: Carpentier (left), Rickard, Dempsey, Humphries

INTERNATIONAL



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He was behind me, within whispering distance, and I began to wish that my upbringing had not been so strict

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pilgrim's Progress

Ah, Paris—the chestnuts in blossom, the sun glinting off the Sacre Coeur—what a setting for romance! And all Tarkington could dream about was Georgia spoon bread and the National League baseball scores

I KNOW what they say about April in Paris," I yelled at Coralee, "but it's a dirty lie!" I sloshed a lot of perfume we'd bought just off the Place de la Concorde into the tub and fought down a desire to cry.

"What'd you say, honey?"

"I said," I said, sticking my head out the bathroom door, "that we've been had. Rooked. Taken."

"There's a gendarme down on the corner smiling at me," said Coralee, who was standing in front of the window in what I believe she thought was a provocative pose.

"Nonsense, he's probably got something stuck in his teeth," I said.

"No," said Coralee, sighing out into the pale-blue twilight, "he's flirting."

"You are a ninny," I said. "Come away from there."

"Maggie Sylvester, I don't know what's come over you," she said emphatically. "Why, honey, we're in Paris. Paris, France—just like we planned for nine months and no breakfasts."

In case that doesn't make sense, Coralee was talking about the Grand Adventure we'd knocked our heads together over in New York. You know us. As a type, Coralee and I are distressingly familiar. We're the white-collar workers, the career girls who live in adorable little apartments with mice in the walls, and hunt for men to take them back to towns like the ones they come from in Wisconsin. I'm not really bitter, or I wasn't at first, because Coralee and I did have a cute place near Washington Square. Of course the rent was ghastly and we were always broke, but Coralee was a home economics major and is clever when it comes to making things do. If it hadn't been for Coralee we never would have made it.

Well, anyway, we had jobs in the same office as research tabulators for Home Plan. Our bright young men went around asking people if they liked living in their houses and if not, why not. Some of the answers were unprintable, but we kept tab on what they found out. It was dull as dishwater. I never have been the domestic type. In fact I left home because my mother, bless her, thinks that a complete education for a young lady is embraced by sampler embroidering and peach canning. What I'm trying to say is that I wanted to be a world traveler and Coralee was willing to go along for the ride.

Now, don't go getting ideas. We're not romantic adolescents. I'm pressing twenty-six and Coralee remembers Charles Farrell all too well. We're realists. We had discussed our situation intelligently and had decided to widen our horizons. It had nothing whatever to do with men. Okay, so I'm protesting too much, but you can't show an honest cultural interest in the world these days without someone murmuring "sublimation" at you, and damn it all, I wanted to see if the Leaning Tower of Pisa really leaned.

I had my share of dates in New York with men who like rather lean, rangy girls, but there was the Seine to see flowing in the moonlight, and the flowering chestnuts on the Champs Élysées, and the wide breath-taking view of rooftops from the Sacre Coeur, and I wanted to live a little. I wouldn't vouch for Coralee's motives. She has Southern blood and slumberous eyes, but living with me has made her sensible. Of course, she says I'm militant, but that was only when I hustled her out of a *boutique* before she could buy a blouse that was cut to allow for a downdraft.

"What's the matter with Paris?" she asked plaintively.

"You have to embrace it," I said firmly, "and we've got it in a death grip."

"You mean Tarkington's Tours, I suppose," Coralee suggested.

"Exactly," I said grimly.

"Well," she sighed, "we've paid all our money into it so I guess we'll have to make the best of it."

"The best of it," I said, "would be to tee off on Tarkington."

"Honey, you're mighty harsh with him," said Coralee gently. "I think he's kind of cute."

"He's a monster and I rue the day I ever laid eyes on him, not to mention laying myself wide open for his skulduggery." I climbed into the bath. Coralee came into the bathroom and sat on the edge of the basin.

"Aren't you going to go with us to Montmartre tonight?"

"I'll go, I'll go," I snapped irritably, "but I won't be receptive to the idea, that's all.". . .

It had been this way from the very first day Coralee and I decided to wrestle with life on a global plane. You know what summer in New York is. Well, if you don't, let me brief you. Despite what those nasty chic magazines for women tell you about living like a cucumber on iced cologne and the very sheerest of sheer black dresses, Coralee and I were poohed. There *was* no room in our icebox for cologne. In fact there was no room in our icebox for ice. The top had jammed and what with trying to catch an eight-ten cross-town bus and fighting the subway rush coming home, we were in no mood to cope with it. Nor did we, as those clamorous women suggest, eat in a pleasantly darkened room to the music of Handel. We skinned our knees trying to eat cheese sandwiches on the fire escape. I believe they refer to it in naval terms as a tough situation.

It was worse than tough: the edge had gone off of our appetites for living. The first summer we roomed together, even when the pavement was melting, we'd rush uptown for a look at a Manet show at a gallery or sit on the grass in Central Park gorgeously flattened by the hot summer nights, and listen to all the intent murmurings going on around us. But this summer we'd gone all soggy; the crust was off us and neither of us liked it one bit. I wouldn't have minded if we'd gone to pieces dramatically, but to go out with a whimper instead of a bang just wasn't in my Yankee blood.

"Coralee," I said one night, while she was trying to starch a blouse, "let's blow this joint."

"Honey, whatever are you talking about?"

"Let us," I said firmly, "roam."

"Where to? Honey, I've just gotta get this blouse pressed and we saw the show at the Waverly Wednesday."

I implored the ceiling. "See," I said, eyes uplifted, "see what comes of all this hurly-burly? See what happens if you swallow the bilge about the beat and excitement of girls fighting the city?"

Coralee shook the sprinkling bottle onto a nightie in the washbasket. "I told you to take salt tablets," she said calmly.

"Posh," I said, "here I am attuned to the universe and you proffer salt tablets."

"Well, I just thought—"

"Ah," I said, grabbing hold of her arm, "but not long enough, not hard enough. We must plan." I pulled up the kitchen stool and scrunched myself down on it. "We're going to go to Europe."

The reason I've lived so long and happily with Coralee is that she is durable. She saw me through a septic sore throat the winter of the great snow and she has more than once found the errors in my checkbook when I try to balance it. All in all she is resilient and resourceful, and knows just how much rope to give me. On this occasion, however, she pulled in the slack.

"You're crazy," she said, "we haven't got that much money."

"There are ways and means."

Coralee touched a wet finger to the iron. "There may be ways but there're certainly no means. We're darn' near broke."

"What month is it?" I demanded.

"Oh, for Heaven's sake, you know it's July."

"April in Paris," I said. "That gives us nine months."

"That's the gestation period for babies, not bank accounts. We'd never get enough." She allowed her face to show tiny ripples of wistfulness. "But it's a lovely idea."

"It's got to be a reality! Home Plan," I said direfully, "*that's* our life."

"Oh, no," she said as though I had struck her, "not that!"

"That and worse unless we make a move."

So that's how it started. It's all very well for the travel bureaus to be airy-fairy about how you can cut corners and still have yourself a time on a trip. The problem was, what corners? Ours were already as rounded as billiard balls but we found some new ones: no manicures, no henna rinses (there are worse things in the world than mouse-brown hair), no movies, just the simplest of simple lives. Nine months of that and we were almost simple-minded. But we didn't feel sorry for ourselves. There's nothing like a travel folder (outside of a Jane Austen novel) to take a girl out of herself, and we pored over them. The day we decided to arrange our itinerary was like dying and going to heaven. We even dressed up for it and took a taxi. If I had only known. . . .

THE minute I saw the office I had qualms. It was on a seedier side street downtown and it was strictly walk-up. There were a few calming posters on the wall—you know, the Lake of Lucerne and a bright hot view of an Italian village. The only other equipment in the place was a scarred desk and a racy-looking girl wearing *espadrilles* and glasses with black and white rims.

"Yes?" Her voice had a Vassar undercurrent and a hint of boredom.

"We've come," said Coralee brightly, "to see about a tour."

"Yes?"

No "How jolly" or "How nice of you to select us" or anything else to indicate that they might be pleased to take our hard-earned dollars.

"We want the cheapest," said Coralee firmly, "with the best possible value, of course."

The girl looked at her as if she were trying to buy cotton yardage at Cartier's. I was about to ask her where she got off—she with the fly-specked windows and the *espadrilles* in a business office.

"It says in your ad that we get eight weeks colored with excitement and pleasure for nine hundred dollars," I said flatly, "and since you're as low as they come—"

"She means prices," said Coralee hastily.

I went on grandly, "—that's what we want."

"Very well." The girl *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY MILTON WOLSKY

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Arnolds (right) spend a quiet evening at canasta with friends. Happiness, says the author, comes with appreciating such simple pleasures

MR. and MRS.—Let's Look a

Mrs. Arnold, Gail, 9, Pop, Rosemary, 15, Judy, 22, make co-operative fun out of doing the dishes

FORTY couples came unexpectedly into my yard and patio one evening, bearing gag gifts ranging from a 1909 calendar to a miniature fertilizer spreader. They had remembered one of my middle-age birthdays and had brought everything, even supper. They left before midnight, but at 2:00 A.M. I was still thinking about them, warmed by the glow they created. For, without exception, these were kind hearts and gentle people; "old married folks" who, I began to realize, had faced the trials and pitfalls incident to married life and had won through. They had created the one blessing for which the vast majority of people yearn most—family success.

One couple, the Sweeneys, live on only $135 a month, which the wife earns; Pat Sweeney came in his wheel chair, his body twisted from sickness, but his manner honestly gay. Horatio Snakesausage came. He happened to be in town from the reservation and heard about my party from Fred Randolph, who gets around. Horatio gave me a new turquoise-and-silver bracelet which he had made, and staged a one-man "sing" for us, like the good Navajo he is. His squaw and their nine children, he said, were completely happy. I knew it was so. Years ago Horatio found the pattern for family success.

The childless Dorseys were there. And the Kings, who have had four deaths in their family in recent years. And the young Warrenbergs, who were divorced after two years, then remarried and now are stanch in their loyalty. And the Clyde Lukes, both past sixty and so utterly charming that all of us love them and envy them a little. And Wash Wilson, a Negro yardman who came by to offer his congratulations and, held by the warmth of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait of two families living successfully: the Arnolds entertain in their own back yard

Gail and Rosemary at play with their parents

YOUR HAPPINESS

our welcome, stayed. And then just a lot of other middle-class folk like Adele and me, with nothing spectacular to recommend them. Good citizens, imperfect but wonderful.

I tried to analyze their success patterns, and found a strange similarity in them. I concluded that over the centuries happy people have evolved a guide to family success, unwittingly in most cases and very flexible. In it, I fully believe, is the only way to contentment and love. But we need an almost daily checkup on it, a constant and conscious studying of its intricate details.

For—let's face it—family success *is* intricate. Success in this, the basic social unit, does not come in any easy way.

"I have fought my way through an ambush of murderous Indians," a fine old frontiersman once told me, "and I have killed a 600-pound bear with nothing but a knife. But whenever I went home to face my wife and children, I felt scared."

A family man myself now, I understand exactly what he meant. Today I am no whit afraid of Russia, of depression or taxes, but I can just glance at the four dependents in our living room and feel an inner quivering. It is the realization of family responsibility that humbles a man and, in similar way, his woman as well.

Only when I remember that my four partners are themselves stanch beside me does my courage swell. This is no weakness; or if it is, all men are weak. We males *need* our families. We need the counsel of our wives and older children, and most certainly the inspiration that our youngsters afford.

Family success is clearly defined: It is a basic unselfishness, then a co-operative triumphing over difficulties, a forthright analysis and facing of troubles as they arise. Truly the greatest single blessing that comes from family life *is* its lesson of sharing, of co-operation. And if that truism be so old as to sound trite, it is nonetheless basic.

The frontiersman who escaped the Indians and killed the bear had planned in advance for just such emergencies. His wisdom was not exclusive. Similarly, common sense tells us, because we are responsible for our happiness and that of our children, we must studiously prepare for family emergencies and troubles before they arise.

How, then, shall we plan? Specifically, what kind of success do you want for your family?

One answer, representing a great cross section of upper-class Americans who influence all of us, was presented to me recently at a charity ball. I had been dancing with a pretty young matron and had steered her into serious conversation while we rested and drank punch. "I want my family to be accepted by the best people," she said frankly. "That means we must have considerable money; must be—well, intelligent, sophisticated."

She used those last two words as if they were synonymous. Taken properly, they can be—but wait. She and her husband have guided their three children toward an expensive level of social and economic living. They are not snooty, not condescending, just determined. They are patrons of the arts. They wear costly clothing and have two cars (more, I suspect, than the husband can afford at this stage of his career). They have emphatic opinions, yet are not well-read nor very well-informed. They have sacrificed quiet-time thinking for clever repartee. They screen their own associates and their children's playmates very closely.

Very likely they will end up as one of the "leading" families of our city. Is their level of family success attainable for you? Indeed, is it desirable? To many millions of us "common" people, their life appears enviable. Do *you* envy them?

The answer must come from your own background. But you had best be wary. "Sophistication" nowadays has two important meanings. In the dictionary (which seems to run about 10 years behind the times) it still means disillusionment; without naturalness; a worldly wisdom based on sophistry or false reasoning. But in a happier and more popular usage now, sophistication means a cultivated participation in the life of this fascinating era.

My young matron friend thinks she is applying the latter definition, but actually is applying the former. So may you! I watch her with anxiety, because she is an old friend of the family. I see her and her husband try to be charitable, yet I observe that theirs is largely a checkbook charity, without real personal sacrifice or warmth. They attend church occasionally, but never seem willing to bide a wee afterward and just visit with the folks. I see their handsome young son in a near-by private swimming pool but never in the Y.M.C.A. gymnasium. I see the parents *too* concerned with cocktail recipes, smart-looking associates, luxury living. Farm-reared myself, I couldn't build their kind of life if I wanted to; but my family has many blessings for which these friends of ours are not too secretly yearning.

The pity of it is that I don't know how to help this young woman and her family. I wish I could remind them of what the poets have sung—that America, a land of opportunity, is not a land of ease, and that when you *(Continued on page 46)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Linda's hands were tied behind the back of the chair; her ankles were bound to its legs. "Rob. Oh, Rob!" she cried, and then she was silent

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The case of the SMUGGLER'S BELL

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

Once again Rob Trenton hears the music of Swiss cowbells—this time sounding a knell for a murderer

The Story: The romance between ROB TRENTON and LINDA CARROLL was shadowed by mystery and danger from its very beginning. They motored to Switzerland together, with Linda steadfastly refusing to satisfy Rob's curiosity about her past life. The girl denied that she was an artist, in spite of Rob's insistence that he had once seen a painting signed with her name. At a little inn in the Swiss mountains, they met MERTON OSTRANDER, a polished and entertaining young man, who appeared to be on close terms with RENÉ CHARTEUX, the innkeeper; from Ostrander, Rob and Linda learned that Charteux's wife had recently died, apparently from eating poisoned food. Ostrander's hobby was collecting Swiss musical cowbells, but on the ship on the way back to the United States, he threw overboard all of his collection except four bells which he gave to Linda.

During the voyage home, Rob became friendly with HARVEY RICHMOND, who later proved to be an investigator for the Federal Narcotics Bureau, and with Richmond's associate, DR. HERBERT DIXON, a specialist in forensic medicine. Both of these men made a dramatic reappearance in Rob's life back in the States. Rob was a professional dog trainer, and when the ship docked in New York, he set out to drive to the farm where he kept his kennels. He was using a sedan lent him by Linda. Quite by accident, he found that smuggled narcotics were hidden in the car, and from that moment Rob was involved in the greatest danger he had ever known. He was kidnaped by a gang of smugglers; and while he was making his escape from the houseboat on which he had been held captive, Rob fired two shots from an automatic at a man he presumed to be one of the gang. Then the houseboat went up in flames.

Later, Rob found Linda at the home of her aunt, LINDA MAE CARROLL, an elderly, sharp-tongued artist. Ostrander was also present. All three denied any knowledge of the smuggled drugs. A man was found shot to death on the charred houseboat. The dead man was Harvey Richmond. Rob was held for the murder, with the jurisdiction of the case somewhat in doubt, because the houseboat had drifted across the boundary line between two states. Dr. Dixon, who was working with the police in one of the states involved, made an independent investigation of the murder. The state police found a bullet embedded in the pier at which the houseboat had been moored. Tests proved that the bullet was fired from the gun found on Rob.

Two members of the smuggling gang had been captured, and both of them were aiding the police in trying to pin the murder on Rob Trenton. Dr. Dixon, however, had his own theory. He visited Rob in jail and urged that Rob's attorney, STAUNTON IRVINE, call him—Dixon—as a witness at the hearing. Doubtful but desperate, Rob promised that this would be done.

THE preliminary hearing of Robert Trenton for the murder of Harvey Richmond was very much of a cut-and-dried procedure so far as the people's case was concerned.

Having proved the identity of the charred corpse by a chart of the teeth and the testimony of a dentist, Norton Berkeley, the prosecutor, called Dr. Nathan Beaumont to the stand.

Dr. Beaumont, crisply professional, testified that he had been called to the burned houseboat, that he had been shown the charred remains of the decedent by the sheriff; that he had at first decided death was from burning, but in order to make certain, had taken X-ray photographs of the charred body. These X-ray photographs had disclosed the presence of two bullets. He had probed for and located the bullets. From their position in the body, he would say that one of them had completely perforated the heart, the other had lodged immediately above the heart, puncturing a large blood vessel. In the doctor's opinion, either bullet would have been instantly fatal.

The notes of the cowbells drifted up on the calm air

The doctor testified that he had marked these bullets so he could identify them, and had delivered them to the coroner. The two bullets, which he now produced to be introduced in evidence, were the same bullets he had taken from the body. He would state positively that death was caused by the two bullets.

Staunton Irvine, the attorney representing Rob Trenton, having studied the list of questions which Dr. Dixon had told Trenton to deliver to his attorney, launched upon a somewhat halfhearted cross-examination.

"Had the investigation stopped when the bullets were found?"

Dr. Beaumont fixed the attorney with a scornful eye and said patronizingly, "I was employed to find the cause of death. I found the cause of death."

"You're certain that these bullets were the cause of death?"

Dr. Beaumont impatiently glanced at his wrist watch. "Yes," he said.

"That's all," Irvine said.

The doctor was excused. The next witness was a ballistics expert who introduced the .32 automatic into evidence, produced a test bullet which had been fired from it and identified the two bullets as having been fired from that particular .32 automatic.

"Call Merton Ostrander," the district attorney said.

Merton Ostrander arose and said, "I prefer not to testify, and—"

"Your preferences have nothing whatever to do with it," the judge said.

Ostrander hesitated, then walked down the aisle, opened the swinging gate in the bar which separated the litigants, witnesses and attorneys from the others, and advanced toward the witness stand, where he was sworn.

The district attorney said, "Mr. Ostrander, I'll call your attention to the night of the twentieth. Did you see the defendant on that night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he have some weapon with him?"

"Yes, sir, he did."

"Have you ever seen this .32 automatic before?" the district attorney asked, handing him the weapon.

"Yes," Ostrander said, after examining the gun.

"Where?"

"I saw it late on the evening of the twentieth, or rather earlier on the morning of the twenty-first."

"At about what time?"

"Sometime after one o'clock in the morning."

"And who had that weapon?"

Ostrander changed position.

"Mr. Ostrander, I asked you a question. Who had that weapon?"

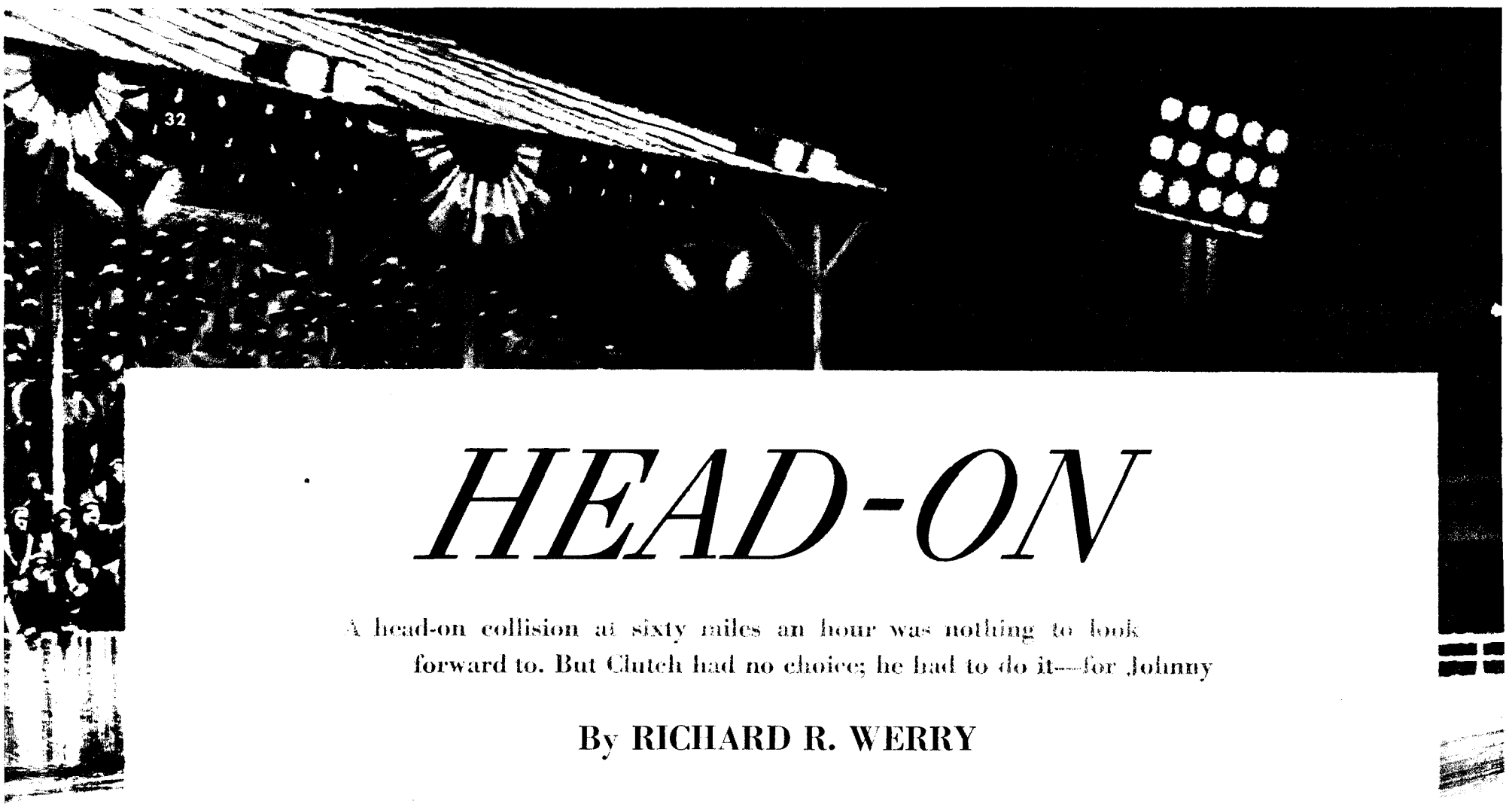
"Robert Trenton."

"Did he make any statement in connection with it?"

(Continued on page 59)

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HEAD-ON

A head-on collision at sixty miles an hour was nothing to look forward to. But Clutch had no choice; he had to do it—for Johnny

By RICHARD R. WERRY

DENNIS "CLUTCH" GARSON stood outside the plywood cubicle which Mr. Ernest Dubecque had made into his office for the three-day show in Cheyenne and listened to the bass voice cursing at Monohan, the motorcycle jumper.

"I'm not paying for any long-distance doctors!" Dubecque's heavy voice trembled. "And I'm not giving any benefit performances, either. Now, damn it, get out of here!"

The door opened, and Monohan limped out of the little office. He spoke quietly to Clutch: "He won't put up any more money for Johnny. At least, *I* couldn't get him to. You try him."

Monohan walked away and Clutch went into the office. Dubecque was pouring a triple shot of whisky into a tumbler. He looked up at Clutch, then screwed the lid back onto the bottle and set the bottle on the floor. He was sitting before a card table, and on the table were spread a great many blue-checked papers with diagrams on them—the plans for the various "death-defying" drives of the troupe.

"You want something?" Dubecque said, his hand on the glass.

"I got an idea," Clutch said.

"*You* got an idea!"

Clutch didn't like Dubecque. He didn't like the way Dubecque wisecracked when the troupe had had a good stand with no accidents, and he didn't like the way he got nasty and blamed everybody but himself when someone got cut up. But Clutch needed more money than he could make in a month as a setup man and mechanic for Dubecque's Death Drivers, and he needed it quickly. A surgeon cost money, especially when he had to be flown from Chicago.

"About tonight," Clutch said. "About the head-on crash."

"There isn't gonna be any head-on crash," Dubecque said. "Maybe you didn't hear about your brother-in-law. Maybe you were looking the other way when it happened. He don't want to do it again since he smashed his chest last night. Damn' fool! How many times did I tell him he's got to remember to go up to get out of the way of the engine in case it comes through!"

"Sometimes it don't help to remember," Clutch said, but he didn't want to argue with Dubecque. "The doctors say Johnny ain't got much chance unless that heart surgeon gets here before morning. He's in an oxygen tent."

"So he ain't got much chance. Is that what you came to tell me? Don't you think I hear from the doctors? Just because he's married to your sister, do you think they tell you more than they tell me?"

"About the head-on tonight," Clutch repeated. "I'll drive it for you."

Dubecque stared up at Clutch. Then he raised the glass and drank half the liquor. He coughed, and pursed his bulbous lips. Again he stared up at Clutch, curiously now, as if he couldn't make up his mind whether to laugh, curse or listen.

"I done it before," Clutch said. "I was regular for Barney for three years."

Dubecque didn't say anything, so Clutch went on:

"You can ask any of the boys who worked for Barney. I got newspaper clippings and pictures if you want to see 'em. I was good."

"How old are you?"

"I'm over thirty, but that don't make any difference."

"You haven't got the reflexes. I'm not running a mortuary, Clutch. You're too old."

But it was an announcement rather than a decision. Clutch did not turn to leave. "They come to see the head-on not the tricks," he said. "After last night, there won't be a square inch left in the stands. It's always that way after someone gets hurt. I know. I been in it from the start. You got to give them the big scare."

Dubecque tilted his chair back, his right hand still on the glass. He wasn't looking at Clutch, but past him, to the time of the last event. Clutch waited. He knew he was in now, and he was thinking about the money again. How much should he ask for to get as much as he could? Johnny and Evers always drew three hundred apiece when the stands were full, as they were certain to be tonight, but Clutch Garson wasn't a name any more. On the other hand, it was a special occasion, and he was taking a bigger chance than the kids.

"I don't even know what relics they've dug up for tonight," Dubecque said. "I haven't been upstairs since early this morning."

"We got an old Spartan and a thirty-four Lawson coupé," Clutch said. "At that lot on Sixteenth, Ned Erdman's. Usual deal. A spiel about their good used cars before and after."

"You want the Spartan, of course," Dubecque said.

It had a stronger frame than the coupé and the engine mounting was solider. Clutch did want the Spartan.

"I'll take either one," he said. "Let Evers have his pick."

Dubecque plopped his chair down on the floor and lighted a cigarette. He leaned forward over the table and seemed to study the sketches of the crisscross drives. When he looked up again, he spoke very slowly. "I'm standing the regular hospital bills, you know. How much you think it's worth if you do drive the head-on?"

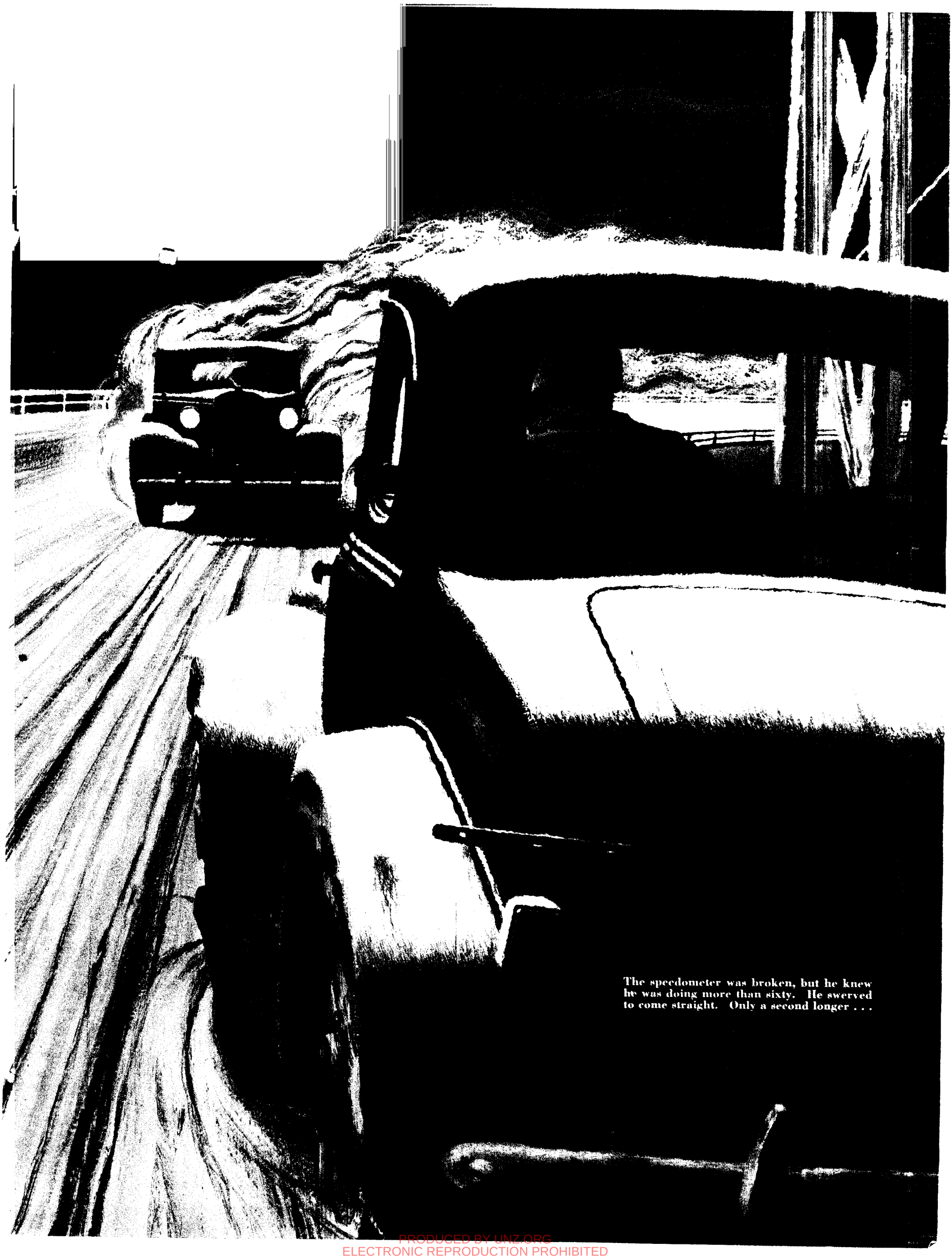
"My skin's worth as much as Evers'," Clutch said.

"Not to me, it isn't," Dubecque said. "I'll give you one fifty."

Before he had come downstairs, *(Continued on page 36)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN EKMAN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The speedometer was broken, but he knew he was doing more than sixty. He swerved to come straight. Only a second longer . . .

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Would You Enter A Door Marked 'Socialism'?

By BENJAMIN H. NAMM

At sixty-one, Major Benjamin Harrison Namm is an outstanding example of an American who has achieved both business and civic leadership. Elected president of Namm's department store, Brooklyn, New York, in 1916, he is now chairman of the board. He is a former head of the National Retail Dry Goods Association. He served overseas in both world wars. A Republican, he has worked with Democratic administrations both nationally and in his home state. He was special assistant to the director of civilian defense during World War II, and he served as a consultant to the State Department at the San Francisco conference which founded the United Nations

WHEN I was six years old, I memorized a bit of doggerel that started off, " 'Will you walk into my parlor?' said a spider to a fly; 'tis the prettiest little parlor that ever you did spy.' " That quaint verse has stayed with me, and I'm glad it has, because it may come in handy any time now. It has a definite application to our national situation these wobbly days when many Americans seem to be moving away from our solid old economic system of freedom, competition and opportunity.

Recently, President Truman told 6,000 cheering guests at the annual Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner in Washington that the newly adopted slogan of the Republican party, "Liberty against Socialism," was "an insult to the intelligence of the American people." Despite the President's unflattering description, I venture to say there are numerous members of his own party, as well as many Republicans, who consider the new slogan all right as far as it goes—but wish it had gone further!

The United States, with a fine disregard for England's predicament, is edging closer every day to a misnamed "welfare state" and a demoralizing dependence on government for the things private initiative can do better and more safely. We are doing so partly because we are natural optimists and boosters, and like to endorse anything and everything that sounds Utopian.

Yet not even 10 per cent of our citizens would enter the door marked "Socialism" if the price of admission were clearly indicated over the entrance. If the door is not marked at all, however, if the price of admission is undefined and collected only at some distant point beyond the gate, if the entrance is decked with bunting, bouquets and alluring pictures, if the barkers promise intriguing sights and wonders—then we may find ourselves inside the enclosure before we know it.

I believe there is little hope for the American way of life if we do not boldly demand a better standard of living for all our people *within* the framework of our capitalistic system. We must fight not for a welfare state, but for a welfare society.

In the past half century we have become the richest and most productive nation in history. With only 7 per cent of the world's population and 6 per cent of its land area, we have reached a pinnacle where we produce and consume about 50 per cent of the world's goods and services.

In 50 years we have *(Continued on page 74)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK MANNING

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Good reasons for making a move

These days, when value is of great importance, your best move in whiskies is to Four Roses. Because . . .

1. Four Roses is a whiskey of the very finest flavor and quality.
2. Its reputation is unsurpassed by any other brand on the market —even brands costing considerably more than Four Roses.

. . .

No wonder Four Roses outsells every other whiskey at or above its price—and most other whiskies at any price.

Wouldn't you rather drink

FOUR ROSES

Blended Whiskey

90.5 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corp., New York

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Head-On

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

Clutch had made up his mind to do it for one hundred and fifty dollars. That would be more than enough to pay the surgeon's plane fare from Chicago and back again.

Maybe later he and Lynn could somehow work up enough to pay for the operation. The important thing was to get the doctor here. But he had expected Dubecque to offer him less in the beginning.

"No," he said.

"I'll lose money as it is, when you figure the hospital bills and the doctors who've worked on him already. What the hell! It was your idea. I don't care if we never do another head-on."

Clutch waited.

"Two hundred, then. That's as high as I can go."

"Make it two fifty," Clutch said.

"Two hundred!"

Dubecque's fleshy neck was reddening.

"All right," Clutch said. "Two hundred. But I want the money now, not after I drive. To get that surgeon on the move."

"Okay, Clutch." Dubecque finished his drink. "Want a shot?"

"No. And don't tell Lynn I'm doing it, if she should phone me. She don't need to know a thing about it unless something goes wrong."

"Nothing's gonna go wrong, Clutch. You know the tricks."

"Yeah."

"I'll have to go to the hotel for the money. How soon do you want it?"

"Soon's I can get it. He's got to have that operation."

"Meet me at the hotel in half an hour."

Dubecque's right hand was fumbling at his feet for the bottle as Clutch turned and walked away, out under the stands, up the stairway, into the sunlight. It didn't feel the same as when he had left it a few minutes ago. It was just as bright, but somehow it didn't seem to touch him so warmly, and it hurt his eyes. It was two o'clock and the crew was already setting out the ramps, pacing off the distances between them. Monohan was sitting in the stands, smoking a cigarette. He looked stiffer than usual and, without his leggings and jacket, less confident. Clutch swung over the railing and climbed up to where Monohan was sitting. For a while, they watched the crew go through its routine. When Monohan spoke, it was as if he were continuing a broken conversation:

"The cheap slob! He wouldn't do it. Said it's the chance we take. Said we got to expect to get hurt once in a while, and there ain't no call to go giving his money away in benefits for no one. His money! What does he ever do for it! Sits on his fat fanny in the stands."

BENEATH the high ramp now, set on the edge of the infield, the hands were towing the wheelless hulls of the cars they had picked up at the city graveyard. Some of them had been burned clean of paint, but they were all whole bodies. Four, five, six—they were lined up, door to door, under the ramp.

"So," Monohan said, "the fellows are making up a bundle for Johnny. I'll give it to you tonight, after the show's over and we get paid."

Monohan had been riding the jumps for Dubecque since Dubecque had bought the show four years ago, and before that for Barney. Last year he had crushed his left heel in a spill and he still limped from the wound. He must be almost as old as me, Clutch thought, but he can still do it. Clutch knew that didn't prove anything about his own chances. Jumping a motorcycle was not like wrecking a car. Monohan counted on his skill to save him from collision; a head-on driver was supposed to use his skill to make the collision louder and more dangerous. Each driver had his own formula of precautions to be taken at the final instant, but no one could foretell exactly what metal smashing into metal was going to do.

"I'm subbing for Johnny tonight," Clutch said.

Monohan turned his head and looked at Clutch for the first time since they had been sitting together. "Say that again," he said.

"That's why I was down there waiting to see Dubecque," Clutch said.

"Are you crazy, man? You're too old. You can't drive a head-on."

"I done it for Barney, didn't I? You seen me do it before."

"Sure. But that was fifteen years ago. Listen, Clutch. I don't know how he talked you into it, but I'm going to talk you out of it right now. Why, you haven't even wrecked a car for ten years, let alone do a head-on. You—"

"It wasn't his idea," Clutch said. "It was my idea, Monny."

"Yours?"

"I got to do it," Clutch said. "Johnny's got pieces of metal all around his heart. He ain't got even a fifty-fifty chance unless they're cut out right away. The doctors here don't want to try it. But there's a surgeon in Chicago who's handled lung and heart jams before. Lynn would go nuts if Johnny died—you know how she is about him."

"But the boys are pitching in for him. We'll make two or three hundred for him, anyways. Maybe more. And later—"

"The operation ought to be done tonight," Clutch said. "I'm getting paid in half an hour, so I can get a deposit down on this doctor's fare and fee. Enough to get him here, anyway. What the hell—I've done it a hundred times before. What's one more chance?"

Monohan looked across the grounds to where his motorcycle was standing in the runway. "How much is he paying you?"

"Two hundred."

Monohan grunted. "The cheap slob," he said again. "I'm getting out of this lousy business when we finish here tonight. No kidding. This time I mean it." . . .

Clutch stood against the track railing, watching the crisscross drives and waiting for them to be over. The cars, painted fire-engine red, showed up well beneath the floodlights and against the whitewashed sideboards under the stands. Across the side of each, in bright yellow letters a foot high, was printed DUBECQUE'S DEATH DRIVERS. There were eight cars on the track now, four running one way and four the other. In the straightaway they passed one another with barely ten yards between the cars, each one crisscrossing in front of the others coming toward it.

It was not a difficult trick once the driver learned to keep the gas flow steady and to fix his eyes on the back of the car in front of him instead of on the one coming toward him. But it looked extremely hazardous, and the crowd fell silent each time the cars swerved into the straightaway and approached the other column; and each time, when they had safely passed one another, above the stands there rose a swirl of chatter until the cars entered the next straightaway. It was the first time Clutch had been free to watch the act in ten years. Normally, it was his job to get the unused cars ready for the next act—to check their carburetors to make sure they were free of dust, and to check the pressure in their tires. But today, as featured performer, he was entitled to watch.

Evers stood beside him—a tall, skinny boy about nineteen years old, with crew-cut red hair, and two front teeth missing. When the eight cars finally skidded sideways to a stop in a fairly straight line facing the grandstand he said, "Won't be long now, Pop."

AT THE far end of the straightaway, Monohan was astride his motorcycle, waiting for the signal from Jenkins, who was checking the four-by-fours which bulwarked the high ramp and supervising the placing of the car hulls as the work crew moved them from the infield to the track. When the sixth body had been shoved tightly against the fifth, Dubecque's deep voice swelled from the public-address system:

"What a show! What a show! There's nothing they won't do to give you a thrill, folks. But you ain't seen nothing yet! I want you to look for a moment at the high ramp in front of you. I do mean high! Eight feet, five and one-half inches, ladies and gentlemen, straight down from the jumping-off place to the track. Look at it!"

"Hey, Pop," Evers said, "let's take it easy. We can cut to fifty coming around the last turn and keep it there and none of them will know the difference."

"Do it the same as always," Clutch said. "Just be sure to hit me square."

"Hell, it wasn't me got off the beam yesterday," Evers said. "Johnny made the last turn too wide—I think maybe the lights got in his eyes—and he didn't seem to know where he was till he was on me. He cut too far to the rail then and got it slantwise."

"I didn't say it was your fault," Clutch said.

"And now, ladies and gentlemen," Dubecque continued, "look down at the extreme eastern end of the straightaway, to where Madman Monohan, the Motorcycling Miracle, is ready to give you the greatest thrill of the evening so far."

MONOHAN rose on his motorcycle, like a horseman in his stirrups, and saluted the crowd with a flourish of his right arm over his head. Then he heeled the starter, and the motorcycle exploded to life.

"Monohan, ladies and gentlemen, proposes to drive up that ramp at top speed—the ramp track is not quite two feet wide—and to hurdle the six old car bodies, and come down on both wheels. Not only does he propose to do it, but he will do it! Watch him, watch him and wonder! Madman Monohan, the Motorcycling Miracle!"

Monohan gassed his engine so that it growled like a taxiing bomber, and then shoved off and glided past the grandstand and the ramp, beyond which the black police ambulance waited. His face was turned to the crowd, and the stage smile on his lips beneath the heavy black-rimmed goggles gave his countenance a masklike appearance. He waved his hand again, and made the engine roar. Almost at the turn, he settled into his seat and began to gather speed. Dubecque's voice, lowered in simulated awe, melted above the still crowd. "*I'd* be afraid to jump off there on my own two feet!" The crowd chuckled nervously.

"That ain't no lie," Evers said.

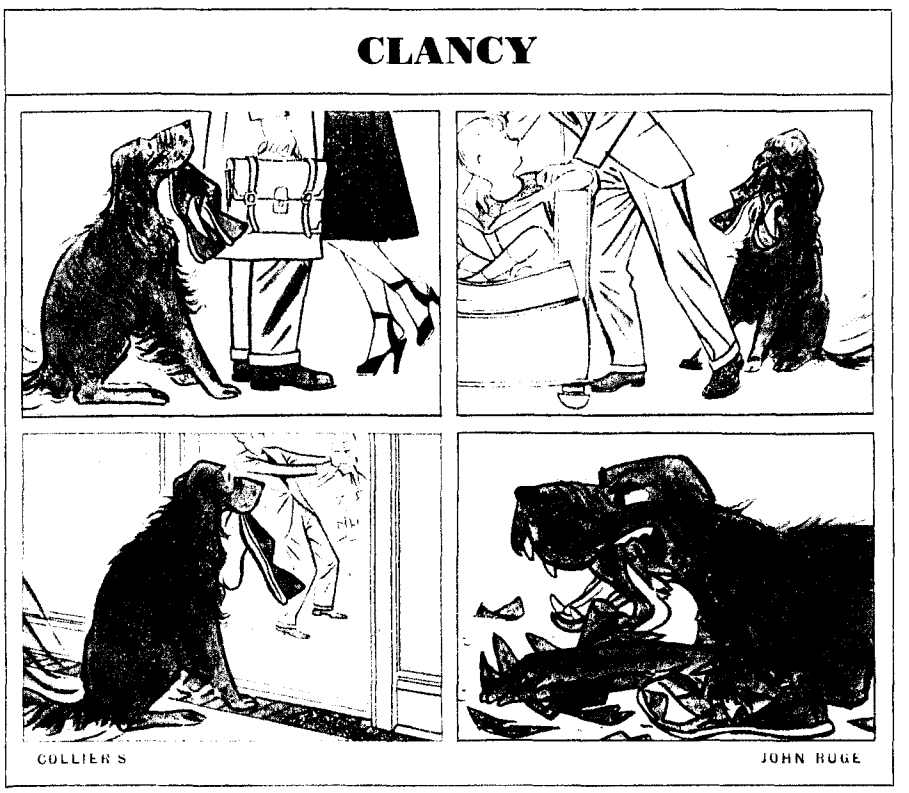
Now Monohan was in the straightaway opposite the ramp, moving at sixty miles an hour. He took the turns and the far-end stretch without decreasing speed, a current of dust blowing up behind him. In the grandstand straightaway again, he lined up his front wheel with the ramp track and hunched forward between the handle bars.

"We better get our helmets on," Evers said, and he turned and walked toward the equipment booth in the infield. Clutch waited until Monohan hit the ramp, and then he too turned, just as the crowd fell suddenly silent. He kept walking, and listening for the swell of exclamations and applause that would come when Monny swerved out of the bounce to prevent the motorcycle from buckling. The seconds of silence seemed longer than ever before, but finally the noise came and he knew that Monohan had done it again.

Then Jenkins was fitting the crash helmet over Clutch's head, and talking at the same time, but Clutch didn't hear the words, at first because of the applause and later because the helmet muffled the voice and made his blood hum in his ears. He nodded, though, because he liked Jenkins and knew what he was saying was intended for good advice. The slightly inflated crash suit was new to him. When he had done the head-on for Barney, they had squeezed a pillow into his overalls and it had felt heavily substantial in front of him, a bulwark. This sponge-padded, slightly inflated, built-in chest protector was supposed to be better than pillows, but he did not feel comfortable behind it.

The crew had driven the two old cars onto the track in front of Dubecque's box, one heading one way, the other in the opposite direction. Evers was beside Clutch again, his helmet tilted forward to free his ears for the cue. Clutch watched Evers. He didn't want to hear Dubecque's voice. He knew exactly what Dubecque would say; he had been hearing the introduction to the grand finale every week during the summer for four years. But Dubecque didn't begin in his usual way.

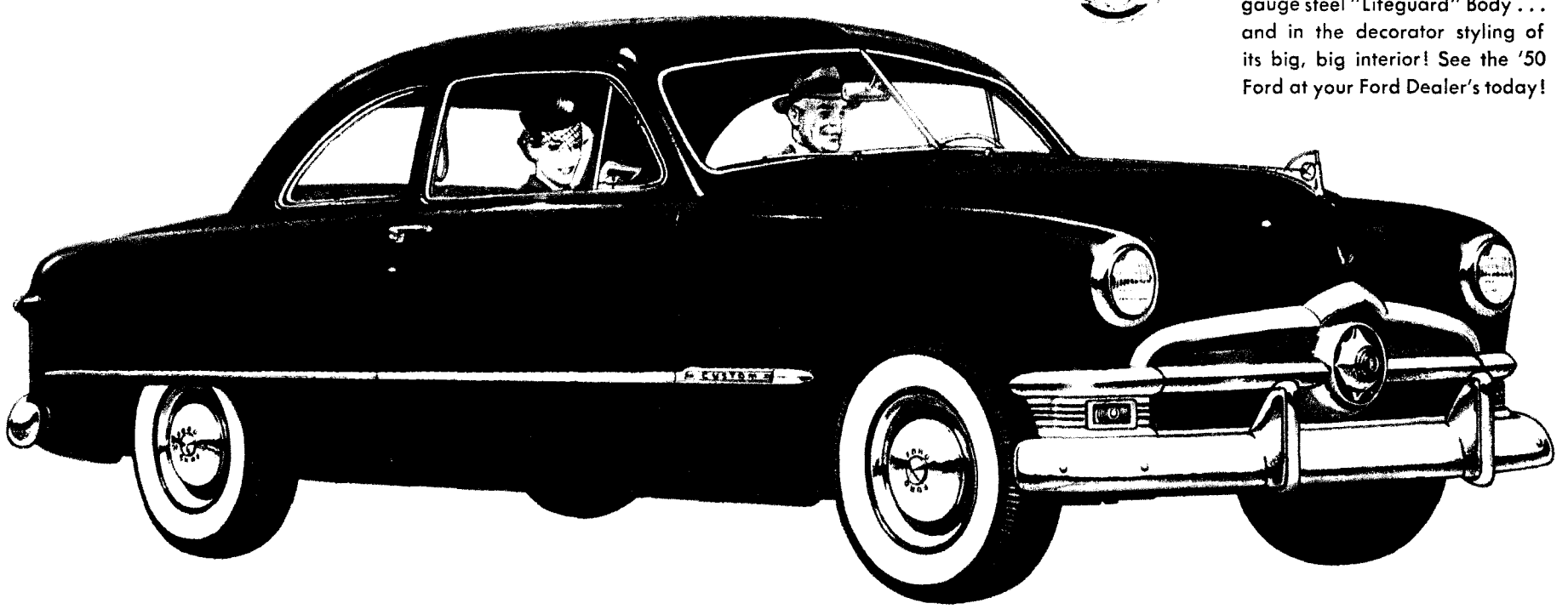
"Friends," he said—and his tone was intimate—"as you all must know from your



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IT'S AMERICA'S CAR

Yes, it's so beautiful it was chosen "Fashion Car of the Year" *again* for 1950 by the Fashion Academy of New York! But beyond exterior appearance you'll find true beauty in every detail of the sound, solid coachwork of its heavy gauge steel "Lifeguard" Body . . . and in the decorator styling of its big, big interior! See the '50 Ford at your Ford Dealer's today!



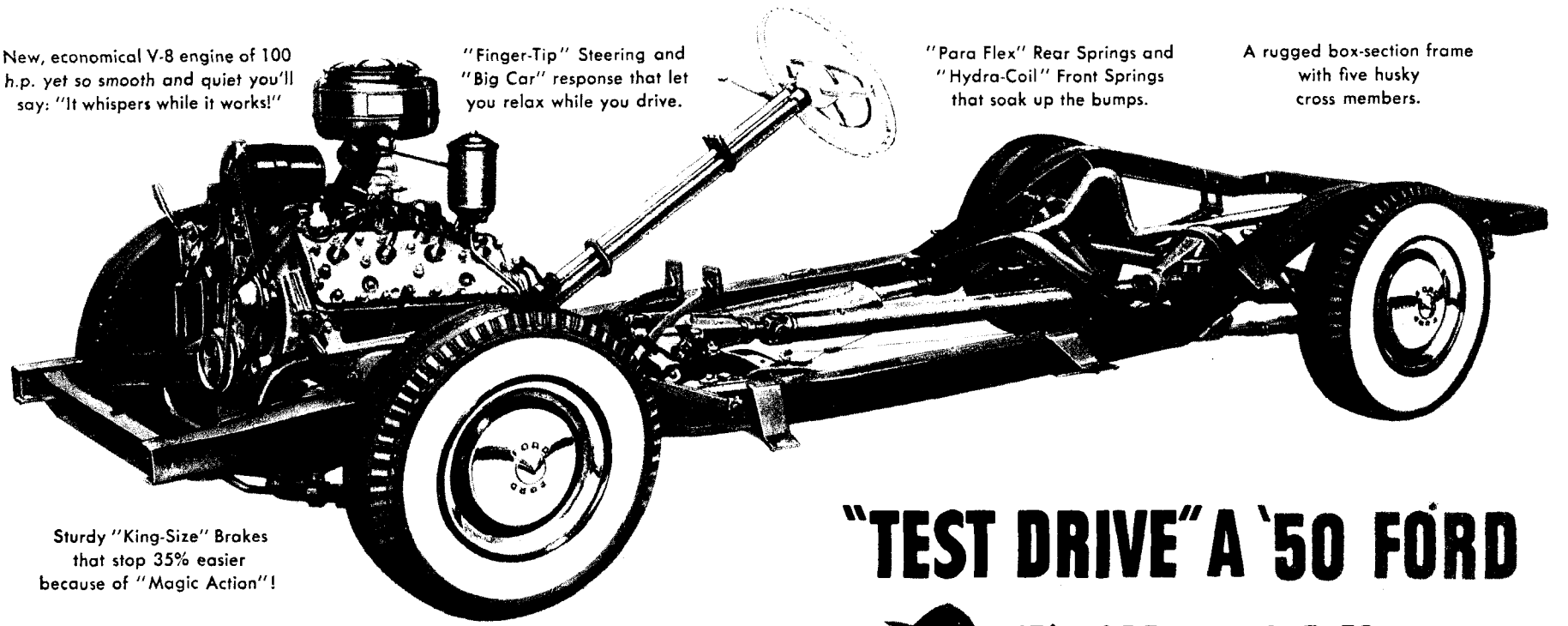
but there's BEEF beneath its beauty!

New, economical V-8 engine of 100 h.p. yet so smooth and quiet you'll say: "It whispers while it works!"

"Finger-Tip" Steering and "Big Car" response that let you relax while you drive.

"Para Flex" Rear Springs and "Hydra-Coil" Front Springs that soak up the bumps.

A rugged box-section frame with five husky cross members.



Sturdy "King-Size" Brakes that stop 35% easier because of "Magic Action"!

Hydraulic, aircraft type shock absorbers for solid roadability.

"TEST DRIVE" A '50 FORD

IT'LL OPEN YOUR EYES!

Before you buy any car, "Test Drive" the big, economical '50 Ford at your Ford Dealer's! You'll agree it's the one fine car in the low-price field!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

newspapers, we had an unfortunate accident here last night."

He paused for silence, as a preacher pauses after making a call to prayer; in the stands, all murmurs ceased.

"The last act of our show is the most dangerous performance given anywhere on this earth. Two cars, driven at top speed, crash head-on into each other. There is no trick. No safeguards, no special cars are used. The drivers of our crash cars literally take their lives in their hands for your pleasure and excitement. Last night, one of our drivers, Johnny Schmid, was badly injured when the engine of the car he was driving leaped through the dashboard and crushed his chest. He lies at this minute in your very fine hospital—at death's door."

WATCHING Evers' face, Clutch could tell that Dubecque was not making his standard introduction. He pushed back his own ear guards, and listened.

"Our first impulse, of course, was to call off the head-on collision for tonight, even though it had been advertised. It takes a special kind of courage to perform this death-defying act, and though all of our men, as you have plainly seen, have courage to spare, we would not trust all of them to do a head-on.

"That last second of steel nerve is a rare possession, which Johnny Schmid had, and which our other regular driver, Eddie Evers, has. But where on a moment's notice could we find another such man? That was our problem."

The crowd was becoming impatient. Dubecque continued:

"We did not solve this problem, ladies and gentlemen. It was solved for us! This morning, one of our oldest mechanics, a man who has been with this troupe since its beginning almost twenty years ago, came to us and volunteered to do the head-on. He had performed the act when yours truly was still wearing knickers, and so that you will not go home disappointed, he will perform it again tonight! There he is, in the silver uniform—Clutch Garson!"

Clutch felt Evers' hand in the small of his back, nudging him forward, and he moved, at a half trot, and raised his right hand above his head.

"And the other driver, the indestructible —Eddie Evers!"

Evers was beside Clutch now, his two hands joined above his head in the manner of a prize fighter greeting his supporters. Then he was trotting toward the Spartan, followed by Jerry Masters, and Jenkins was leading Clutch to the coupé beside which they stood for a moment, tightening the helmet and adjusting the mouthpiece.

Clutch got into the car, all the windows of which had been taken out, and Jenkins began strapping him, lashing one line of belt to the panel bar of the doorframe at his left and the other, to balance him, around the right rear corner of the body, through the back window space on one side and the right doorframe on the other. He was sitting on two thick air cushions, and his shoulders were above the seat back. He could just reach the accelerator with the tip of his toe. While Jenkins worked, Dubecque talked:

"These two cars, my friends, have been donated for tonight's show by Ned Erdman's Used Car Sales on West Sixteenth Street, just at the edge of town. Believe me, these two cars are not typical of Ned Erdman's used cars. Our boys, who really know cars the country over, were mighty surprised when they read Ned's prices on the latest models. Bargains galore! So if you'd like to get a good used car cheap, why not stop down at Ned Erdman's after the show? You'll be as amazed as we were. Remember Sixteenth Street West, just at the edge of town.

"Now. We told you, folks, that no safeguards are used for this collision. That isn't entirely true. As you will notice, there is no glass in the windows or windshield frame of either car. We used to leave the glass in—it made a spectacular spray, since most cars as old as these don't have safety glass, but too many people in the lower stands got scratched, and when *you* get scratched *we* get sued! So now, for your protection and ours, we remove the glass."

A current of doubtful laughter flicked about the crowd at this announcement.

"The boys are now being strapped into the cars," Dubecque went on. "This isn't because we're afraid they'll run away, but so that you will be certain there is no trick involved in the feat you are about to witness. At the moment of collision, it is difficult sometimes to make out the drivers because of the speed at which they are traveling, and also because everybody tries to see both cars at once. So go ahead and watch both cars. You know the boys aren't going to slip out of them at the last second."

Jenkins slapped Clutch on the left shoulder, and slammed the door shut. For an instant his head poked through the window space, and he shouted into Clutch's ear, "You'll make it, Clutch! Just like old times!" Then he was gone.

Clutch slipped his goggles down over his eyes and looked through the heavy-duty safety glass to where Evers was sitting in the big sedan. Evers had already started his motor, and was waiting for Clutch to start his. He waved briefly to Clutch, to signify that he was ready. Clutch stretched his right leg its full length and found the starter. He pressed it; the motor turned, and he pulled out the throttle. He returned Evers' wave and started forward to the right, while Evers swerved toward the railing of the infield.

Then he was sweeping down the straightaway alone, in second gear, in high. The grandstand was a sliding screen beside him. He saw it but did not look at it. He took the first turn unhurriedly, and met Evers before he was halfway up the far straightaway. As they passed, Evers jerked his thumb in Clutch's direction. Clutch understood that he would have to speed up or they would not collide directly in front of the stands. He pressed his right foot down, and the car pushed forward.

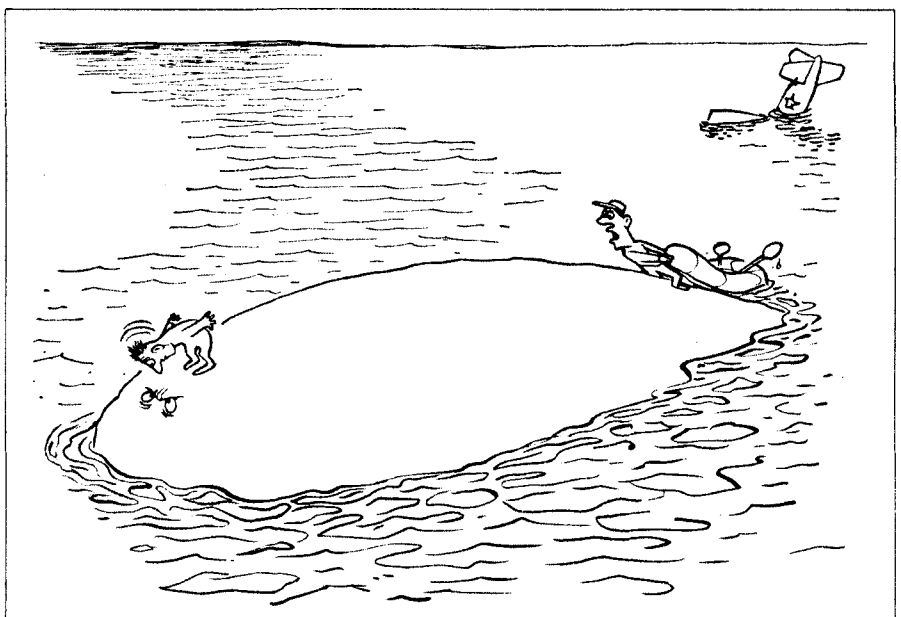
He skidded the next turn at about fifty-five miles an hour and headed again into the grandstand straightaway, his eyes set on the Spartan at the other end. When the two cars were a dozen yards apart, they slid to their own sides of the track and zipped past each other, while the spectators gasped.

"Whew!" Dubecque said. "For a minute, I thought we were going to have a wreck, didn't you? But don't be alarmed, folks, the boys are just getting up steam. Next time, they won't come close—they'll come together. Now watch them!"

Clutch swung the back wheels into a skid on the next turn. He steered close to the outer rail on the far straightaway, and did not even glance at the Spartan when it shot by. He was thinking of Lynn and the two hundred dollars, and wondering whether it was worth it—him taking a chance like this, at his age, when there was little better than a fifty-fifty chance that the Chicago surgeon could save Johnny anyway. And if Clutch should get smashed up like Johnny, Lynn would have nobody at all. She'd hardly thank him if she had to bury them both together.

But then he thought of her face, pinched tight to control her tears while she told him to try to sell the fur coat Johnny had bought for her in Butte, and he was glad he was doing it. And if he made it okay, and the operation pulled Johnny through, she'd be all set: Johnny would never drive another head-on. After a crack-up like that, he'd be lucky if he could drive on a one-way street without trembling. So it was better to take the chance than to tell her they couldn't arrange the operation until tomorrow or the next day, after Monohan had made his collection.

This way, even if he did get banged up, she'd know at least that everything had been done for Johnny that— Suddenly, a streak of white glared up in front of him and he swung the steering wheel just in time. Even so, his left rear fender cut a line through the whitewash of the fence boards.



COLLIER'S **"Can you find signs of life anywhere, old man?"** VIRGIL PARTCH

He turned into the last straightaway, only half of which he was to run. A furl of dust showed him where Evers had made his turn, and then he saw the sedan coming at him, and he fixed his eyes on its radiator and pressed his toe down as far as it would go. The speedometer was broken, though he did not know it because he had not once looked at it. But he felt his speed and knew it was over sixty.

Something in the rear was jangling—probably a shock absorber. He would have smiled at the thought of a loose shock absorber on a car that was scheduled to be crumpled in about two seconds if he had had time to smile.

THE Spartan's radiator was growing larger in front of him. Only a second longer— He thought: Lynn, Lynn, here's to you, Lynn—now—*now up!* He swerved to come straight and squeezed his hands tight around the top of the steering wheel and heaved himself upward with all his might, so that the straps would be tight at the moment of shock.

He heard the crash, and he heard for an instant above the crash a distant deep moan, like the resonant rumble of a low note on an organ. It was the voice of the crowd. He heard it before he felt himself slipping, felt the wide straps across his chest and stomach, felt a spray of hot steam on his chin, and wondered whether he would ever be able to eat another meal. For half a minute, he was beyond hearing altogether, and he didn't hear a word of Dubecque's final spiel about Ned Erdman's used-car specials. He saw again before he heard again. His ears stayed clogged even when Monohan and Jenkins unstrapped him, even when he felt himself moving, partly by his own effort, out of the car and onto the track.

Jenkins supported him while Monohan raised the goggles and lifted the helmet off. Monohan had to squeeze Clutch's lips apart to get at the mouthpiece. The freer flow of air helped him recover his balance, and he stood up by himself, and listened to the noise of the crowd, which seemed dim and far off, like a wind beyond a hill. Monohan lifted his arm, and Clutch held it high for several seconds. He dropped it, though Evers kept his raised, when he felt the flow of blood on his hand. It was running from a gash between his index and second fingers, a current of red trickling across his palm and down over his wrist.

"We'd better get some Merthiolate on that cut," Jenkins said. "Come on. I know where he keeps it."

THEY walked across the track, the three of them, and down the stairs to Dubecque's office. But before they got inside the office, Monohan and Jenkins turned to face the slim blond girl who was hurrying down the stairway after them. Clutch turned around just before she reached him. She seized his hands and held them against her cheeks. The blood of the cut smeared against her right cheek and her neck, but she didn't notice it. She kept repeating, "Denny, Denny, you crazy cowboy, Denny!" There were tears in her eyes.

"He's okay, Lynn," Monohan said. "Just a scratch on the hand. He's okay."

Clutch was still breathing heavily, but he was smiling. "That surgeon," he said, and his voice was almost a shout, "he oughta be here pretty soon."

"He got to the airport half an hour ago," she said. "He's probably at the hospital now, looking at the X rays. When they told me he was here, I knew you must have done something crazy. To get the money, I mean. Oh, Denny—I wouldn't have let you!"

She turned on Monohan. "Why'd you let him do it?" she asked, but she didn't wait for an answer. She began to wipe the blood from Clutch's hand with a tiny handkerchief.

"There's bandages inside," Jenkins said, and he opened the door to Dubecque's office and went in.

From behind them came the heavy voice of Dubecque: "I knew *he* wouldn't have trouble. Experience—that's the only substitute for foolhardiness. Beautiful crack-up! Never saw a better! Congratulations, Clutch!"

With one hand on Clutch's back and the other against Lynn's elbow, Monohan gently urged brother and sister into the office. Dubecque surged after them, but Monohan's long arm barred the doorway to him.

"They want to be alone," Monohan said. "So do we."

He closed the door softly.

Jenkins found cotton, bandages and a bottle of Merthiolate in a canvas bag in the office. His fingers were dusty and smeared with grease, but he held the cotton deftly and blotted the wound free of blood long enough to bathe it in Merthiolate. He balked at the bandaging. "Your hands are cleaner than mine," he said to Lynn.

Her hands were inexpert, but she managed to twine the bandage firmly over the cut and to bind it about the wrist.

"We're going straight back to the hospital and get it done right," she said.

Clutch nodded. Suddenly, there was an angry cry, and the plywood partition to the right of the door trembled, as something heavy thumped against it, splitting a center panel. Then the door opened and Monohan came in, grinning.

"I just resigned," he said. "If you and Clutch want to go back over to the hospital —he oughta have that hand stitched right away—I'll drop you off on my way to the hotel." THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Kodak
TRADE·MARK

Will you remember her just as she is?
With pictures you can be sure.

Color snapshots say it's "something special"

Sometimes a picture just begs for color. When you see your first full-color snapshots, you'll know they're worthy of any "special" person or event.

The film to use is Kodacolor. It comes in sizes for most any roll-film camera, such as the one you already own. You'll be glad you tried it.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.

Kodak Film gets the picture . . .
the film in the familiar yellow box.

For full-color snapshots—
Outdoors—Kodacolor (Daylight)
Indoors—Kodacolor, Type A

Wonderful gift for any occasion—a Kodak or Brownie camera

Tear off this corner as a reminder to get some Kodak Film. Size.....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pilgrim's Progress

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

ducked under her desk and came up with some dog-eared papers. "Read these," she ordered, "and don't skip the small print. If you're satisfied, I'll book you."

"Where do we pick up Tarkington?" I asked when I'd read through the papers.

"When you get to Paris. Mr. Henbane will accompany you on the crossing."

She was right. Mr. Henbane did accompany us on the crossing. So did *mal de mer*. I spent the whole time hanging onto my bunk and begging Coralee to shoot me. That, however, is best passed over quickly.

WHAT revived me like a breath of wine-scented air was the drive down the Champs Élysées on the way to our little *pension* and our meeting with the oft-promised, much-discussed Tarkington.

Two and one-half hours after we arrived, he showed. Lest the over-all impact shatter you, let me describe him piecemeal. His crew cut looked like a hairbrush that had been gone over with a lawn mower. He had narrow brown eyes and a mouth some people would call indolent. For my money it was just big and loud. His long-ish carcass was admirably set off by duck pants in need of a washing, and an indescribable T-shirt. This, then, was the man who was supposed to reveal the manifold mysteries of the City of Light.

"Hi," he said brightly.

"How do you do?" He got the full treatment: the look I reserve for the guy who overcharges me at the grocery, the dentist, and the little boy downstairs who calls me "Magpie."

"Hello," said Coralee apologetically, "it's wonderful, isn't it?"

"Paris? Yeah, Paris is great."

"Sheer poetry," I said caustically. "I see you have grasped its every nuance."

He ignored me, unruffled. "They fix you up all right here? Mama Perot is an old friend of mine. She'll even change the sheets for any *touriste* of mine."

He moved to the door. I'll admit, under pressure, that he had nice controlled body action, but so does a good car.

"Mama!" he shouted. "The ship's in!"

Mama Perot was a love. If it hadn't been for her I never would have survived all that followed. She was small and vital, with gingersnap eyes and a long-standing love affair with life. Part of what was cramped and inhibited in me melted away at the sight of her. The only visible flaw was her enthusiasm for Tarkington. "My dears," she said in perfect English, "you need a bath."

And we got it; not to mention a heavenly little room that smelled foolishly of lavender and cloves, as well as an amazing platter of cookies and a basket of grapes tucked into wet leaves.

"Make this your home," she said, "and come down again with a good appetite."

We met our fellow travelers at the table. I hadn't seen much of them aboard ship but a closer view didn't brighten things. There was a college professor and his wife, two rather plain little schoolgirls, a life insurance salesman, and Coralee and me.

After dinner Tarkington herded us out into the street. Let it be said that boy was no dummy. He set us to wandering aimlessly through the byways that are Paris, unchecked by chatter, to feel silently the glowing heartbeat of the city. And somehow, in the pleasant crush of amiable people, his insufferable sneakers, the not-to-be-endured haircut, the sassy face were at home. Paris embraced us all—the backwash of Wisconsin, the flower of the Old South, and the perennial sophomore—as if we were old friends. We weren't. Tarkington brought us to a sudden halt in front of a café and sighed loudly.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I'm bushed." He sagged at the knees for emphasis.

Coralee oiled the troubled waters. "Oh, an *apéritif*," she burbled. "How exciting!"

"You've got your signals crossed," said Tarkington. "I'm gonna have a short beer."

Gone was the twilight mood, the freshness, the charm of the place.

"The itinerary plainly states: 'A stroll through the city at twilight. Find for yourself the Paris that is yours.' A short beer in a crumbum place is not the Paris for me," I said acidly.

"Crumbum!" Life animated Tarkington's eyes. "Listen, this place is the home of the brave. Third Army headquarters. They even got a plaque up. That right, Max?" He yelled into the open door.

A bright looking redhead grinned widely and waved us in. "Yeah, the boys liberated all the champagne in Paris in this very establishment. What's new, Tark?"

"Not a thing, boy. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Max, the toast of Paris."

"The folder promised us original atmosphere," I said, clinging to the doorjamb.

"Well," said Tarkington, "Max is an original, aren't you, Max?"

By then Max had set up drinks on the house and the rest of the entourage were settled happily at the bar. I disentangled myself, grasped Coralee by the hand and sat down at a wall table. Tarkington joined us. He shook his head dolefully.

"Group spirit," he said, "it's essential."

"The next thing you know," I said to Coralee, "he'll have us stringing beads or making Indian baskets."

Tarkington turned his chair around and straddled it. "Lady," he said, sweetly patient, "I've been running these tours since 1938. Allow for my superior experience and put yourself in my hands."

We had paid in advance so what else could we do? We padded after Tarkington. After the rest stop, he took us to the hilltop beside the clean magnificence of the Sacre Coeur. "Note the view of the city," he said, yawning widely.

There was a murmured chorus of approval. Tarkington waited until it had subsided, then he stretched. "Of course, for my dough, it has nothing on Manhattan on a clear day—skyscrapers and canyons—you can smell the know-how in the air."

"Not to mention the malarkey," I said.

He seemed to sense the personal reference and subsided, but not for long.

Next, he herded us to the banks of the Seine as if we were a bunch of thirsty Guernseys. "Well," he said blandly, "this is it. Doesn't quite have the beat of the East River, if you know what I mean, but a lotta people like it. Bookstalls"—he flicked his thumb to indicate them—"Notre Dame"—he nodded his head briefly at the grandeur of the Cathedral—"and"—he indicated a fifteenth-century bridge—"members of the human race." This last was to embrace the flow of charming traffic across the bridge—a little boy with a dogcart, lovers with their heads close together, and students from the Left Bank.

"A carnival pitch gives you a better spiel than this," I hissed at Coralee. "Let's go back to the hotel."

"But it's lunchtime."

He didn't even let us eat in peace. Our subtle French luncheon that day was brightened with reminiscences of Georgia spoon bread and New England fish fries.

That went on for a week. The others in our tour took it calmly enough. They filled in with pamphlets and submissively followed Tarkington to places which served American-style breakfasts and posted the National League baseball scores.

"I love my native land," I said testily to Coralee, "but that jerk has never left home."

"Well," said Coralee, "the agenda says we get a day to ourselves tomorrow. I'm going to get fussed up in a French beauty parlor. Want to come?"

"Certainly not!" I said. "Tomorrow I go in search of the pure Paris, undiluted. What's more, I am not going to Montmartre with you, either."

"But what'll I tell Mr. Tarkington?"

"Tell him," I said airily, "that comparisons are odious."

THERE was a thoroughly Gallic café on the corner. That evening I settled down at a little table there, feeling very much as though I were part of a Toulouse-Lautrec drawing. It was all very chic and gay and independent for the first fifteen minutes but after that my table became an isolated island in a sea of conviviality. I would have almost settled for one of Tarkington's paeans of praise to his homeland.

And then I saw him. No, not Tarkington, but a man who belonged beautifully, completely, unequivocably, to a spring night in Paris. He had the pallor of a poet and he wore a tie. That, believe me, was no small thing after days and days of looking at Tarkington's Adam's apple. What's more, he was alone and within whispering distance. I began to wish my upbringing had not been quite so strict. I pushed my drink away from me and tried to look remote and interesting. From the amount of response I got I began to gather that I had succeeded only in looking remote, so I finished my drink and asked the waiter for the bill.

I was halfway down the street before I realized with a pleasant little shock that I was being followed. He was still behind me when we reached Madame Perot's house; in fact, he was still behind me when I walked into the red and yellow plush parlor. His assurance struck me as vaguely unflattering and I reverted to type.

"End of the line, buddy," I said flatly, "everybody out."

"I beg your pardon?" His voice was laced with a French accent.

"Out. A man's home is his castle. Or, to put it another way, you go too far."

"Young woman," he said, "I live here."

I groped for a chair. "Oh, no," I said.

"There's no help for it," he added agreeably. "My rent's paid up in advance."

"I'm sure it is," I muttered.

A LOOK of understanding dawned in his face. "My God," he said, "you thought I was following you!"

"You needn't rub it in."

"But, look here, I would have, if I'd thought of it."

"Thank you," I said stiffly, "and good night."

"Must you go? I'd like some company for a bit. Not much good knocking around Paris by one's self, is it?"

My heart felt as if it had suddenly been wrapped in flannel. "Why, no, it isn't."

"You see," he said quietly, "I did notice you in the café. Not as a man, really, but as a poet. I felt you were isolated somehow."

It was lovely to be understood, even on an esoteric plane. I offered him a cigarette.

"This city is like a beautiful woman," he said, looking at me. "It has to be courted. Since it was my first love I feel its whims, its demands."

"I can see that you do," I said respectfully. "I only wish that—" I stopped short.

"Tell me," he said gently.

"Well," I said, "I'm on a tour."

"Not on Tarkington's Tours, by any chance?"

"By pure mishap," I wailed.

"You poor child. Look here, we can't let this happen. Could you elude him?"

"I could kill him," I said. "Of course, I'm traveling with a friend and if I just disappeared . . ."

"No need to do that. Say you're ill. I occupy Madame's attic and when the coast is clear you could let me know."

I threw caution to the winds. "I'll meet you at ten tomorrow. By the way, won't I be taking you away from your work?"

His eyes darkened unhappily. "The world is not waiting breathlessly for my verse."

"I'm sure it's lovely," I said stanchly, "and I'm very pleased to have made your acquaintance."

We parted on the stairs. . . .

The next morning Coralee left me with a damp washrag over my brow, two aspirin tablets, and many misgivings.

"Tarkington was all upset because you weren't along last night," she said.

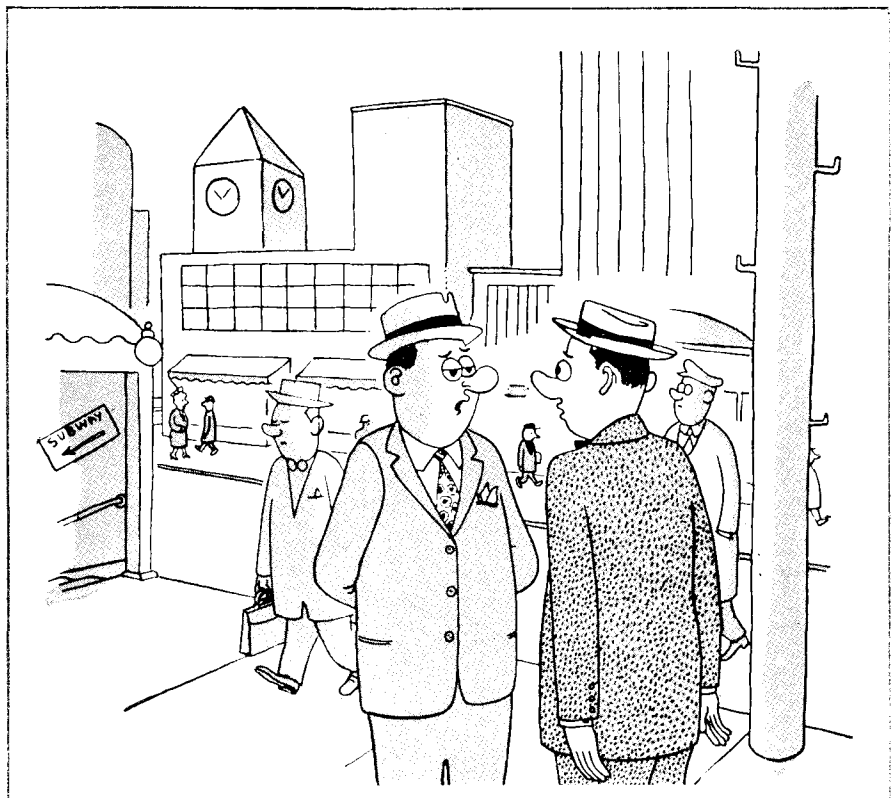
"I'll just bet."

"He even said you weren't bad-looking, for the moony type."

"High praise," I said, muffling my head in the pillow.

"I think he likes you."

"Tell him," I said, pulling the washrag



COLLIER'S **"Since I told the boss off, he's a different person. And I'm with a different company"** LEW FOLLETTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OBVIOUSLY . . . UNIQUE

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

down over my face, "to give it back to the Indians."

The poet and I ate breakfast under a flowering chestnut tree. I paid because he wasn't taking any fee as a guide and because in the strong sunlight he looked like he came straight out of La Bohème. I did it very delicately, just sort of crumpling the money up on the table like I had lots more where it came from.

"This is very painful for me," he said haltingly. "I should like so much to be your host, but . . ." He shrugged. The whole futility of art was in the gesture.

"I couldn't dream of taking your time on any other basis," I said.

"Not any?" he murmured. Well, what if he did put his hand over mine? I've known guys in New York who try more than that on a Chinese dinner, Dutch treat.

WE HAD a lovely morning, browsing indolently through the Louvre. Afterward I bought lunch for both of us in a wonderful little bistro where he knew the owner. The wine tasted something like cider vinegar but I was brought up on pasteurized milk so I'm no authority. Three glasses of it and we'd got to the first-name stage. His was Jacques and mine was Maggie, although by the time we left the place there was some doubt in my mind. We took a walk through the Bois de Boulogne in the gathering twilight. He moved close to me and bent his head down until his lips just brushed my ear.

"Let's not go back to Madame's," he breathed.

"But they'll be expecting us," I protested weakly.

"Not me," he said. "My board bill is, sadly enough, in arrears."

"You poor hungry thing," I said. "I'll advance you the money."

"I really couldn't," he murmured. "You see, I don't know when I can repay you."

"Write me a sonnet sequence," I said, "something I can show the girls back home. I'll . . . I'll be your patroness."

I know it sounds giddy but if you haven't stood under the cloudy trees of the Bois you can't possibly know how they affect your judgment. We went back to the *pension* separately. . . .

Tarkington sat across from me at the table at dinner. Just before dessert he tilted his chair back and began to stuff a pipe. "Whatever became of old Bluebeard Ragout?" he asked the world in general.

Madame Perot looked up from the dish of baked pears. "Tarkington, stop it."

"Bluebeard," he said staring at me, "used to pick up stray American women and slip them into a lye vat he had around. You know, girls who thought they'd wander around by themselves. Where'd you go today?"

"Don't be ridiculous," I said tartly. "I'm over the age of consent."

"Way over," he agreed amiably, "but as your guide and mentor I feel a certain responsibility for you. We're riding a bus out to Versailles after dinner. I'll save you a seat close to me."

"That's very neighborly of you," I said acidly, "but I have other plans."

I noticed that when he got sore, interesting things happened to his eyes. I believe they are commonly described as steely.

I excused myself, and Coralee followed me while I went upstairs to examine my good black dress for creases.

"Tarkington's really worried about you, honey. He says you're a romantic and a prey to everything up to and including a shell game. He says . . ."

"Listen," I said crisply, "that's enough. My new-found friend is a perfect gentleman and richly imbued with European culture and tradition, which is more than I can say for that seedy sap in sneakers." It was nicely alliterative and I was proud of it.

"He got all dressed last night," protested Coralee.

"What are you," I asked, "a special envoy? So he changed his shirt."

"But you don't understand," said Coralee, "he did it for you."

"Astonishing. Can I borrow your nylon slip?"

"Yes, but, Maggie—"

"Maggie me no Maggies. He's not my type." I put some perfume behind my ears.

"I think he's to be pitied. You see, he confided in me."

"Mmm . . ." I examined my stockings for runs.

"And it's the saddest story. His parents were American and he was born there, but they came to Paris when he was five years old and the only time he ever went home was to be drafted. He took his training in Brooklyn and right away they shipped him overseas. He liberated Paris."

"Singlehanded?"

"No, silly, but he was in the Fifth Corps. He was broke when he got out so he started running these tours to make enough money to buy a business in Brooklyn."

"I admit it clears up a few things."

"I told him you'd see it that way."

"Hey, wait a minute," I said. "What goes on here?"

"He'd make you a marvelous mate," said Coralee intensely. "He says he's fighting it, but you attract him."

"Tell him," I said, slithering into my dress, "that I hope he wins."

Coralee sighed a deep sigh. "You could do worse," she said plaintively.

"I don't see how. Don't wait up for me."

I had to pass Tarkington on the stairs. He reached across so that his arms blocked my passage. It was only then that I realized that he wasn't bad-looking in a close-up.

"You look uninhibited," he said flatly.

"Now you're my analyst," I snapped.

"I think maybe you could use one."

I ducked under his arm. It was like playing London Bridge only it wrecked my hairdo and shattered my dignity.

"Oh, go guide your tour," I said, and slammed the door behind me.

Jacques was waiting in the garden. "Take me somewhere," I commanded.

"On what?" Some of the nap had worn off his voice and some of the accent, too. I looked at him quizzically and saw that he was smiling again.

"It's painful for me to dwell so on my financial condition."

It must have been because I was unsettled by Tarkington or maybe it was the fact that my francs were running out. Anyway, I didn't feel like being helpful. "Let's sit on the porch the way they do in Wisconsin and enjoy the cheap evening air," I said.

He shrugged slightly. "If you prefer it."

"Look," I said, "*you* asked *me* out!"

"Yes, but . . ." He hesitated. "Well, I pictured something a little more gala."

"How gala can you get?" It was Tarkington.

He came out into the garden. Jacques stood up and the two men squared off.

"You stay out of this!" I shouted at Tarkington.

"Stay out of it? Do you know who this guy is?"

"He's an artist and a gentleman," I said weakly.

"He's a con man and a dead beat. Johansen, I thought I told you to keep clear of here."

"Blow it," said my French friend.

"Huh?" I said.

"This guy is a landmark in Paris," yelled Tarkington, "like the Eiffel Tower. 'Cavalier Johansen,' ex-sergeant, A.W.O.L. 1940, and the ladies' friend as long as you're good for three square meals and don't know any high-school French. Yeah, and what's more, he comes from Los Angeles."

"Is this true?" I said, my voice cracking.

"A guy's gotta make an honest buck." Cavalier glowered at Tarkington.

"Well," I said hotly, "you picked the wrong girl. All I've got is my return ticket home and enough left over for a pair of French gloves."

"You're wasting your time," Tarkington said to him.

"Don't get personal," I said, sticking my chin out. "You're no better than he is."

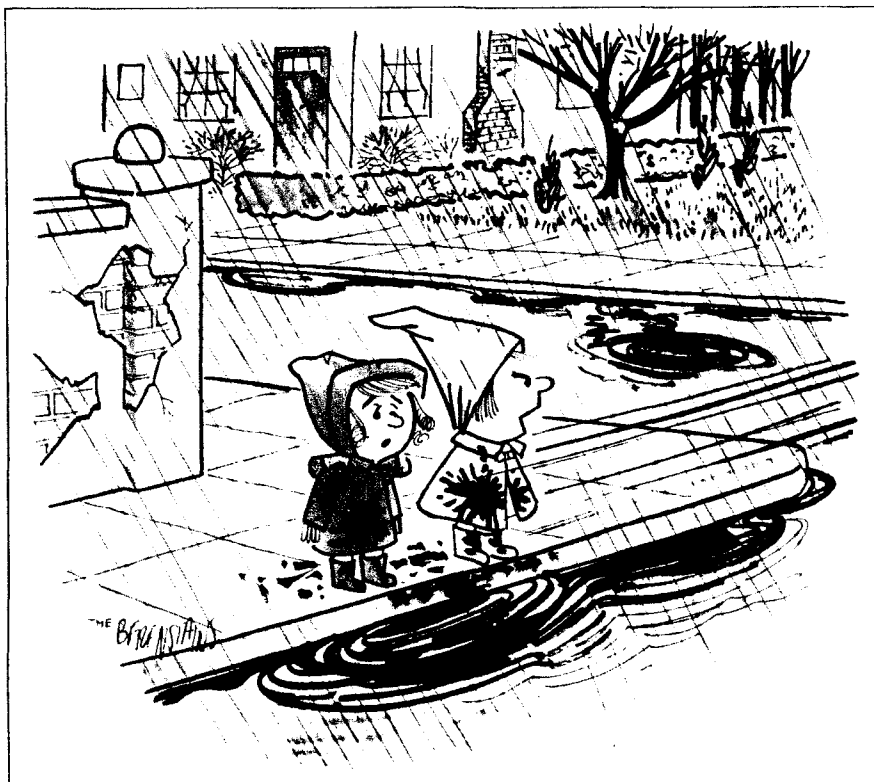
"Honey," said Tarkington, "I'll talk to you later." That's when he hit Cavalier. The only trouble was, Cavalier hit back.

AFTER fifteen minutes of this, Tarkington was stretched out on the grass and feeling no pain. Cavalier went into the house and Tarkington and I were, as they say in romantic novels, alone together. I took a good long look at him. Discounting a bloody nose and a mouse forming under one eye, he had a kind of raffish innocence that I found very comforting. Add to that the undeniable fact that he was attracted to me, and you can see why I cradled his head in my lap and stroked his forehead until he opened his eyes.

"You're everything I despise," I said to him. "Nationalistic and a snoop and what have you got to say for yourself?"

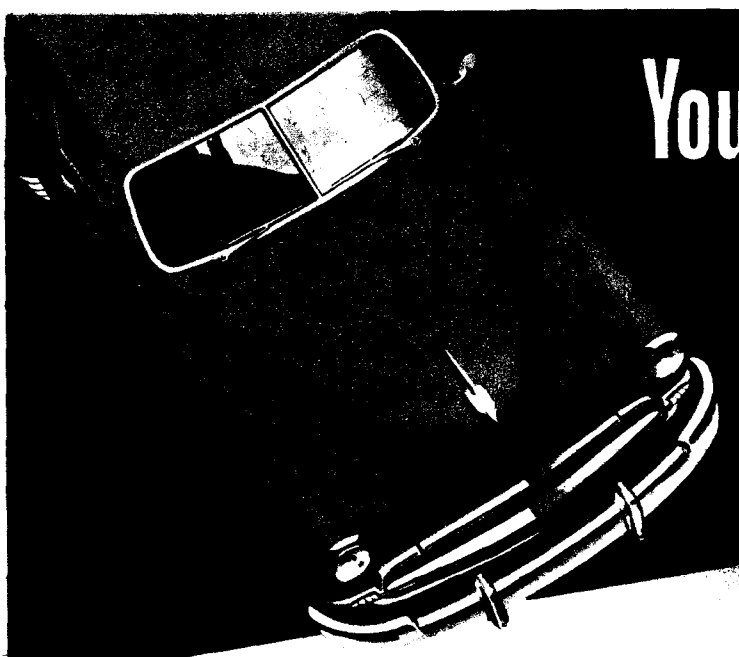
It was remarkable for a man in his condition, but he sat up and pulled me into his arms.

"America, the beautiful," he said and kissed me with enough fervor for a Frenchman. THE END



COLLIER'S **"I got his license number: 3 and 1 and 2 and a couple numbers we haven't learned yet"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



You're driving into the Danger Zone

WARNING ZONE | DANGER ZONE 1 | DANGER ZONE 2 | DANGER ZONE 3

Engine loses pep . . .

Needs a tune-up

Clean, adjust and re-time ignition. Clean fuel supply and carburetor screens. Adjust carburetor. Adjust tappets and fan belt. Check compression and vacuum readings for symptoms of ring wear.

Engine begins to smoke . . .

Needs new piston rings and minor engine repairs

Replace piston rings. Align rods. Adjust rods or replace rod bearings. Reseat and reface valves.

Tune engine.

These repairs are comparatively inexpensive and put the engine back in peak condition for thousands of economical miles. Delay puts the engine in Danger Zone 2.

The more you delay - the more you pay !

Piston rings should be replaced . . . *at the first sign of wear !*

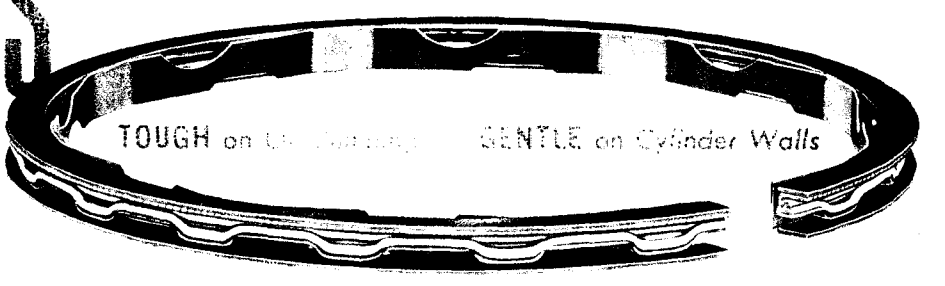
Piston rings are engineered to "take" the wear, to protect your engine, and to be replaced again and again. You'll be money ahead if you replace your piston rings when your car first gets into the Danger Zone.

Replacing piston rings at this time is comparatively inexpensive. But if you delay—until you're in the second or third Danger Zone—your repairs will cost two to four times as much. If your car is in any of the Danger Zones, ask your motor service man for Hastings Piston Rings. They're engineered exclusively for replacement use. They *stop* oil-pumping, *check* cylinder wear and *restore* performance.

It's the best money you can spend on your car.

HASTINGS MANUFACTURING COMPANY, HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
Hastings Ltd., Toronto

HASTINGS STEEL-VENT PISTON RINGS



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...READY NOW IN TWO GREAT

Brilliantly Engineered, America's Only F-Head Motor Car Engine! 7.4-1 Compression! Ahead of Any in its Field!

A big *increase* in horsepower and a big *decrease* in fuel consumption—sounds impossible but Willys brings you *both* in the sensational new *HURRICANE* Engine!

The *HURRICANE* gives you a surging flow of quiet power plus record-breaking mileage because of its unique design. It is an F-head engine, with *valve-in-head intake* and *valve-in-block exhaust*. The *HURRICANE* has a compression ratio of 7.4 to 1, but does not require premium fuel.

The short, uniformly-heated intake manifold and oversize intake valves deliver to each cylinder an even charge of fuel mixture at all speeds. With its higher compression and even combustion, the *HURRICANE* squeezes more energy from every drop of gasoline.

See the newest power plant in motordom—the *HURRICANE*.

WILLYS-OVERLAND MOTORS, TOLEDO, OHIO • MAKERS OF AMERICA'S MOST U

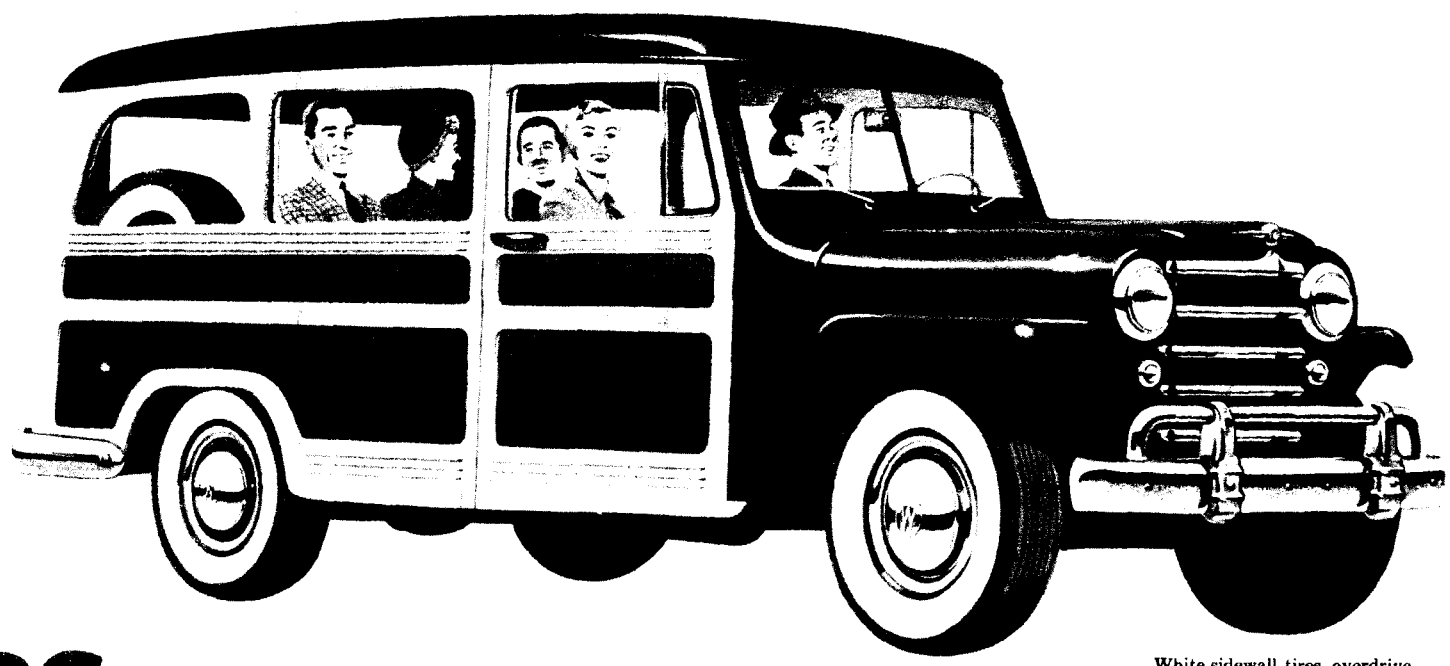
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WILLYS'

SENSATIONAL NEW HIGHER-COMPRESSION F-HEAD ENGINE

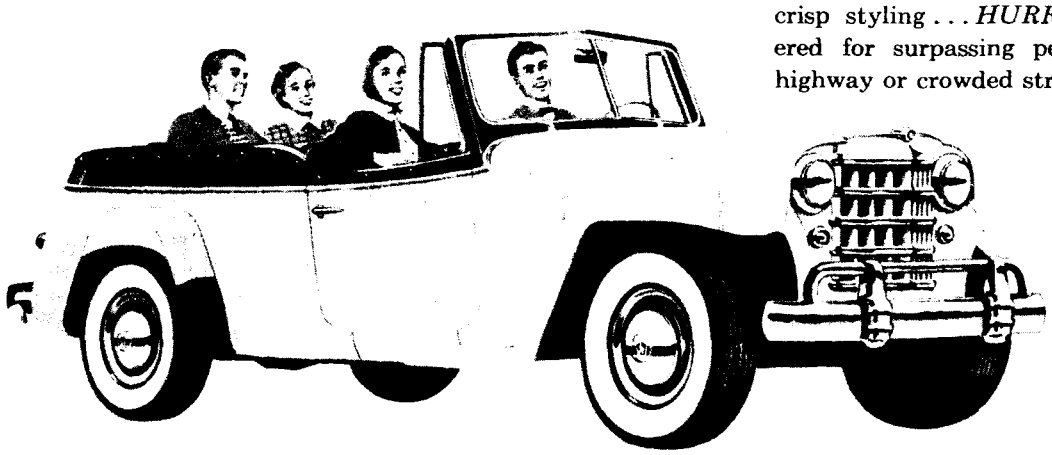
Ready for you today at Willys Dealers . . . an exciting new line of Willys Station Wagons and Jeepsters, distinctive in their fresh, original styling . . . powered by America's most advanced engine, the *HURRICANE!* And here is news you'll welcome—

NEW LOW PRICES



White sidewall tires, overdrive and bumper guards optional.

IEW CARS



THE NEW JEEPSTER . . . a low-slung, road hugging sports phaeton with new, crisp styling . . . *HURRICANE*-powered for surpassing performance on highway or crowded streets.

THE NEW WILLYS STATION WAGON . . . with new, distinctive styling . . . *HURRICANE*-powered for improved performance and long mileage. It's two cars in one—a smooth, comfortable passenger car and, with seats removed, a big-cargo vehicle for hauling.

JL VEHICLES

White sidewall tires and bumper guards optional.

POWER-SURGE PERFORMANCE!

FUEL-SQUEEZING ECONOMY!

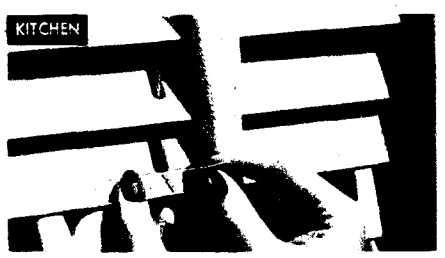
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TAPE IT EASY.... by L. Curtis

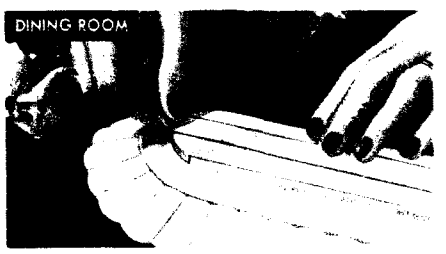
"My gun jammed on me, but luckily I had my 'Scotch' Brand Cellophane Tape handy."

How to cut household expenses

WITH EXTRA ROLLS OF THIS THRIFTY TAPE

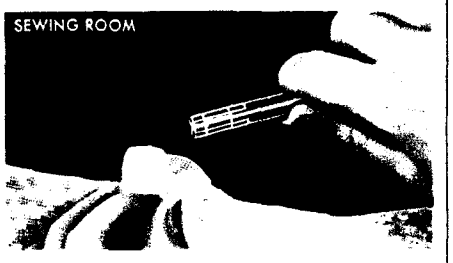


VENETIAN BLIND CRACKED? Make it good as new with a strip or two of transparent "Scotch" Cellophane Tape.



AVOID SCRATCHING costly table tops by covering bottoms of lamps and knick-knacks with smooth cellophane tape.

FASTEN NEW WINDOW SHADES to old rollers with firm-holding cellophane tape. Saves cost of new rollers.



PREVENT SNAGGED CURTAINS by covering rod end with smooth cellophane tape before inserting in curtains.

METAL SHOELACE TIP come off? Bind end of lace with long-wearing "Scotch" Cellophane Tape and it won't be necessary to buy a new pair.

IMPORTANT: There's more than one brand of cellophane tape—for quality always insist on the "SCOTCH" brand, in the bright plaid dispenser.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
SCOTCH BRAND Cellophane Tape

GET THE TAPE HABIT . . . IT'S THRIFTY!

Made in U.S.A. by MINNESOTA MINING & MFG. CO., St. Paul 6, Minn., also makers of other "Scotch" Brand Pressure-sensitive Tapes, "Scotch" Sound Recording Tape, "Underseal" Rubberized Coating, "Scotchlite" Reflective Sheeting, "Safety-Walk" Non-Slip Surfacing, "3M" Abrasives, "3M" Adhesives.
General Export: DUREX ABRASIVES CORP., *New Rochelle, N. Y.*
In Canada: CANADIAN DUREX ABRASIVES LTD., *Brantford, Ontario*

© 1950 3M CO.

Mr. and Mrs.—Let's Look at Your Happiness

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

discover the power of money you must control it with the strength of humility.

Thus if you would have a workable pattern, your spiritual sights must be lifted. And husband and wife had best do the lifting together. Your plan for family success must contain the finest philosophy of which you are capable, though it need not be expressed in high-flown philosophical terms. Inevitably you will find yourselves reasserting certain fundamental beliefs. Instinct will guide you away from worldliness as it did the young Theodore Taylors, neighbors of mine since they were married in 1943.

"Ted and I want our love to last," wrote Mrs. Nancy Taylor as a bride that year. "So we agree to keep one night a week for a 'courting night' as long as we shall live."

Romance vs. Sophistication

Wrote it? Literally that. Any good plan of operation should be set down for reference again and again. And what a romantic beginning hers was! Certainly it's like something from a sentimental novel. But—is that bad? What's wrong with sentiment? My sophisticated young matron friend would be very amused at such a beginning, no doubt; but then her own marital relationship reached a point last year where she threatened her husband with divorce. I can't conceive of Nancy Taylor doing that or even considering it.

Those of us who are older know that the grand honeymoon feeling can never be preserved exactly as is, but that it can be matured into a relationship even grander. More than six years later I see Ted formally "dating" Nancy Taylor every Friday night, best suit, corsage and all. And I see that priceless proclamation of happiness in their eyes.

But she wrote further, back there in 1943:

"We want to save money enough to own a home, so we shall put aside every penny we can until we can buy or build."

In December, 1949, they began building. And they had more than half the money required.

"We want three, maybe four children," Nancy wrote.

Theodore Wilson Taylor, Jr., is now an aggressive age-five. Nancy Eileen Taylor is a charmer going-on-one. Both were planned, wanted children.

"We were not in the same church," Nancy wrote, back there, "so Ted and I both offered to change, and have compromised by joining a third one we both like.

"We want to grow in refinement and knowledge. So Ted and I agree to attend night school, and read up on new subjects every month."

Ted's current new enterprise is public speaking. Nancy's is ceramics. He has joined the Toastmaster's Club. She is painting a set of pottery dishes. And their budget also includes $6 a month for books.

Romance, enough money (but no greed), an owned home, children, a place to worship together, spare-time cultural pursuits—these are the main items in the Taylors' plan. You could extend them, but you could hardly better them. As principles they are the components of family love, the very foundation of family success. They are the principles which serve as a steadying influence when the inevitable succession of troubles begins.

The definition of family success will of necessity be elastic to meet varying conditions. It can never be the same for a hogan of Navajo Indians in New Mexico as for an apartment of palefaces on Park Avenue. And yet, guided by a kindly missionary, even Mr. Horatio Snakesausage of Monument Valley, 90 miles from the nearest hint of white civilization, has a family guide written down exactly as the Ted Taylors have. Horatio's big son and daughter are helping their family rise. They attend the renowned high school at Ganado, Arizona, and bring home the wisdom they acquire. Neither Horatio nor his squaw can read, but he showed me the written list made by the children as a family guide. I copied these items, spelling included:

"Boil drinking water if any anamal has been near the Spring. Do not drink if dog or chickens has drinken from bucket unless boil again.

"Pray before each eating. This is good.

"If anybody is sick, do not sing the chants or pay the Medicine Man to dance. Come to the hospital at Ganado.

"Love one another. Love means doing for."

That's kindergarten level, from our sophisticated point of view. But too many of us sophisticates have never even been to family kindergarten. We forget that the Snakesausages have a plan fitting their specific need. Too many of us have sought family success only in terms of vague generalities, or have merely assumed that it would germinate and develop on its own. We rarely bother, man and wife together, to define it in the light of individual temperaments, personalities and needs.

Do your serious planning as soon as you possibly can. Do it now, even if you have been married 5, 10, 20 years; for the family success can begin at any age. It will be relatively harder in advanced years, but your capabilities will be relatively greater, too, because of experience if nothing else.

Certain traditional functions of the family cannot be ignored no matter what your income or social level. William Fielding Ogburn, professor of sociology at the University of Chicago lists them as follows:

Economic
Status-giving (Establishing one's place in life as the member of a certain family)
Educational
Religious
Recreational
Protective
Affectional (Providing love and affection, as in parent-child or brother-sister relationships)

If you do no more than copy that list it may serve to focus your attention on what must be done. Yet it should be repeatedly analyzed, discussed in the family circle. It is like having a blueprint of a building; you, the contractor, would not make a blueprint, then file and forget it; you would refer to it constantly until the job was done.

A Living Faith Is Essential

Of the seven functions, the religious can be the easiest to neglect. You may have literally any faith, but you'd better tie your family to *something* spiritual as a part of the daily routine. Fortunately, it is no longer unfashionable to admit religious faith in routine social conversation. It is mandatory that you and your family not only talk about Him, but *to* Him. Doing so is the greatest key to success ever known.

Importance of the recreational, the protective, and the affectional functions is surely obvious. Even the best of us dare not assume that these functions will develop without conscious effort. You can't simply assume that a member of the family knows that you hold deep affection for him; you must speak and demonstrate that affection. "They do not love," wrote Shakespeare, "who do not show their love."

Perhaps the least attractive of our good families is the too-serious one. Give me a home where a belly laugh rolls out easily and frequently. Let discipline and love be tempered with romping and horseplay. My own wife, past forty, is not above chasing

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

our kids and me with a glass of ice water when we tease her in the kitchen. And last summer it was she, not our tomboy Gail, who put the live turtle in my brief case. In our home, troubles recede when laughter swells.

Of course, many family troubles cannot be laughed away; but, again, many can. Pity the person who cannot see himself in ludicrous roles. It is among the highest compliments a child can pay you, as a mother or father, if he occasionally feels free to tease you and play a practical joke on you, knowing that you can "take it."

Orderliness, personal tidiness, are important "little" items in building a successful family life. But remember that big success, like big buildings, is built of little pieces. True, it makes a home look "lived in" to see a few coats, hats, house slippers and toys dropped around. But this, like political freedom, must be disciplined to be enjoyed. In reasonable time the kids must pick up, Mom must pick up, and that lordly man of the manor, Pop himself, must pick up. A family has no "head," socially speaking; it has persons, each sacred, with equal rights and equal responsibilities in proportion to capability.

Some parents make home life a failure because they strive too hard to make it perfect. There is no perfection. But tolerance is a closer approach to perfection than nagging criticism is. Comfort, not condemnation, is the need when a member of the family falls down. My greatest personal regret is that, over the years, I may have "bawled out" my children too often for shortcomings that were, after all, trivial. I have lacked the good sense that my father showed me.

One June, I recall, I learned that I had failed a year's work in college, and I stood before Dad with hanging head. A farmer, he said, "Well, I had a big crop failure last year, too, but things look better for next year. What say we go down the creek fishin'?" All the reprimands would have been futile, but those few words of kindness somehow lifted my soul.

Because it is my avocation, through my church and elsewhere, to counsel with young married couples in combating divorce and marriage failures, I am frequently asked this question— "What can we do when a really serious crisis arises, something beyond our control?"

Such problems do arise, in almost every home. Illness strikes. Terrifying accidents occur. Human frailties can bring any number of permanent problems. To the young married people who seek my advice I say, *adapt yourself and your family to your situation.*

"Adaptability" is an all-powerful word in anybody's pattern for success. An aged Negro who seemingly had nothing but misery, stayed conspicuously happy. "Ah just stay in tune with the inevitable," he explained.

The Unconquerable Courage

One of my close friends, married about the time I was, saw his first son born a hopeless cripple. It could have embittered a man and woman of small spiritual stature, but over the years his family has lived happily because it adapted to the inevitable. That friend today is a distinguished educator, dean of a college, and he has the most infectious sense of humor I have ever encountered. He and his wife would not be whipped by an early blow. Just thinking of them shames me and mine on those occasions—rare, thank goodness—when we tend to complain about our own family's petty difficulties.

Plan your career, then, from the heart and in considerable detail. Do it together, as husband and wife. If you are very young, or feel incompetent for any reason, seek the help of those ripened with wisdom; your minister, priest or rabbi, your family physician, any person of mature experience and kindly nature. Down the decades you will commit many blunders, as we all do; yet somehow the gods of success do not hold these against us.

The only unforgivable blunder is to make no effort at all. THE END

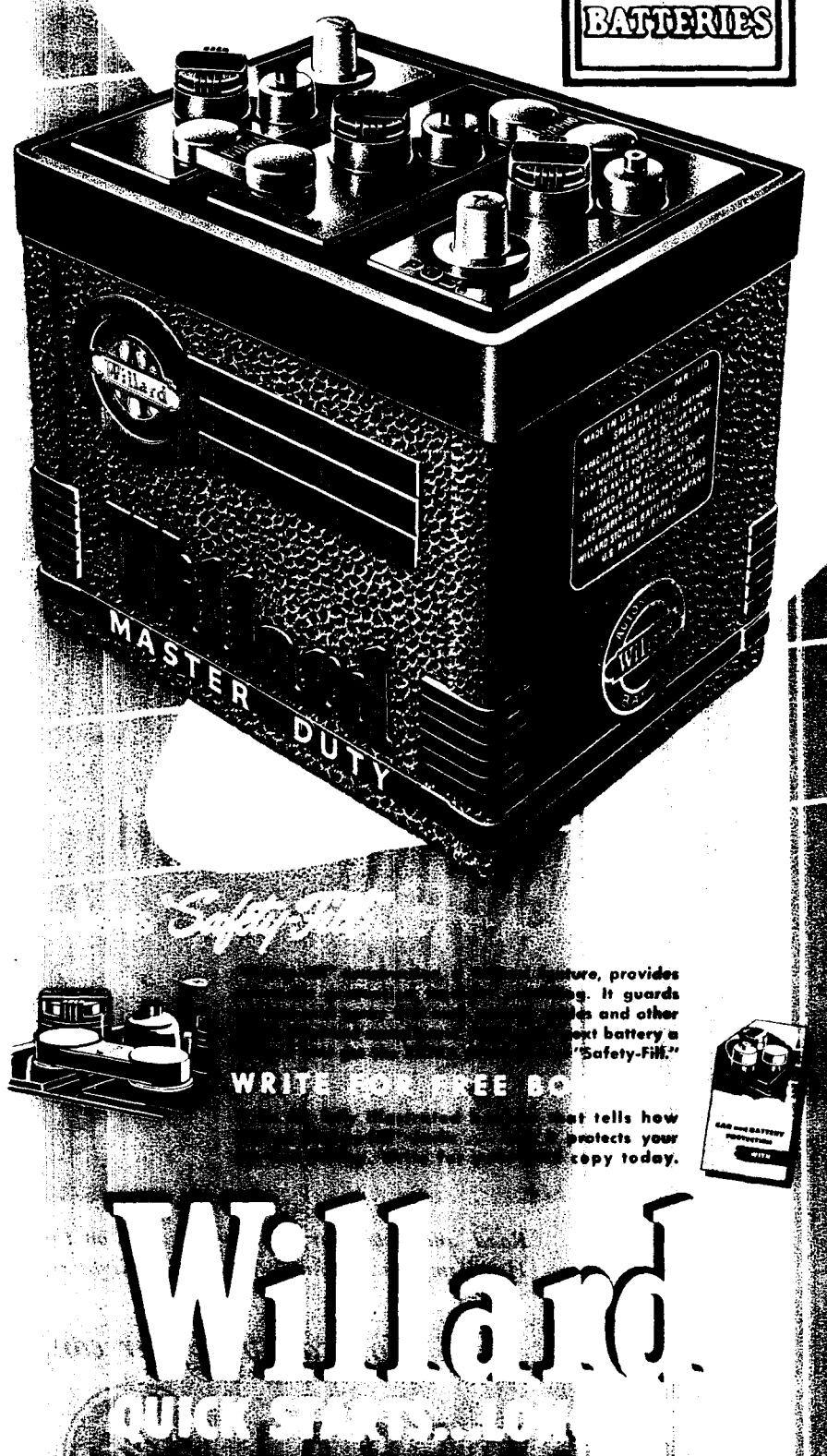
"Oh I bet you say that to all the wrong numbers!"

COLLIER'S — JARO FABRY

The Sign of Battery Economy

There are dealers everywhere who have sold Willard Batteries for 10-15-25 years and longer. They handle this famous line because they know Willard offers outstanding battery economy to car owners. And Willard economy just doesn't happen . . . it's there on purpose. It's the result of Willard quality . . . quality that comes from forward-looking engineering, 48 years of manufacturing know-how and fine materials. Willard quality insures an abundance of power for those *Quick Starts* that permit you to get in and go . . . *Long Life* for thousands of low-cost miles. Next time you need a battery . . . buy a Willard . . . the battery that's quality-built to provide outstanding economy.

WILLARD BATTERIES



Willard

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY
CLEVELAND • LOS ANGELES • DALLAS • MEMPHIS • PORTLAND • TORONTO
A Subsidiary of The Electric Storage Battery Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Ask for General Electric "All-glass" sealed beam headlamps...they DO NOT GROW DIM!

Road and laboratory tests prove that, on the average, G-E Sealed Beam Headlamps maintain 99% of original light right up to the end of lamp life.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

NOTE:
Have your lights checked next time you leave your car for service

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lonesomest Man in Town

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

listened for a moment. The loud knocking was, unmistakably, an offense against the polished wood and old silver in the room, the intricately tiled floors of the judge's house, and the camellias hanging, cheek-smooth, in the patio moonlight.

The judge pulled the door open. Outside a voice howled: "Now a white man has knocked on your door at last, you blank-loving blank of a blank!"

"Run along now, run along," said the judge evenly. He closed the door. I could hear quick footsteps outside, loud in this street on which, in ancient quarters, clubs you have to be born into give their parties for elegant ladies and modest soft-spoken gentlemen.

The house is a fortress, armed with the modern weapons of words and paper. Mrs. Waring, who is an immensely active fifty-four, keeps a supply of mimeographed copies of her talk to the Negro Y.W.C.A. She maintains a set of albums, into which are tucked letters and clippings from all over the country bearing on the judge's decisions and on the broken relation between the Warings and Charleston. Local and out-of-town papers are read every day, and pertinent items are preserved.

Letters in a Religious Vein

I noticed a number of letters from the deep South, endorsing the judge's stand against racial segregation. It struck me that many of these letters were couched in religious terms, bespeaking the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man—the same kind of Southern religious feeling that, in another aspect, objects to the judge's divorce.

Diffidently, feeling that this was one of a reporter's less happy moments, I asked the Warings about their reaction to city-wide ostracism.

There was no embarrassment in their replies. "I go out for my walk every morning," said Mrs. Waring, and she smiled. "They will never keep me from showing my face."

"About every three months," said the judge placidly, "the pressure begins to affect us. We take a trip to another city and shake it off. We rebuild our forces and come back." He hesitated for a moment. "It would be easier, of course, if they quarreled openly with you, and came up to you and protested. Southerners don't do that. They just go blank, and you face this wall, everywhere."

What about the change that had "come over him" in his mid-sixties?

He nodded.

"I'd never thought about the race problem, most of my life," he said. "But by being a judge, I've gradually acquired a passion for justice. I'd never really met any Negroes, except as laborers. Then in the courtroom I began to see the realities and the inequities. It gives one a sense of futility at times. You watch white lawyers, trying to find some way to avoid calling a Negro witness 'Mister.' If he's a doctor or a preacher, they'll get around it by calling him 'Doctor' or 'Reverend,' otherwise they'll use his first name—never 'Mister.' It's so silly. I began to see illogicalities, and suddenly the whole segregation system appeared absurd. We have colored postmen—lots of them—but no colored policemen. Sometimes the races work together on the same job, sometimes they don't. No rhyme or reason."

It didn't come easily to him. He began to read such books as W. J. Cash's The Mind of the South, which goes deeply into Southern racial attitudes, and Gunnar Myrdal's famous racial study, An American Dilemma.

"I couldn't take it, at first," he said. "I used to say it wasn't true, it couldn't be. I'd put the books down, so troubled I couldn't look at them. We'd get in our car and drive through the night, miles and miles, just thinking and talking."

Once he deliberately laid the books aside for three months.

I could see the judge's car, driving through the Charleston night, with the jurist at the wheel and his wife beside him, and the people of Charleston wondering what had "come over" him.

They went, deliberately, to make a formal evening social call on a Negro family, an unheard-of thing in Charleston.

"It was dreadful," said Mrs. Waring, smiling. "It was so strange for both them and him. He couldn't reach out to them. They couldn't reach out to him. All their lives stood in the way. It was so inconclusive and wretched that we did it over again the very next night, like flying once more right after you've had a crash. Then it was all right."

The phone rang while we talked. Mrs. Waring picked it up and said, "Hello!" She is a vivacious, forthright woman and she said it with a deep and true gaiety.

Then: "Oh," she said. "This isn't a nice call, is it?" Her voice indicated sincere regret. "How sick you must be inside, young man," she said, "to spend your time on a beautiful evening like this, calling up a woman you do not know in order to insult her. Have you been out? Isn't the moonlight wonderful? It's a lovely night, and the flowers are open. Surely you must have something better than this to do."

There was a pause, and she put the phone down.

"He just went quiet and hung up," she said.

The calls, often obscene, came every few minutes for ten days after her Y.W.C.A. talk. There were so many that the phone at times could not be used for other purposes.

"I always preach them a sermon," Mrs. Waring said. "I take every call quite seriously, and I honestly try to make a convert of the human being at the other end. I ask them why they're not at the theater, or at a concert, and I point out to them that there isn't enough going on in these fields in Charleston. I tell them that if they spent their energy developing a better city life, they wouldn't have to waste it on such phone calls. That's why you're so poor, I tell them—you think all these dirty thoughts. Sometimes they get angry and say, 'Oh, shut up!' But quite often they sort of break, and just limply hang up. One man even said, 'I beg your pardon, ma'am.' "

Sometimes the phone rings and no one answers at the other end. As soon as Mrs. Waring hangs up, it rings again, and this goes on and on.

"I talk anyway," she said, "each time. I've found I have to do it with real conviction, not in a perfunctory way, to make an impression on them. I have to get my back into it."

A call of another sort came from New Mexico the evening I arrived in Charleston.

"I'm So-and-So," said the voice. "I've just read about you and the judge. I like you."

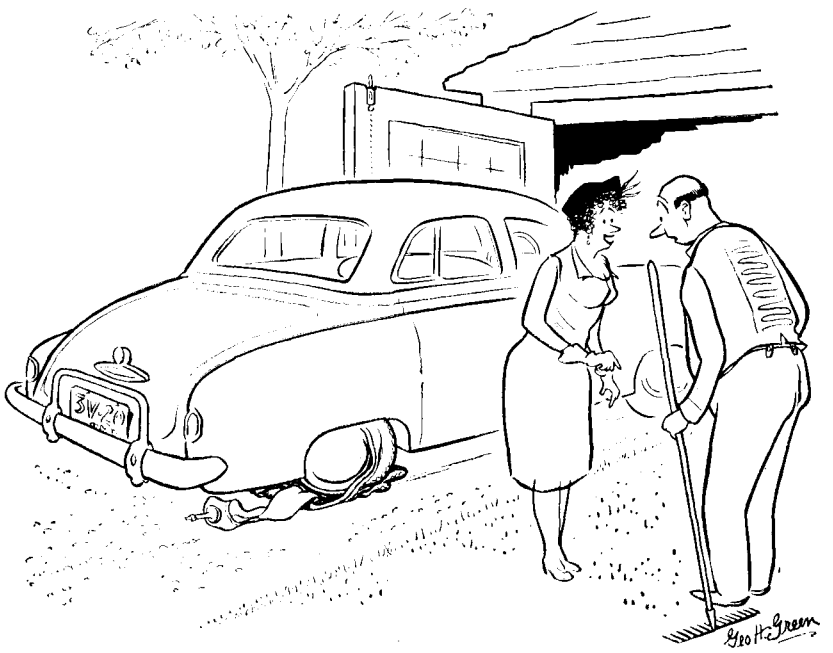
"Is this a nice call?" asked Mrs. Waring, as she always does.

"Yes. I'm one of the people you talk about. I love you for what you're doing."

"I love all you people," said Mrs. Waring.

"Oh, we love you so much," said the voice on the other end. And that was the phone call.

Negroes in many places have taken to telephoning the Warings to ask, trustingly, for advice on subjects having nothing to do with the Charleston controversy. One called recently from Detroit to inquire about rooming-house facilities in the South. Since many of the local telephone harassers pretend to be Negroes, Mrs. Waring screens the callers first by asking her placid question: "Is this a nice call?"



COLLIER'S — **"I wasn't able to change to the spare tire, dear, but everything is all right— I drove all the way home in low gear"** — GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Seven Colored Dinner Guests

The phone stopped ringing for a bit, there was no knocking at the door, and in the now quiet house Mrs. Waring broached the subject of the dinner party.

"Saturday at one in the afternoon," she said, "if you'd care to come. There will be seven guests besides yourself, I think. They'll all be Negroes."

I gave her the look reporters reserve for those who may perhaps be putting on a special show for the benefit of the press.

"I know what you're thinking," she said. "It isn't so. All these guests, with two exceptions, have been entertained here before. And we've visited every one of them at their homes. I know you've talked with the opposition. I want you to meet our friends."

One o'clock is the sacred, the formal hour for dining in Charleston. You are not on intimate terms in any house in Charleston unless you've been to dinner in the afternoon. Supper doesn't count nearly as much. And so on Saturday, the dinner was served, in formal style, in this elegant and charming Charleston house on Meeting Street, four blocks from the Battery, where Fort Sumter was fired upon and the Civil War began.

Outside lay Charleston, warm in the special sun that shines on Saturday afternoons. For months the city has seethed with rumors that the Warings entertain Negroes. They do. I was there. As to how Charleston reacts to all this, I can quote a composite character whom I shall call a "gentleman of Charleston," representing a number of those who talked to me in their offices and places of business.

The Charleston Viewpoint

"They want it just this way," said the gentleman of Charleston. "The judge could have got along after the divorce. He chose not to. He continued with some friends even after the divorce. Then suddenly he cut them dead. He came to a decision of some kind."

Now, as the gentleman of Charleston went on, there was a rage in him. He talked of loyalty, and of what it means to break lifelong associations. "I'm devoted to my friends," he said, "and I think they're devoted to me. I'm devoted to Charleston. How can a man break all that up? Judge Waring could have got by; there are lots of divorced people here, in spite of what they tell you, and they do all right. They lose some friends, but they keep or get a circle. Even the judge's primary decision didn't have to finish things for him. He made sure it did. He wanted it to."

He shook his head in simple wonder. "Charleston isn't a bad place," he said. "There isn't much racial feeling here. Maybe everything isn't perfect when it comes to the Negro, but we're making progress. It's a pretty cosmopolitan sort of city, always has been. It's a bigger city as regards the art of living than its size would indicate."

I knew what he meant. Charleston is laid out very much like New York, on a long narrow peninsula that resembles Manhattan Island. King Street, its retail center and its Broadway, runs down its back. It is crossed by Broad, the legal and financial thoroughfare, like a little, stuccoed Wall Street. There is a wholesale district, and other specialized districts; the city is departmentalized, in miniature, as New York is in the large.

It is a city which once, long ago, gave promise of being as big as New York. Somehow, it never magnified enough to fulfill the plan. It took it out in gracious living, the gaieties and the niceties, the cohesiveness and the traditions, the things that can produce importance without size. If the great ocean-going liners did not come to Charleston's Battery, at least the Battery remained prettily residential, and quite different from anything else, anywhere else.

And the truth is that the Warings are a million miles away from all this. They live in Charleston physically, but that is all. Psychologically they have left it, to live in the great world, the world represented by the out-of-town newspapers they eagerly read and clip each day, by the vast correspondence they carry on all over the country. Most of the Warings' mail, by count, is laudatory; it is only the local part that is not.

Now I could understand the rage shown by the gentleman of Charleston. He is angry, and he boycotts the Warings, because Judge Waring has done that most rare and terrifying thing any man can do, which is—right or wrong—to sit in judgment on the acceptances and understandings and intimacies of a lifetime.

The gentleman of Charleston is quite right when he denies indignantly that the boycott is based on the judge's primary voting decision, and when he points out that it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

began two years before, with the divorce; but it is also true that, at that time, it affected only a small group in the upper social circles of Charleston and did not spread through the middle class and become city-wide and state-wide until after the disputed decision.

But the boycott isn't based on the divorce alone, either. It is based on neither of these, and on both of these, and on something deeper than either—on that act of separation from Charleston which took place somewhere in the judge's interior, and which is the real story of the change that "come over" him. The wrath of Charleston is the wrath of those who consider that they have been viewed and weighed by one upon whom they felt they have claims of tenderness and loyalty transcending cold objectivity.

One of Charleston's great complaints is that the judge is "cold." It says of J. Waties Waring that he "rides" the local bar hard in his courtroom, out of vengefulness because of South Carolina's poor reception of his divorce. This is a variation of the theory that he gave the primary vote to Negroes to be revenged on white society.

But it is at least possible that in trying to explain Judge Waring in the cold terms of a social misstep, a boycott and a revenge, Charleston is backing away from what might come out as a very warm story of an elderly man's agony and passion and conversion.

To shrink this down into a story of a cold man and a divorce is, in an odd way, to make it more socially acceptable. For if Charlestonians were to concede that the judge suffered a sincere revulsion of feeling, they would imply that portents of impending social change have popped up in the heart of their society. By comparison, when they try to reduce it all to a mere social scandal, it is more acceptable.

I asked the judge about the "insults" to South Carolina he had put into his opinion in the famous Negro voting case of Elmore vs. Rice. It was in this opinion that he wrote: "For too many years the people of this country, and perhaps particularly of this state, have evaded realistic issues . . . It is time for South Carolina to rejoin the Union."

"The way I did it was most important," said the judge. "I wanted to hand down more than a dry-as-dust opinion. I wanted to preach a sermon. I had hopes that decent people could be aroused. If there is any truth or basis in the American creed, how can we have first- and second-class citizens? I didn't want any doubt about Negroes voting. I wanted to present the state with a fact, in the clearest possible way. It is my belief that if you present them with an unalterable fact, they will accept it."

Oath Demanded of Negroes

After Judge Waring's decision, the Democratic party of South Carolina announced it would yield and allow Negroes to vote in its primaries. But it required each Negro voter to take an oath. That oath turned out to be a little form through which the prospective elector swore that he believed in the separation of the races and was against the Fair Employment Practices Act.

In a second major case, Brown vs. Baskin, Judge Waring threw the oath out. He declared that Negroes must be allowed to vote without it, and he issued an injunction banning interference with that right by officials in the Democratic party. He then announced that he would sit in court on primary day and would punish for contempt anyone who violated his injunction.

To understand the feelings of that day in Charleston, you must understand the power of a federal judge in a small city. It is very great. His warrant comes from far-off Washington, and so do the sanctions he uses. He is appointed for life and, once in, is independent of local politics. He is a lone and powerful operator. The judge sat in court all that day, as he had promised. No one violated his injunction. At the end of the day he closed his chambers and walked home, and no one spoke to him on the way.

It is hard to say how clearly the judge sees his former friends across the present gulf. He says he is aware of "an undercurrent of good feeling" which, he believes, dares not show itself. He cuts former companions who give him, say a mere blink of embarrassed greeting at unavoidable encounters; he feels that that is "too little and too late." I don't know whether he understands that he has hurt them, by breaking through the assumptions which had, in the past, tied them together. Or perhaps, after what he has gone through, he feels that this is minor damage.

Strong for Law Enforcement

As for the view of the judge from the other side, across the same gulf, one man, and only one, pointed out that the judge had always had a reputation for being hard on wrongdoers, long before his divorce. The same man remarked thoughtfully that the judge had a way of sticking faithfully to the law, regardless of his personal opinions. In 1947, while he was handing down his primary decision, Judge Waring decided, in another proceeding in which a Negro was suing for admission into the University of South Carolina Law School, that the state was entitled to reasonable time in which to set up "separate but equal" law-school facilities for Negroes—thus following the Supreme Court's lead on the matter of segregated schools, though he loathes the segregation system.

The Warings rise before eight in the morning, read their newspapers over coffee, and the judge then walks to his chambers. Mrs. Waring takes her morning stroll, and attends to her large correspondence, when not answering the phone. She has a son and daughter in the North; another son was killed in the Pacific. The judge comes home for lunch, and after he returns to work, Mrs. Waring fills the afternoon with reading, puttering, filing her clippings, and, of course, answering the phone.

They drive through the city before dinner, always, and Mrs. Waring reads aloud to her husband at night. They keep a serious book going, and a lighter one, and switch between them. Dominoes and double Canfield help. The judge holds court in New York in the spring, and they travel in the summer. Gossip follows them, but "no unpleasantness."

One day, the judge said quietly to me in the doorway of his house:

"It is an unpleasant situation to be in, to stand alone in a community. But after experiencing it, and after my contacts with other communities, I feel that it is the happiest position I could be in. Having had to meet this issue, it's a great comfort to look at your own conscience, and neither one blinks for the other."

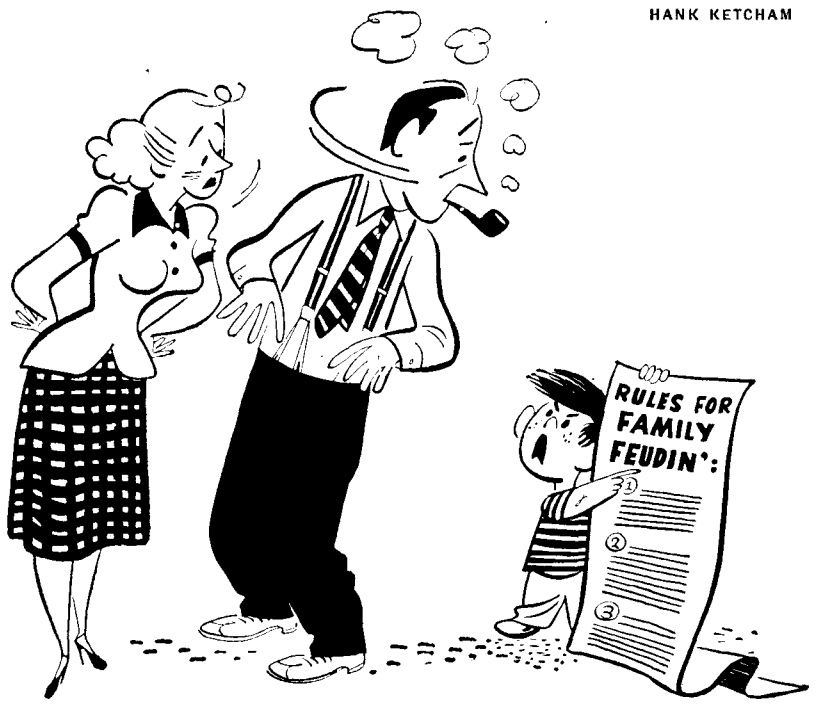
He laughed.

"My opponents are the most unhappy people you can find. They're all torn apart inside. They try to make you believe that things that are not all right are fine, and they sweat as they search for the words to do it with. I don't have to engage in those mental acrobatics. I'm almost seventy, and I've got a cause to live for and a job to do. That's pretty good. What can they do to me at seventy that would matter?"

There was something else that he wanted to say.

"Of course, we're affected profoundly the first few days we're out of Charleston on a trip. A couple of redcaps in Los Angeles, just carrying our bags, turned out to know all about me, and they were so appreciative, it moved me, I can tell you. We can take the unpleasantness, the impeachment talk, the dirty letters and the obscene telephone calls. Kindness rather breaks us up. I guess we have as many tear ducts as anybody else."

I turned away with a confused, unexpected feeling that the lonesomest man in town might very probably also be the happiest. As the door closed behind me I heard the telephone ringing. THE END



Family Garden of Vs.

By KEN KRAFT

BOXING has its Marquis of Queensberry rules; labor, the Taft-Hartley Act; poker has Hoyle—but no one has ever set up any standards of conduct for the thing that outranks them all in the number of people involved and the age of the sport. I mean the family fight, of course. More's the pity. It leaves things in a fearful muddle, with every man for himself and the losers do the dishes.

The pattern of the family fight differs according to several factors, among which are: Whether you married the sulky type, the loud type or the throwing type; whether or not the children are present; how thin the walls are; whether your heart is in it; how old an offender you are; how firm you are; how stubborn she is; how much time you have; how long you've been married.

Sulky Type

Loud Type

Throwing Type

(I suppose *every* man and wife have a fight now and then, by the way. If there is anyone who doesn't know what I am talking about, I should like to have his name and the first option on a lecture tour with him. He can be the straight man and we'll clean up.)

If a family fight is brewing when you get home from the office, you don't even have to say an unkind word to start it off. You don't have to say anything. Keep quiet, and she'll say: "What's the matter—can't you give me a civil 'Hello'?" And the first shot has been fired. Or if you start out by kissing her, she'll suggest that if that peck on the cheek is your idea of a kiss, you can keep it. And furthermore—! Here we go again.

Even if someone cared to tease me for an answer to why there are any family fights at all when peace is so wonderful, it wouldn't do a speck of good. Uncle Ken doesn't know everything, boys and girls.

We may as well take human nature for what it is, and perhaps at most, try to set up some rules for family fights. As a beginning, I suggest the following list which, when printed on a good-quality rag paper and framed, will make a thoughtful anniversary gift for that couple who otherwise has everything:

1. Before a family fight begins, there shall be a formal declaration of intention by the aggressor. This will prevent: "What do you mean—*I* started it!" later. The declaration may be a chalk mark on the hall door, a blackball dropped in a bowl, etc. Verbal declarations shall be null and void.

2. The issue shall be clearly stated by the aggressor, as: "You did not forget about it—you just never want to take me out any more!" "And I suppose the washed-out blonde you couldn't take your eyes off all evening was another old school chum!" "Don't you think I ever get tired of picking up after you, laughing boy?" "I asked you twice to phone for reservations, but of course nobody can tell you anything."

"I don't care *how* it smelled—that was my favorite pipe!"

3. The defense shall have the exclusive use of five minutes to answer back. The other party shall not butt in or stuff cotton in ears during this interval.

4. Scoring—If the defendant admits he is wrong (or that *she* is wrong, if this should ever come up), it shall constitute a win for the aggressor and end the contest at once.

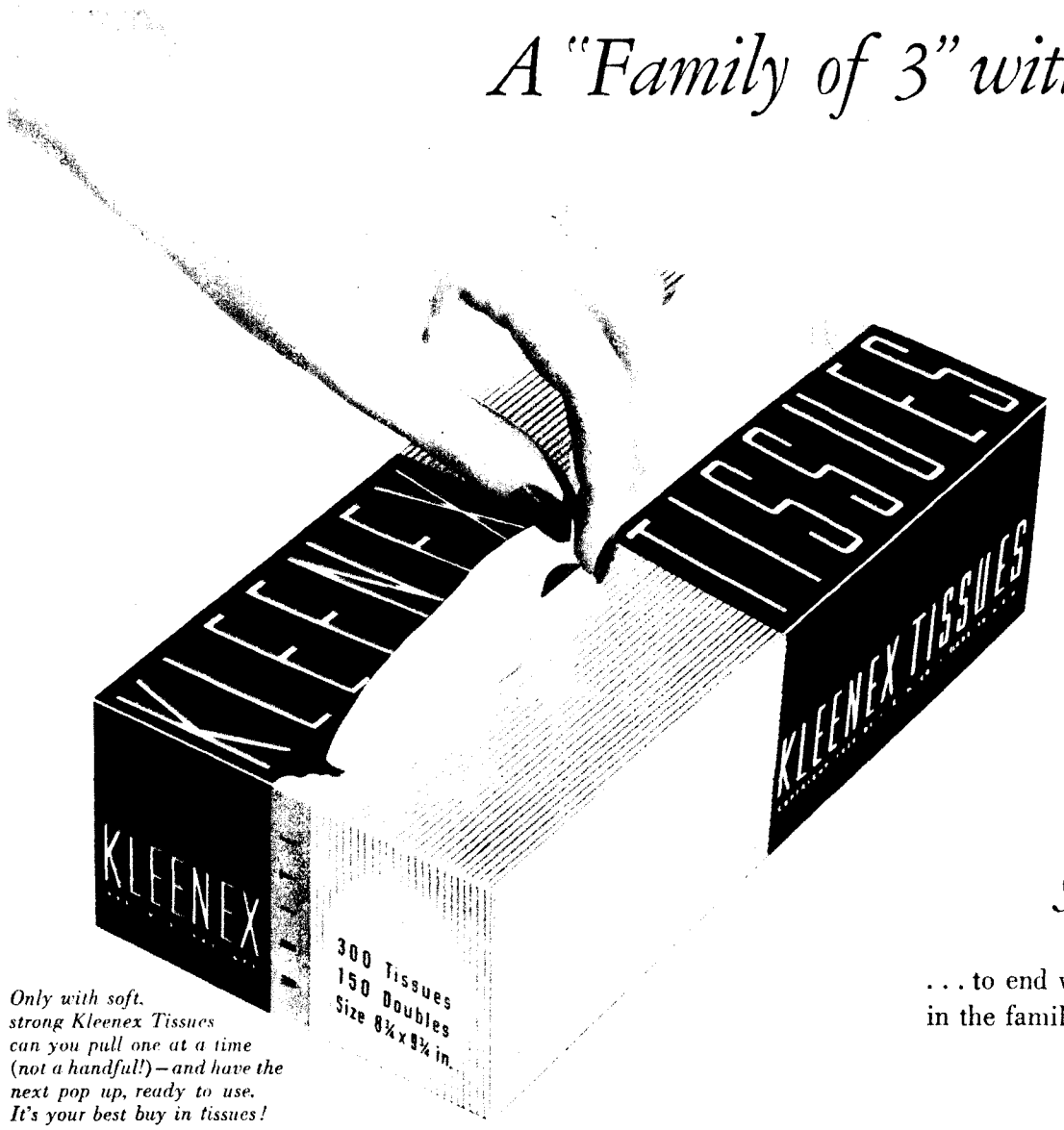
5. Fouls—There shall be no references made during the fight to fancied or real injustices that are more than six months old.

6. Penalties—Committing a foul, or refusing to accept an apology at any time during the fight, shall forfeit the contest for the offending party. Any sulking after the fight is over shall forfeit the next win.

7. Contestants shall break clean when the fight ends. In short, contestants must really mean it when they kiss and make up, and no hitting in the clinch. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A "Family of 3" with your interest at heart!



Only with soft, strong Kleenex Tissues can you pull one at a time (not a handful!)—and have the next pop up, ready to use. It's your best buy in tissues!

Only Kleenex

serves you one at a time

. . . to end waste, save trouble . . . whether you buy Kleenex* Tissues in the familiar "Serv-a-Tissue" box . . . the handy new Pocket-Pack, or new Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues.

NEW Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues

You can see far *better*—when you clean your glasses with New Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues! Silicone-treated on both sides, each tissue's *big* enough —*strong* enough—to rid your "specs" of dust, dirt, smears—without tearing. Leaves lenses sparkling, *lint-free!* So easy, so thrifty to use, for Kleenex Eyeglass Tissues serve you *one at a time.* 10c for a month's supply.

NEW Kleenex Pocket-Pack Tissues

Have fresh, smooth Kleenex wherever you go—now, with this convenient Pocket-Pack! *Extra-soft,* strong, full size Kleenex Tissues (24 sheets—12 pulls) in a new *tiny package* that snuggles in your purse or pocket, serves you one at a time. Handy when traveling—shopping—in your office. Just perfect for youngsters at school. Only 5c. Carton of 12 packs 55c.

Don't take "just tissues"... get **Kleenex** *your best buy in tissues*

*T. M. REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEVROLET

PERFORMANCE LEADERS

Whatever the weather, whatever the route, Chevrolet P•L Trucks turn in a dependable, efficient performance every time. They're strong and they're swift—with power to master the steep grades with ease . . . with speed to roll over the long highways on schedule. They are advance designed to take tough roads and rough roads. They are built to work. They are built to last. . . . They are outstandingly economical—to buy, to run, to own. They are the product of proved design and quality manufacture. They are America's Performance Leaders.

P•L

ADVANCE-DESIGN
TRUCKS

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

PAYLOAD LEADERS

For low operating costs per ton mile, smart buyers choose Chevrolet P•L Trucks. Designed to cut running and repair costs, their solid, rugged construction lets you deliver the goods with real reductions in operating expense.

POPULARITY LEADERS

Chevrolet trucks, for the last full year, have outsold the next two makes combined—convincing proof of the owner satisfaction they have earned through the years—proof that Chevrolet is America's most wanted truck.

PRICE LEADERS

From low selling price to high resale value, you're money ahead with Chevrolet trucks. Their rock-bottom initial cost—outstandingly low cost of operation and upkeep—and high trade-in value, all add up to the lowest price for you.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When You Come Home

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"You could if you tried," I said.

She smiled. "I'll think about it," she said. "Are you going to buy me those matches, honey?"

"I'll buy you a gold-plated cigarette lighter, honey," I said. Two minutes back in Clover, and already here was a potential playmate. Maybe the situation wasn't going to be as dreary as I'd anticipated. I turned away from the car, and looked down the street. A tall man was coming diagonally across the street, and he was staggering. I didn't give him a second thought at the moment, but the first thought, an idle one, went like this: On Sunday the beer joints are closed, so he was drunk on something other than beer, probably. I turned back to the woman, and she had moved over under the steering wheel.

"Do you live here, honey?" I asked her. "Are you a native?"

"I'm a native," she said. "But not here."

I looked back down the street at the man who staggered. He had made it across and was helping himself up onto the curb with the assistance of a lamppost. The *new* town drunkard, I thought.

I WENT in the drugstore, and there was a dark girl sitting at the fountain who looked vaguely familiar. The woman outside wasn't at all familiar; somehow this girl was. But the picture of a frail, leggy little girl I might have been expected to remember had been erased in my absence, and this life-size brunette drinking pop and sulkily reading a newspaper was someone I didn't know. So was the teen-age kid splitting limes behind the fountain.

"Give me a fizz and some book matches," I told the kid. He got the matches and the fizz, and I gave the girl a closer scrutiny. She was good-looking in a sullen sort of way. She was wearing a bright rain coat. Abruptly her gaze slid around and bumped into mine, and she frowned and looked away, returning to her petulant examination of the front page. She didn't appear to be reading for pleasure. She seemed to be nursing a grudge against somebody or something. I drank my fizz and turned to leave, and Charley Rainfall came reeling through the door, looking belligerent and very crocked.

Iwo Jima was long past, but you don't forget the best guy you went through it with. Especially if he is homefolks and a wild reckless son of a gun who scraped you up and carried you safely out of hell once.

"Charley!" I said.

He didn't know me at first. He wouldn't have recognized his own mother immediately, he was that drunk. He scowled at me balefully, rearing back in an effort to regain the equilibrium he'd left somewhere down the street. He seemed to think I'd challenged him, or insulted him. And then, with somewhat embarrassing abruptness, he knew me and switched from mean to maudlin.

He was a fullblood Cherokee with black hard eyes and crow-black hair and a narrow, high-boned face with a nose like a chicken hawk. And he gave off a strong aroma of the poisonously potent rotgut from some wildcat still—probably one of the many hidden in the huckleberry notches back on Hungry Mountain. Like most Indians, Charley Rainfall was no match for the firewater.

I had forgotten all about the woman outside waiting for me to bring matches, but the girl inside was watching us in the mirror, so I worked Charley around a glass display case without accident and got him into one of the booths along the wall. He slumped over the table and rolled his head around, everything out of control.

"We gotta shelebrate, Sharge," he mumbled.

"What have we got to celebrate?" I asked him. "Reunion?"

"Hell with the union," he said, staring at me owlishly. "Good ol' Jud. You 'member good ol' Jud, Sharge?" He meant sarge, of course, though it was a long time since I'd been a sergeant.

"You mean our old gyrene pal, Jud Clymer?" I asked him.

"'At's right," Charley said thickly. "Our ol' pal Jud. He got away. They didn' cash 'im."

"Who didn't catch him?" I asked. He was making riddles.

"The cops," he said. He put his head down on his arms. He had to put it somewhere. "Sharge?" he said.

I put my arm around him. Listen, if I ever loved a guy, Charley was it. "I'm here, boy," I said.

"Sharge," he said. "Know sumpn? I'm drunk."

"I had a hunch you were," I said. "I thought you didn't like the stuff, Charley."

He slowly raised his head from his arms and gave me a wobbly look. "I don't," he mumbled. "I hate it."

Aside from being pretty shaken up from bumping into him after such a long time so unexpectedly, I was plenty surprised to see him drunk in a drugstore. In San Diego, in boot camp, when most of us Oklahomans were pretty enthusiastic about our sudden emancipation from the so-called bone-dry laws at home, he had stuck mostly to beer and hadn't cared much for even that. It wasn't as if the bartenders had been reluctant to sell whisky to an Indian, either. They seemed to figure that if Charley could dress like a Marine and go fight a war like a Marine, then he was entitled to drink like a Marine, too. But he just didn't seem to have any liking for the stuff.

Before Jud wangled a transfer to cooks and bakers school, the three of us would go on liberties together, and Jud and I would really tie one on. We'd insist that Charley stay with us, drink for drink, but he wouldn't. "Hell, I can't drink," he'd say. "I'm driving." That's what he always said, and he'd stay sober and keep us out of trouble and get us back to the base. So I was plenty surprised to see him so plastered now.

"You feel like going home?" I asked him.

He grunted, without raising his head from his arms. And then the people came in the drugstore and feet scuffed along the tile floor, and I looked up to see them there. The tough little man in front was wearing a scowl on his weathered old face and a badge on his shirt. He also had a set of handcuffs.

"All right, Charley," he said. "Let's take a ride."

"Relax," I told him. "Charley isn't bothering anybody."

There were three of them, one of whom I couldn't see because of the high back of the booth. The second man was around forty and small, with a loose face and eyes that were too close to his nose. He stared at Charley with sour contempt. I didn't like him very well.

"You keep outa this, feller," the man with the handcuffs said. "I got a call to come arrest a troublesome drunk, and I didn't drive twenty miles to let you stop me."

"Charley's a buddy of mine," I said. "He isn't troublesome—he's just pretty sick. I'll take him home and put him to bed."

He was getting impatient. "Who the hell are you?" he demanded.

"George Alford. And you, General?"

"Deputy Sheriff Ira Wilson, from Osage Springs," he snapped.

"Delighted," I said. "Now, about my sick friend here—"

THE third man had shoved forward, and I knew him. Harmon Davis, a huge, gray-haired, red-faced barrel of a man I wasn't likely to have forgotten, since he'd been about the only grown-up person, man or woman, in Clover whom I'd ever felt easy around. When I knew him last, he ran the hardware store and lumber yard, a good-natured, soft-spoken man whose mild, friendly blue eyes invited a shy unhappy kid to give him trust and confidence.

"Hello, George," he said. "Been expectin' you. When you git in?"

I was glad to see him. I hoped he had influence with the law. "Just now," I said. "Ten minutes ago."

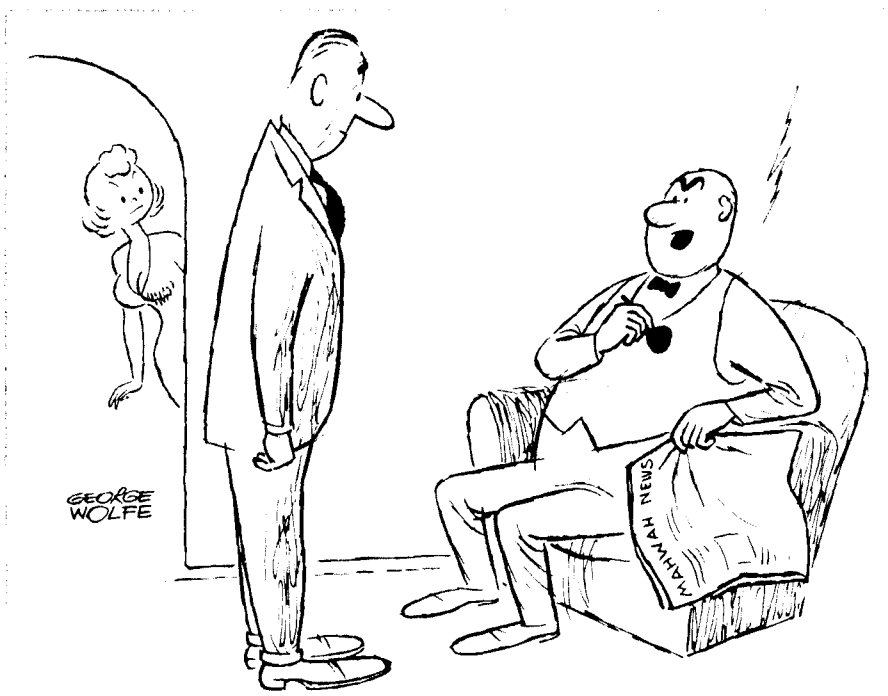
He stuck out his thick, rough hand, and I shook it. "Mighty sorry about your dad," he said. He cleared his throat self-consciously and squinted at Charley. "Sure you want to be responsible for him?"

"We were in service together," I said. "He'll be okay with me."

"Wel-l-l-l," he said dubiously. "I'll tell you, George, he's a holy terror sometimes when he's likkered up. Rougher than a cob."

The loose-faced man nodded piously, renewing my first impression that I didn't like him. "That Indian makes trouble," he said. He talked through his nose, and looked down it while he talked. "Tries to fight everybody. Besides, Wilson, you ought to investigate him in regard to the matter I spoke to you about." He made it sound like an order.

"Who's he?" I asked Harmon.



"Certainly you can marry her! Why do all you fellows think you have to ask me?"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

Great Northern takes you to

Glacier National Park

in the Montana Rockies

Glacier National Park's trout are fighters!

See the Magnificent Pacific Northwest Vacationlands on the same trip

all on Great Northern

P. G. Holmes, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
Great Northern Railway Company
St. Paul 1, Minnesota

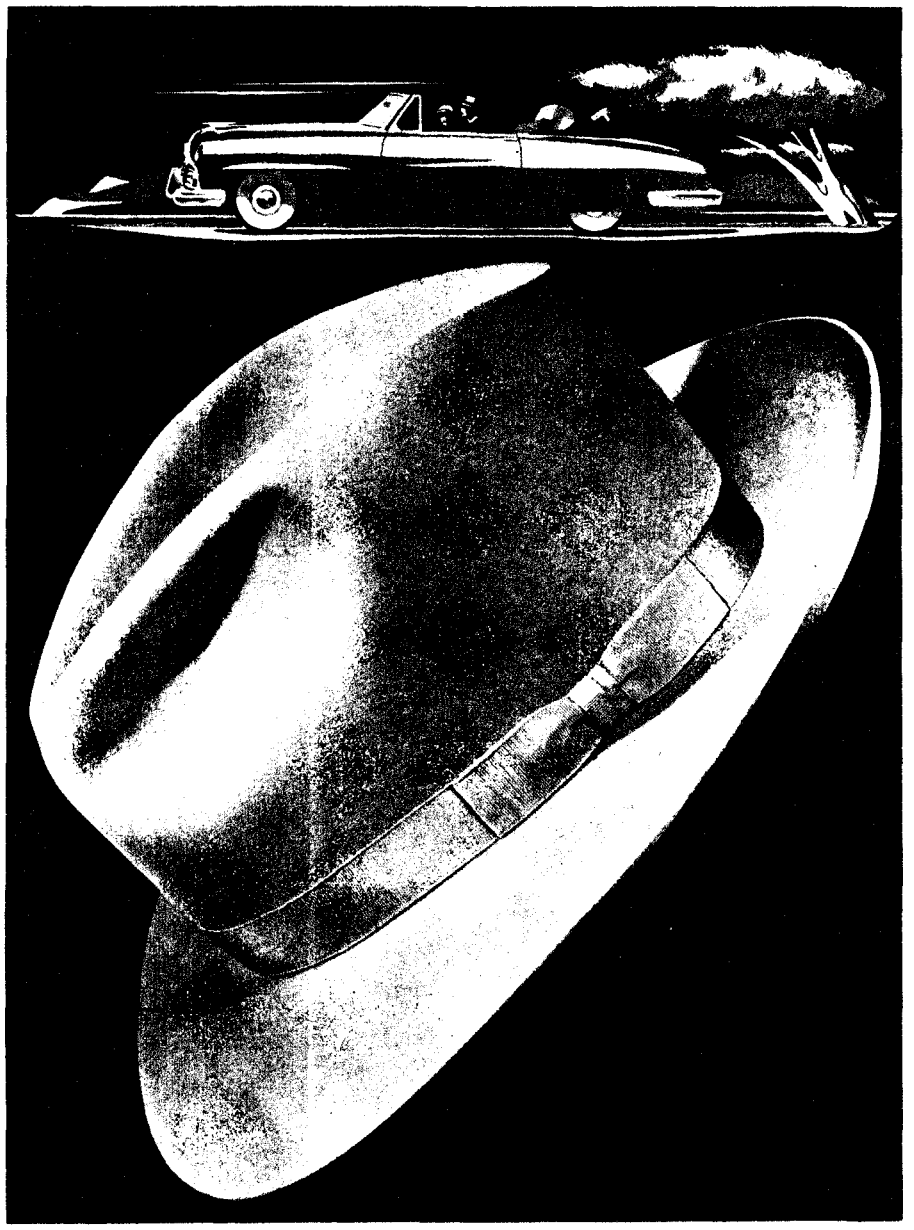
Please send me information about the many Western vacation attractions on Great Northern's route.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

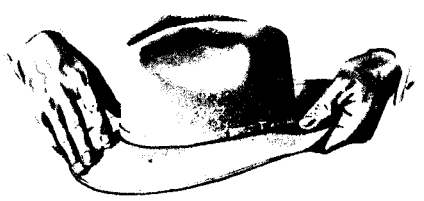
CITY_____ STATE_____ C40

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The MALLORY *Nokabout,* with "Cravenette" process, **$7.50.** In luxurious Pliafelt*, **$10**

Feel the difference



in a MALLORY

You can recognize Mallory's superior quality at a touch. The fur felt is superbly soft and lively. And you can recognize Mallory's superior styling at a glance—smart, distinctive, perfectly balanced. Try on a Mallory Hat soon! Mallory Hats **$7.50** to **$20.**

MALLORY hats DANBURY, CONN. • ALSO MADE IN CANADA • FINE HATS FOR MEN AND WOMEN

*Registered Trademark

"Morgan," he said. "Druggist."

"What's he yapping about?" I said. "Why investigate Charley?"

"Because somebody broke into the drugstore last night, that's why!" Morgan whinnied. "Because they stole a lot of drugs and cigarettes and money—and grain alcohol." He looked at Charley. "Grain alcohol," he repeated, as if he liked the taste of the words. "Looks mighty suspicious if you ask me."

"I'll make a point of not asking you," I told the druggist. "If my nose serves me, Charley is tanked on sour-mash moonshine." Charley was slumped on his arms, his face hidden, and he seemed to have passed out or gone to sleep.

"Wilson, I demand that you arrest that Indian," Morgan yapped, and I saw that being bossed around didn't please the deputy any more than being thwarted pleased him. But I wasn't trying to please him. I had a chip on my shoulder. I'd had it there ever since I realized I'd have to come back to Clover. Seeing Charley drunk, and about to be subjected to the indignity of handcuffs, anchored the chip more firmly, if anything.

"I'll take Charley home," I said.

The deputy grew a chip of his own. His face went stiff and ugly, and he started groping with the flap of his holster. I debated whether to slug him. I'd be in a mess if I did, but maybe not such a mess as I'd be in if I let him pistol-whip me. I made up my mind that if he pulled his gun I'd slug him and suddenly the girl's voice cut through the tense silence.

"He's right," she said. "Charley was behaving himself."

"Thank you, Miss Clover of 1950," I said with relief, seeing the deputy begin to relax, remembering that a lady was present. He'd think twice before making me bleed, or vice versa. He stopped reaching for his artillery and yanked his wide-brimmed hat down over his eyes.

"Listen, feller," he said in a hard voice. "We been lettin' this Indian off easy. This time he's gonna do thirty days. Now git outa my way."

"Oh?" I said. "Are you the judge and jury too, Ira?"

Harmon Davis waved a big paw calmingly. "Wilson," he said, "I believe this is a false alarm. What say we let George take care of his war buddy?"

"I'm agin it," the druggist said. "I insist you arrest him!"

"Insist and be damned to you!" Wilson roared. "I wish you people would git you a constable or somethin' to handle your drunks. We're sick of spendin' taxpayers' money to come runnin' every time some buck shows up at the city limits suckin' on a fruit jar. Git a constable and let him arrest 'em and haul 'em over to us, for a change." He put his handcuffs away.

He started to turn away, but then he seemed to lose his grip on himself, and he whirled back and jabbed a finger at Harmon. "Some of these days you're gonna need a cop in a hurry, and we won't be available. You'll be up the crick without a paddle, Davis. You better take it up with whoever *runs* this here damn' town. Now I've done give you fair warnin'!"

"Sure, sure, Wilson," Harmon said placatingly. "I'll look into it."

THE deputy stalked out, fuming and muttering, and Harmon gave me a wry grin. "I don't guess you know I'm mayor of Clover now, George."

The druggist snorted. "You don't run the town yet, Davis!"

"I dunno, Morgan," Harmon said mildly. "I calculate I wield a little more influence around here than any late-arrivin' pill-roller."

Morgan scowled and went behind the prescription partition, and I said, "Congratulations, Mr. Davis. On being mayor of Clover, I mean."

He chuckled. "George, I'd recommend you git Charley outa here before he turns mean. Doubt if one man could handle him then."

"Right away," I agreed. "And thanks, Mayor."

He nodded and moved toward the door, and I saw that the girl was still at the fountain, watching me in the mirror. "Much obliged," I said. "I hope our faith in Charley was justified."

"It wasn't," she said in a bored voice. "I just got tired of the monotony of seeing him carted off in handcuffs once or twice a month. You better take him home while he's passive, because when his stupor wears off a little he generally comes out fighting."

She was so right. I got Charley out of the booth and onto his feet, after a fashion, and he peered at me without recognition. And then without warning, he swung at me and his hard knuckles skidded off my forehead; I staggered off balance and bumped against the fountain, hearing the girl's startled gasp.

COLLIER'S **"Don't take it so hard, honey. After all, it was the bank's money, not yours"** GLENN R. BERNHARDT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Quit it, Charley!" I said, because he was coming after me. But he wouldn't quit it. So I got away from the fountain and met him, and, because his reflexes were slow, I managed to sidestep his rush and slam a fist into his belly. It doubled him over momentarily and I caught him cleanly on the side of the jaw and cooled him out. He grunted and went limp, and I eased him down with a handful of shirt.

"That was neat," the girl said calmly.

"He was using a zone defense," I said. "It leaked. You know where he lives?" I thought I knew where he lived, but that wasn't the way to get chummy with strange brunettes. She nodded, her eyes narrowing.

She slid off the stool, holding her rolled-up newspaper and looking amused. She seemed small, almost delicate. But nice. I don't know exactly what the quality was, but somehow you got the idea that she'd be easy to slap down, only she wouldn't *stay* slapped down. The first time you looked at her you thought only that she was pretty in a sullen way and hard to get next to; but the second time you got the idea she could also be sweet and nice, if she liked you, and well worth getting next to.

I was looking at her, and I remembered the woman outside, and it was a very natural reaction for me to compare them in my mind. It didn't work out clearly, but the thing was this. They could have been exactly the same age, yet you'd label the one WOMAN and the other GIRL. You felt that the woman in the car knew she couldn't be bruised by anything, but the girl in the drugstore didn't know *she* couldn't, and was afraid she would be.

She stood there looking at me steadily. "All right, I'll show you where he lives," she said. "As if you didn't know."

"I got a bad memory," I said, hoisting Charley onto my back. "Shell shock. For instance, I still can't quite place you, Miss —Miss—?"

She gave me a one-sided smile and moved toward the door. I followed her out past the goggle-eyed soda jerk, who had stopped splitting citrus.

SEVERAL people stood around on the sidewalk out front, trying to look disinterested. Harmon Davis was there, but he wasn't trying to look disinterested. I winked at him and got Charley's limp form into the back seat of the jalopy. I helped the girl into the front seat.

"Be back in a second," I said. The car and the woman were still there. I walked around to the driver's side and she looked at me without any kind of emotion. "Your matches, honey," I said, dropping them in her lap. She lifted her eyebrows a little.

"Why didn't you tell me you were a double-crossing rat?" she said.

"I didn't know I was at the time," I said. "Look, I got involved in a fracas in there, and you kinda slipped my mind. I'm tied up at the moment, but I can get untied in a hurry."

"Stay tied," she said. "I think I'm very angry."

"I think you aren't," I said. "At least, not permanently."

She smiled. "There'll be other times," she said. "I'll have to have matches again." She patted my cheek. "Run along, you fast-working stranger."

I got in my car and drove out of town, and nothing happened, so I said, "Okay, *be* mysterious."

"I'm Sarah Bailey," the girl said. "Little old S. Bailey."

"Roy Bailey's daughter?" I said. "Shucks, you were just a kid . . ."

"Everybody is a kid, sooner or later, chum," she said brightly. "When you were a scowling basketball star at dear old Clover High, and I was all of ten or eleven, I had a mild crush on you. And you never even noticed me, you bum."

"I notice you now," I said. "You're more mature, or something."

"And I thought the evening was going to be dull," she said. She opened her purse and took out a pack of cigarettes and lighted one, and when she struck a match I thought her eyes were sparkling a little.

I was sorry I'd been so cute about getting her to go along to Charley's house, when maybe I could have had a pleasant evening with Honey. I felt a little remorseful about Honey. Besides, I had broken my rule against fraternizing with young girls. *San Quentin quail,* I thought. Sarah Bailey seemed that young, that night.

When we were about three miles outside town, Sarah Bailey said with broad irony, "That house just ahead, Buffalo Bill."

IT WAS the same sagging old house Charley had lived in back in those unlovely days when I chummed around with an Indian kid because we had something in common. Like an inferiority complex. Like a slight social stigma. Like neither of us being the cream of Clover society. Also just because I lived down the road a piece and we were neighbors geographically as well as psychically. Later we took in a new member, Jud Clymer, who wasn't cream of society either, and the three of us showed our scorn for the society of which we weren't cream by stealing watermelons and cantaloupes, and raiding orchards and an occasional henhouse, and by hunting on posted land and other mild forms of outlawry.

Jud wasn't really like us, though. Charley and I were ingrown country boys, and Jud was an extrovert. But we had one other thing in common. Our fathers didn't particularly give a damn what we did. They didn't even care when we all three bailed out of Clover and enlisted in the Marines together.

Charley was still limp and hard to manage when I stopped and got him out of the car. I packed him in the yard and kicked on the front door, and it was opened by a stocky, potbellied Cherokee with a permanently frozen expression. Charley's father hadn't aged much in ten years, except for the potbelly. He showed me where to put the body, his expression never changing out of neutral.

"On hes back," he grunted, pointing to a ragged couch. "Sometimes he git on hes back and all the angry gone, and he snooze like old hound-dog bin chasin' fox all night, that son-a-gun."

"Sometimes?" I said. "What about the other times?"

He shrugged. "Other times he don't stay put. He git up and go howl at moon. He ron away and act like crazy damfool." There was no humor in his flat black eyes. "Never can tell," he said.

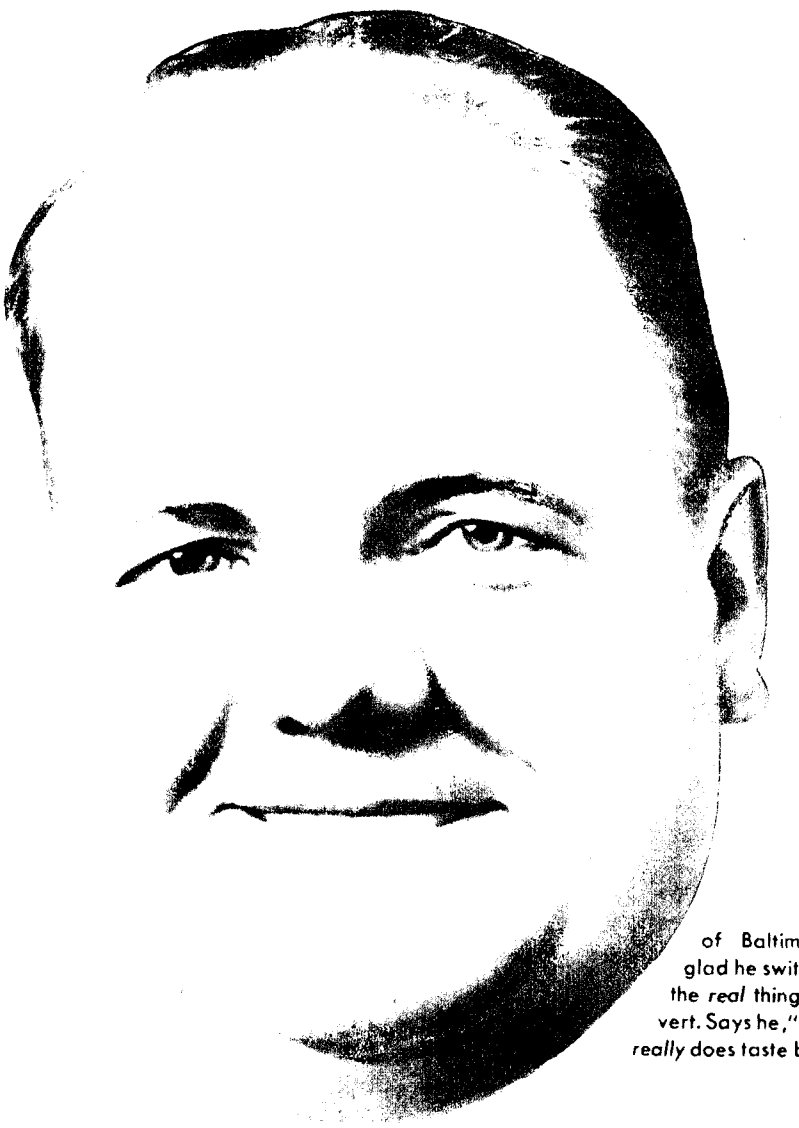
He didn't seem to have any leaning toward small talk anyhow, so I left. Outside, Sarah Bailey's face was a white blur in the dark, and crickets and tree toads and distant barking dogs talked to the night. I got in the car, thinking: I'll go eat and ditch her at the café. I've got to watch those sudden impulses in the future.

"No tomahawk wounds?" she said. "No arrows piercing your lungs?" I didn't answer her, and presently she said, "So all right, it wasn't funny, then."

"I'll buy that," I said.

Maybe you got a minority fixation, Horjay, I thought. *You like Mexicans and Indians. And natural blondes.* Then, because he was there in the back of my mind anyhow, and because he was blond-headed I thought about Jud. He'd been the ringleader of our young but only mildly unholy three. He'd been the daring one. So when we joined the Marines, I guess Charley and I assumed Jud would be the one to acquire leadership there, too. He hadn't. He'd been too much of a rebel against order, I suppose. Instead of trying to get promoted, he'd tried to promote deals. "Look, you guys," he said. "If we can get in the cooks and bakers school, we got it made. That's cushy. Maybe we stay here in the States and cook for recruits. Maybe we don't get seasick or shot at by the Japs. Hell, it figures. Cooking is the one racket in a war where you might get a break."

Well, the vote was two to one against cooking our way through the war, and that should have settled it because we usually



of Baltimore, is glad he switched to the *real* thing—Calvert. Says he, "Calvert *really* does taste better."

IT'S THE McCOY—

(And men like these say so, too—)

motel owner of Texarkana, Ark., switched to Calvert for its *really* "smoother flavor in a highball!"

tool-maker, of Detroit, switched "because he's found Calvert's *really* richer in mixed drinks!"

of Nanticoke, Pa., tobacco shop owner, switched "because Calvert *really* is tastier every time!"

New Haven, Conn., laundry man, says, "I switched because Calvert is *really* tops!"

It's Smart to Switch to

Calvert

Reserve

Lighter . . . Smoother . . . Tastes Better

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stuck together. But Jud didn't see it that way any longer. "You guys are dopes," he said. "They don't pay heroes any better than they pay cooks. What's in it for you if you get shot up?" I remember how he looked then. His blond hair was crew-cut, and his deceptive baby-face was twisted into a sort of impatient sneer. "Whatta you guys use for brains?" he said. "So go on, go be heroes. Me, I'm more the hot-stove type. See you after the war."

And that was that. He went to cooks and bakers school. We went to the Pacific, and I hadn't seen Jud nor heard of him since, until now. . . .

"We going to sit here all night?" Sarah Bailey asked me.

"No," I said. I started the engine. "Look," I said. "What's all this guff Charley was mumbling in the drugstore? About Jud Clymer?"

"Don't you read the papers?" she said.

"Only on Sundays," I said. I seldom read papers then, even.

"Today is a Sunday," she told me. She still had the newspaper rolled up, and she tossed it on the seat between us.

"All right, I'll read it," I said. I picked it up, and even in the dark I knew it wasn't the Sunday paper, because it was much too thin. So I held it down under the dash light, and it was Saturday's afternoon paper. "You sure you don't want to hang onto it a few more days?" I said.

"Don't be cute," she said. "I didn't get a chance to read it until today. I read it today. Is that all right with you, sonny?"

A thought nudged me. *Maybe she saves his press clippings?* I looked at her face in the dark. "Are you an admirer of Jud's?" I asked her. She made an impatient gesture and looked out the window and didn't say anything for a minute, and then she said, "Are you?"

"An admirer, no," I said. "A friend, yes."

She turned back to me then, and even in the faint illumination of the dash light I could see the sparks in her eyes. "Jud Clymer," she said levelly, "is a rat. Does that answer your question?"

"In a way," I said. "Only it just happens to be the wrong answer."

"It's my own original answer," she said. "Let's go, shall we?"

PUTTING the car in reverse, I backed around, snapping on the headlights. Jud was about thirty now. He'd been the oldest, and looked the youngest. I wondered if he still looked as baby-faced as ever, and as insolent. In high school the girls had to pretend not to approve of him, for the record, because he had a pretty tough reputation. He had a smooth, tough line that belied his looks, and he had a wonderful kind of don't-give-a-damn poise that I envied. He never fell for any of the high-school girls. They fell for him. I wondered if maybe he'd been back to Clover after the war, and Sarah Bailey had been one of the girls who fell for him. The only thing wrong with that idea was that I couldn't quite imagine anybody brushing Sarah off. Not even Jud.

"Now I'll ask questions," the girl said. "Where have you been all these years?"

"Kicking around," I said. "Seeing California, mostly."

She was watching the road ahead. "Were you looking for a place to settle?" she asked quietly.

"Just looking," I told her. "I'm no settler."

Everything I owned, aside from the farm now, and the rest of the War Bonds in L.A., was in the car. I had a sleeping bag and a folding Army cot and a small surplus tent, and every month I received a nice disability check, which made me a fortunate nomad whose wanderings were underwritten by an indulgent government. At UCLA I'd had the regular G.I. subsistence plus, and had cut a wide swath for three semesters—but not academically. I learned extracurricular facts—like coeds are five per cent interested in getting a sheepskin, ninety-five per cent in getting a husband. And irrelevant fragments stuck with me, too, like "analgesic" means insensibility to pain.

But mostly I'd just learned that I wasn't conscientiously a candidate for any of the various sheepskins. So I had reluctantly given up that extra dough. Since which time I'd never held still for anyone. Not only did I have an itchy foot, I could afford it. Unlike most fiddle-footed characters, I now owned a piece of property, too. But it was probably true tribal instinct that made me want to get rid of it immediately. I just didn't want to own anything that wouldn't fit easily into a 1941 jalopy with a rebuilt engine. I could have told the girl that, but I didn't see much point in it. Not yet, anyhow.

"But you must have been looking for *something*," she insisted now, so I thought: Okay, baby, I'll play games.

"Maybe I was trying to find the big answer to the big question," I said. That ought to be corny enough for the younger set, I thought.

I guess it was, too. "Were you—always alone?" she asked; and I said, "Always. He travels fastest who travels alone."

But, as a matter of fact, I used to think someday I'd find the right kind of woman for me, a congenitally *itinerant* kind of beautiful female who would rather ride in a car and sleep in a tent than live in one of those monotonous little assembly-line cottages with plumbing and electricity and twenty years to get out from under. After a while I decided such a woman didn't exist. Not in my age bracket. Not beautiful, either.

"You know, it sounds like fun, George Alford," Sarah said slowly. "I wish I was a man, so I could knock around like that. I guess it would be a lousy life for a woman, though. Wouldn't it?"

"That depends on what kind of woman she was," I said. We were back on Main Street, and the whole three blocks of it were lighted up, but not very lighted up. I stopped in front of the café. "I'll give your old man a little business," I said. "I'm hungry."

"He can always use a little business," she said.

So we went into the café, and there were no customers except an old man drinking coffee and reading a paper at the far end of the counter. I knew him without straining. He was old Doc Golding. He went on reading his paper, and reminded me that I'd left mine in the car. Roy Bailey came out of the kitchen, looking a little grayer, leaner and balder than I remembered. He put a glass of water in front of me, looked from me to Sarah and back again with a slightly puzzled frown, and then suddenly he grinned and shoved out his hand.

"Why, hell yes," he said. "George Alford. Who else could you be?"

"Nobody." I said, shaking his hand. I don't know why I should have been so astonished to have people recognize me after ten years. I recognized *them*. Maybe I'd supposed they wouldn't care about recognizing Ben Alford's boy who blew town ten years before. Clover was double-crossing me in its reception.

"Don't tell me you remembered her?" he said, nodding at Sarah.

"Sure," I said, grinning. "She hasn't changed a bit."

"That's a big fat lie," she told him. "We met while fighting Indians, Dad." She gave me that ho-hum look and added, "He's hungry. Give him your class-A pitch and maybe you can shake him loose from part of this month's rent."

Her father shook his head. "This one's on the house," he said. "I've got a T-bone that's been waiting for George to show up in town again." He grinned at me, very friendly, but then his face went all solemn. "Damn my forgetfulness," he said. "George, I'm sorry about your dad. I guess it was pretty sudden, wasn't it?"

"I guess it was," I said.

He stood there for a minute looking steeped in melancholy, and then he snapped out of it. "Medium rare?" he said. All I could do was nod. "Coffee now?" he said, and I nodded again. "Coming right up," he said. He got me the coffee and went back to the kitchen.

"Damn *my* forgetfulness, too," Sarah said. I looked at her and her soft young face was gentle and her eyes were full of unexpected compassion. "I'm sorry, too, George," she said. "Terribly sorry."

"Don't be," I said, and all at once I felt angry. "I hadn't seen him in ten years. I hardly knew the man, Sarah."

She looked a little shocked, but the compassion was still there, and I thought: *It's a damned conspiracy. Clover is trying to trap you, boy.* The bait was first an old friend fouled up, secondly sex, and thirdly sympathetic hospitality.

SARAH was still looking at me; I stared back, and her eyes faltered. She wasn't beautiful, I thought, but I imagined she was giving the local boys a bad time. She could easily be the belle of the town that size, for she was small and neat, and her small, oval face was framed by smoky black hair.

Her mouth was the key to her personality, I guess. It either kept her from being more lovely, or added to her unusual loveliness, I couldn't decide which. It was too wide and full to be called beautiful, but her lips were smooth and delicately curved. She looked fragrant and dainty and sweet—maybe it was just that she was, and looked, so young.

I wasn't trying to stare her down, just taking inventory But her eyes went a bit opaque, and she twisted her mouth in annoyance. She got up and took off the rain cape, and I saw that the first impression of frailness was a bad first impression indeed. She was very shapely and her arms were round and fine. She sat down, still grimacing slightly and lighted a cigarette.

Doc Golding had finished his coffee and was coming toward the door. Sarah swung around on the stool and stopped him.

"You know this character, Doc?" she asked him.

He frowned at me. "Stick out your tongue," he ordered. I stuck out my tongue. "I know him," he said, and his stern old face puckered into a smile. "The *first* time you showed up around here, George, you got me out of a warm bed on a cold winter night. Is that right?"

"March fourth," I said. "I'm hazy about the details, Doc, but it was twenty-seven years ago last March fourth."

He nodded, and his face relaxed into gloom, and I flinched mentally because I sensed what was coming. "I couldn't save your father, George," he said gently. "Told him time and again to go easy, but nobody ever minds a doctor." He shook his old head sadly, and then he straightened his bent shoulders and sighed. "Well, gotta rush off," he said briskly. "You gonna stay around and give me your sick business now, George?"

"I'm afraid not," I said.

Sarah watched me curiously as he moved toward the door, and abruptly she said, "You won't stay here, George?"

I shook my head. "No," I said. Maybe I was a little curt about it.

She studied me for another moment, and then she said with a kind of snarling fierceness: "I don't blame you!" She got up and put on her rain cape which she'd just taken off. Getting into it, the cigarette in her mouth, she continued to regard me without expression. I got it then. Some kind of pang, some kind of quick-thrusting little twinge under the ribs from looking at her; from seeing how tough she tried to act and how forlorn she really was.

"What about the farm?" she asked.

"I'll sell it," I said.

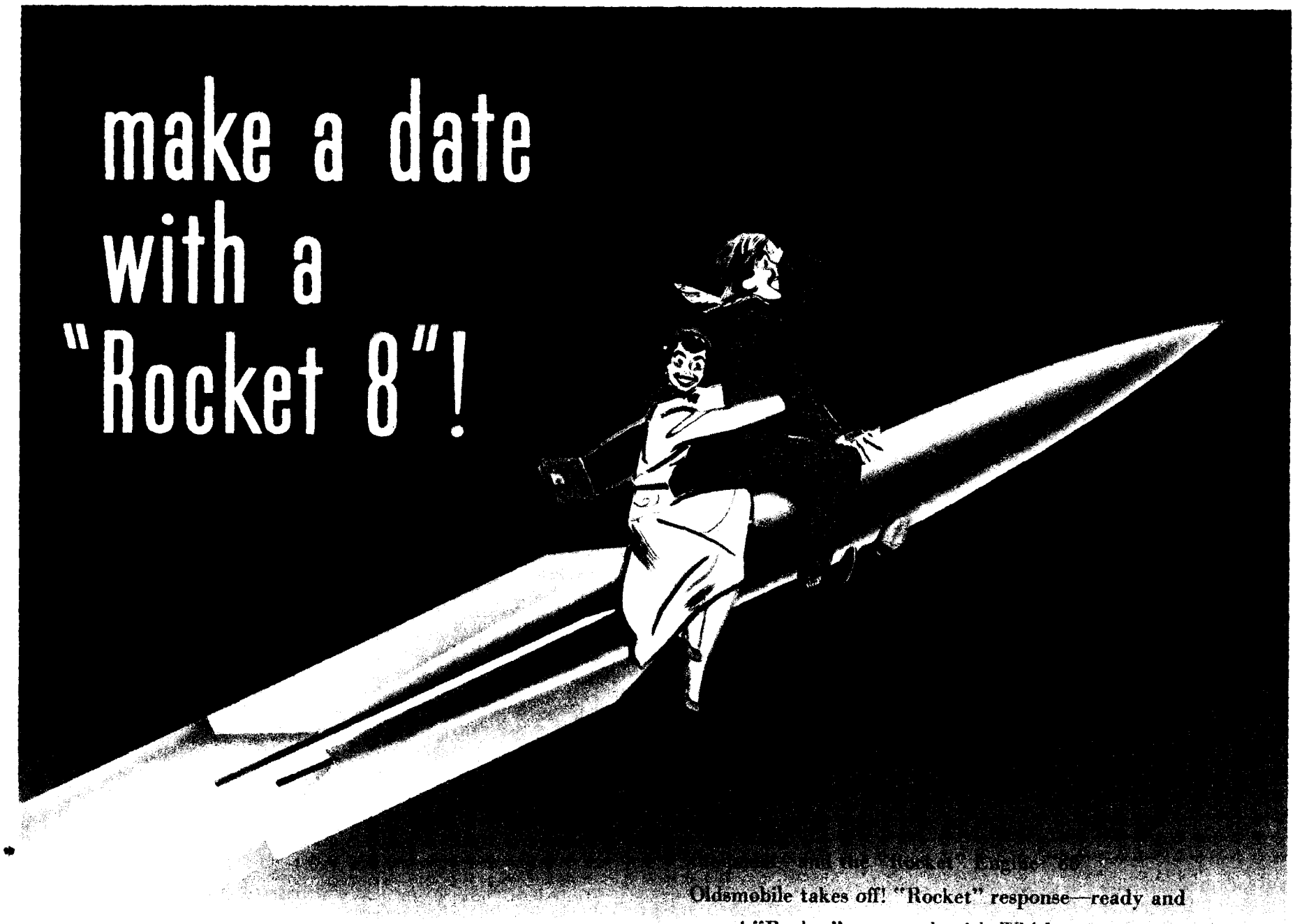
She nodded and went out the door into the humid night. I swung around on the stool and watched her, and she turned right, and went three or four steps. But then she retraced her steps and went to the jalopy and leaned in through the open window. She brought the newspaper into

"For weeks she's been saying nasty things about me in her column. And then—just when people are beginning to take notice—for some reason she gets mad at me and refuses to even mention my name!"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

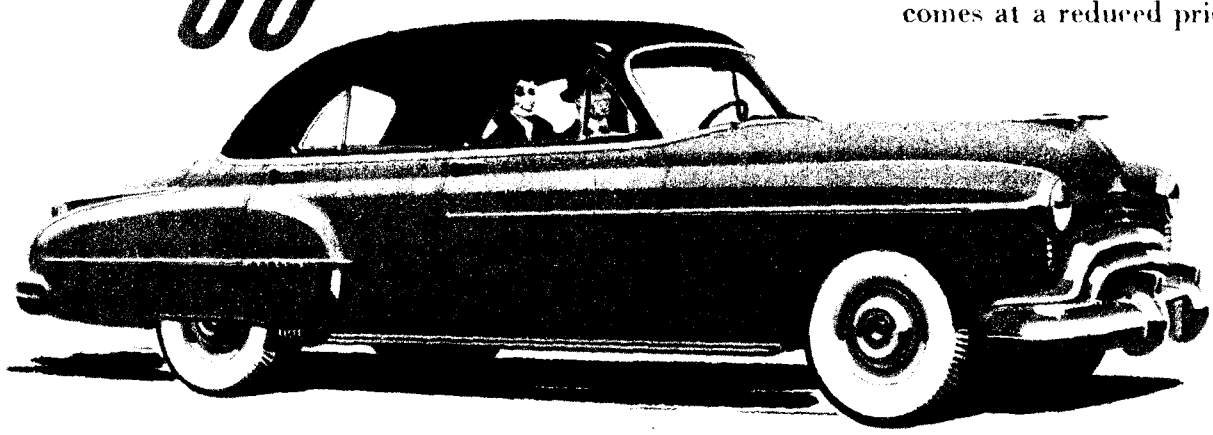
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

make a date with a "Rocket 8"!



Oldsmobile takes off! "Rocket" response—ready and eager! "Rocket" teamwork with Whirlaway Hydra-Matic*—superbly smooth! "Rocket" Engine power—strong and sure down the wide open straightaway! This is the thrill that *you ought to try*—before you buy *any* new car. See your Oldsmobile dealer. Make a date with a "Rocket 8" demonstrator. And remember—the Oldsmobile "88" comes at a reduced price for 1950!

"88"



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

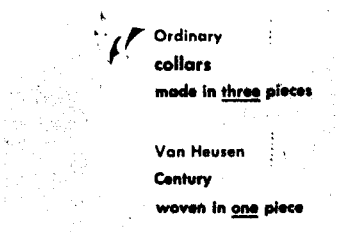
*Whirlaway Hydra-Matic Drive, at reduced price, now optional on all Oldsmobile models.

Rocket Ahead with OLDSMOBILE

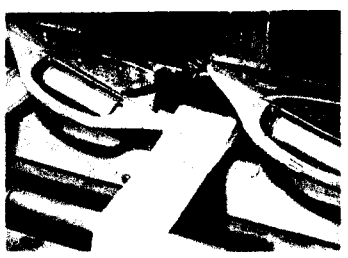
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the secret of the CENTURY... the new shirt with the soft collar that won't wrinkle...ever

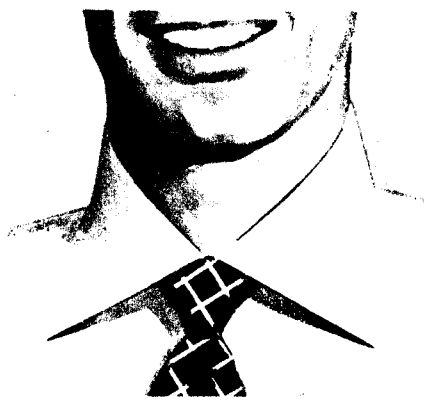
1. **America's newest shirt sensation**—the Van Heusen CENTURY with the amazing wrinkle-free collar! It won't wilt or buckle even after a full day of action because its patented construction makes wrinkling impossible! Regular collar model shown.



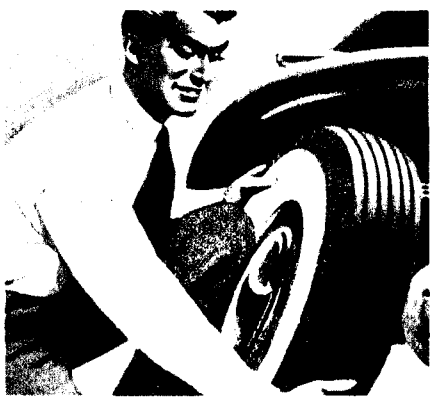
2. **The secret:** Van Heusen Century collar is *woven in one piece.* Wrinkles can't even be *ironed* in! Ordinary collars are made in three stitched or fused layers.



3. **It takes 1300 individual threads,** woven simultaneously on special loom, to produce the soft one-piece multi-ply fabric for the new Van Heusen Century collar.



4. **Fold-line is woven in.** Can't be ironed wrong—always looks right. Remains soft where it touches neck even if collar is starched, because of new patented construction. Wide-spread collar model shown.



5. **Work or perspiration won't wilt** the new Van Heusen Century collar—no matter how active you are. Patented counterstress construction keeps points from curling—*without starch or stays!*

At last a shirt with a miracle collar whose good looks can't wrinkle or wilt away, yet is free of starch and wonderfully soft! And the rest of the shirt lives up to its collar . . . with flawless Van Heusen tailoring throughout!

Van Heusen Century shirt is easy to launder . . . easy to iron. *A new shirt free if your Van Heusen shrinks out of size.*

Both qualities in two "Comfort Contour" collar models, with single or French cuffs.

Century 100 *Regular collar*, **$3.95** Century 400 *Regular collar*, **$4.95**
Century 200 *Widespread*, **$3.95** Century 500 *Widespread*, **$4.95**

Van Heusen REG. T. M. CENTURY shirts
$3.95 and **$4.95**

Phillips-Jones Corp., New York 1. Makers of Van Heusen Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Collars • Sport Shirts

the café and carefully placed it on the counter beside me.

"Educate yourself," she said. "Catch up on current events regarding your dear friend, Mr. Clymer."

She turned and went out again, and this time she kept going, so I unrolled the paper. The story was on the front page, in a tidy little box. It was interesting and, for me, astounding. It seemed that of nine men who had staged a prison break in Texas about three weeks past, seven had been recaptured. And the two still at large were Jud Clymer and Harvey Morris, who had been sent up together with life sentences for a liquor-store holdup in which a man had been killed. A car found abandoned in a parking lot in El Paso had been identified by the cops through fingerprints as the car stolen by Jud Clymer and his companion shortly after the escape.

THE law was inclined to believe that the convicts had slipped through the police and border patrolmen and crossed the Rio Grande. This assumption was strengthened by the fact that the warden of the prison had received a picture post card from a border town in Mexico, undeniably in Jud's handwriting, with the taunting message: "Going South for my health, won't be back. Stop chasing your tail."

The message sounded like the old Jud I'd known, but I couldn't quite feature him tipping the warden off to his whereabouts. Hell, I couldn't feature Jud being an escaped convict, for that matter. I was still staring with disbelief at the newspaper when Roy Bailey brought me my courtesy steak. He put the plate in front of me and arched his black eyebrows.

"Local boy makes good," he said, nodding at the paper.

"How about that?" I said. "He's an old buddy of mine."

"He used to be an employee of mine," Roy Bailey said. The way he said it made me look at him, but he turned away and started polishing the coffee urn before I could try to analyze his expression.

I put sauce on the steak and cut it and took a bite. "Good steak," I said. "You mean Jud worked for you here, in the café?"

"That's right," he said. He drew himself a cup of coffee and came around the counter and sat on the stool next to me. I stopped eating and looked at him, and he moved his coffee cup around on the counter and watched it, and presently he made a rueful face and said, "You know, Jud was a cook in service. When he came back here, I needed a cook, and he wanted a job. So I put him on as night cook. Didn't pan out."

"Why not?" I said.

"Found out he was doing a little bootlegging out the back door," he said. "Tied the can to his tail." Roy looked at me and pursed his lips. "Kinda figured he kept his fingers in the cash drawer a lot, too," he said. "Anyway, we just plain didn't get along." That would be Sarah's reason for disliking Jud, I thought. Maybe she hadn't got along with Jud, either. Roy continued: "After I fired him, he went into business cooking for himself down on the river."

"I fell off on that last turn," I said. "Try it again."

He grinned slightly. "Jud got hold of some copper and worms and set himself up a wildcat still down in the Osage bottoms and made whisky," he said. "I hear it was potent stuff."

"Well, moonshining has always been a well-patronized and highly respected profession around here," I said. "It's illegal, but not necessarily immoral."

"I don't question the ethics of it," Sarah's father said. "But it can sometimes be a mighty temporary business enterprise." He looked at me with a sort of frowning grin. "Sheriff and his deputies surprised Jud and Charley Rainfall sitting around enjoying some of the mash beer off the top of a couple twenty-gallon barrels. That put Jud out of business, and out of circulation for ninety days, too."

Charley? I thought. Both of my old buddies? Maybe if I'd been here they'd have caught all three of us enjoying that mash beer.

"They busted up his equipment and dumped out his barrels of mash," Roy Bailey said. "Made old Jud sore as a boil."

"Sinful waste," I said. "What did they do to Charley?"

"He got off light. Jud claimed Charley was just an innocent bystander. He only had to lay out a couple weeks—for disorderly conduct or something." Roy squinted at me. "Of course, that was more than three years ago, George," he said, and nodded at the newspaper. "Guess Jud's been pretty busy ever since."

It looked to me as though Jud was in a pretty tough spot, even if he was in Mexico, and I didn't approve of Roy's air of barely suppressed high glee. So I said, "Anything else new around here?"

"Nothing happens here," he said. "Somebody ran over a dog last April, but I don't recall the details." He grinned faintly. "I'm still in business, thanks to the night trucker trade and old bachelors like the mayor. Most of the young folks are away at college, or off working somewhere."

For a while then we were silent, him staring at his coffee and me eating the gratis T-bone, and the night wind sighed along Clover's quiet Main Street, and a cricket back in the kitchen chirruped intermittently. Once or twice I heard a distant grumble of thunder, and once somebody passed on the sidewalk outside, but there were no cars. It was a deadly dull Sunday evening in a deadly dull small town, as far as I could see. The middle-aged woman cook leaned on her elbows in the service window of the kitchen and stared glumly at nothing.

ROY broke the silence. "By the way, George," he said quietly, "I don't mean to embarrass you or drag up painful memories, but we kept track of you during the war and the old home town was mighty proud of you. You helped to sell some War Bonds around here, I expect."

War Bonds, I thought. *I may have to cash some tomorrow.* I said, "The Marine Corps had public relations people who got paid for sitting around grinding out home-town-boy press releases. If they said more than that I got shot up, discount it, Mr. Bailey."

"Call me Roy, unless you want the mister treatment yourself," he said. I said okay, Roy, and he said, "Matter of fact, they wrote that you were a handy man to have around out in the Pacific, George. They said you got some metal to wear on your chest, too."

I remembered briefly, then, a day when some public relations guys came to the hospital. They said they had to make an official report, so I told them all about it. But I wasn't a newshound—I didn't see what a fine story it would have made if I'd told them the guy who carried me back to the beach and through the bloody surf to an LCI was a home-town buddy of mine. All I told them was how we got pinned down by all those Japs and I got shot up.

I had finished my free steak, and I wasn't planning to pay for it with gory war stories.

"Thanks, Roy," I said. "I think I'll go hit the sack."

He said don't mention it, and I told him good night and went out to my car. The farm was east of town. I turned west on the highway and drove out to the tourist camp I'd noticed coming in. It wasn't the cleanest-looking tourist trap I'd ever seen, but I figured it was probably a lot cleaner than the house I owned. I rented a cabin for one night, being optimistic about everything. When I saw the bed I realized how tired I was, and I just pulled off my clothes and hit it. I didn't even bother brushing my teeth. After I got undressed and in bed, I remembered that I'd left the keys in the car and the windows down. I hoped nobody was in a mood to run off with the jalopy and that it wouldn't rain, because I was in no mood to put my clothes back on and go take the necessary precautions.

(To be continued next week)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Case of the Smuggler's Bell

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"He said that he had been held a captive and then escaped—and that he had taken this weapon with him to protect himself."

"And did he say anything about having shot it?"

"Yes. He said he had fired it."

"How many times?"

"Twice."

"At what?"

"At—well, in order to force someone on the houseboat to keep his distance, to keep that person from coming ashore."

"And where was it this conversation took place?"

"At the home of Linda Mae Carroll."

"What's the address?"

"It is 205 East Robinson Street, Falthaven."

"How did it happen that you were there, Mr. Ostrander?"

"I had been in contact with Miss Linda Carroll earlier in the day. I decided to try and locate her at the residence of her aunt, Linda Mae Carroll. At that time it was quite late in the evening and—"

"How late?"

"Well, I would say it was around eleven o'clock or eleven thirty, perhaps a little later."

"Very well, go on. What happened?"

"And Linda Mae Carroll—that's Miss Carroll's aunt—had retired for the night. She got up, however, and very graciously insisted that I stay all night, when it later appeared I'd missed the bus."

"Cross-examine," the district attorney said.

STAUNTON IRVINE said belligerently, "How do you know this is the same weapon that you saw?"

"There was a question about notifying the police," Ostrander said, "and after some discussion we decided to wait until morning."

"Why?"

"Well, it was—it was late, after one o'clock in the morning and we thought things would keep. Robert Trenton was laboring under a misapprehension."

"What was the misapprehension?"

"He thought that—well, it seemed that the automobile which—I guess I hadn't better go into that."

"How do you know it is the same gun?"

"Because we wrote down the numbers on the gun, and then it was locked in the desk at the suggestion of Linda Mae Carroll."

"And who had the key to the desk?"

"Why, I believe—"

"Did *you?*"

"Yes."

"No further questions," Irvine said.

"Just a moment," the district attorney said, as Ostrander started to leave the witness stand. "There are a few questions on redirect examination. You said something about an automobile which had been a subject of discussion. What was that about?"

Ostrander said uncomfortably, "Robert Trenton thought perhaps the automobile, which had been lent him by Miss Carroll, had been used in connection with some sort of—well, some illegal activity."

"Do you mean the smuggling of narcotics?"

"Yes."

"Just what was that conversation?"

"Well, after we arrived in port, Miss Linda Carroll wanted Robert Trenton to drive the automobile. Some friends were meeting her and she suggested that he drive the automobile home and then she would pick it up later. Well, Trenton told us he'd had a flat tire and in looking around on the underside of the car he'd found a metallic pocket which had been welded to the car, and—well, there was some dope in there."

"Indeed?" the district attorney said sarcastically. "And at this conversation did Mr. Trenton say what he had done with this dope?"

"He buried it."

"And he accused Miss Carroll of having been guilty of smuggling?"

"Not that, but he—he said he was trying to get an explanation."

"And you conveniently forgot to tell the police all about this, didn't you?"

"I haven't been asked before."

"I see," the district attorney said significantly, and then added: "Do you know where Miss Linda Carroll is now?"

"No, sir. I do not."

"Very well, that's all," the district attorney said. "Does counsel for the defense have any further questions?"

"None, Your Honor," Irvine said uncomfortably.

"Call Linda Mae Carroll to the stand," the district attorney said.

Linda Mae Carroll took the oath, seated herself on the stand, pointed her nose at the

COLLIER'S "You looked as though you wanted to cut in but were too shy to ask" SIDNEY HOFF

New and Improved

PENNSYLVANIA

Vacuum Cup Tires

. . . whatever the road or the weather . . . give you 528 deep-set, quiet running, hard gripping Vacuum Cups that mean greater safety . . . quicker stops! What's more, Pennsylvania Tires provide maximum mileage . . . maximum comfort. For safety's sake, get a set today!

SEE YOUR PENNSYLVANIA DEALER NOW!

PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY

MANSFIELD PENNSYLVANIA TIRES OHIO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VIBRATION EXPERTS carry on a constant search for ways to reduce fatigue, to add to your comfort on long rides.

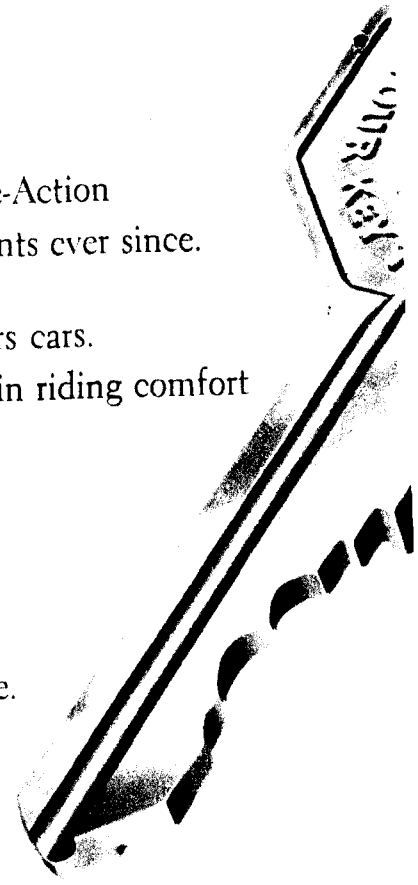
Key to a smoother ride

Every time you drive your GM car over a rough railroad crossing you get a sample of the great thought General Motors gives to your riding comfort.

The front wheels of every GM car are mounted on gentle coil springs—the kind of Knee-Action springing GM pioneered years ago, and has kept up to date through constant improvements ever since.

Knee-Action, of course, is only one source of the smooth ride you find in General Motors cars. In endless research and through constant testing on the GM Proving Ground, specialists in riding comfort spend their days fighting vibration, harshness, pitch, toss, sway—all the factors that spell the difference between an ordinary ride and a truly smooth one.

You'll see the result of their efforts, as well as those of production experts, by trying out a General Motors car for yourself. Any dealer in GM cars will be glad to give you a demonstration to prove that he has the key to this important phase of greater car value.



THE KEY TO A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

Your key to Greater Value

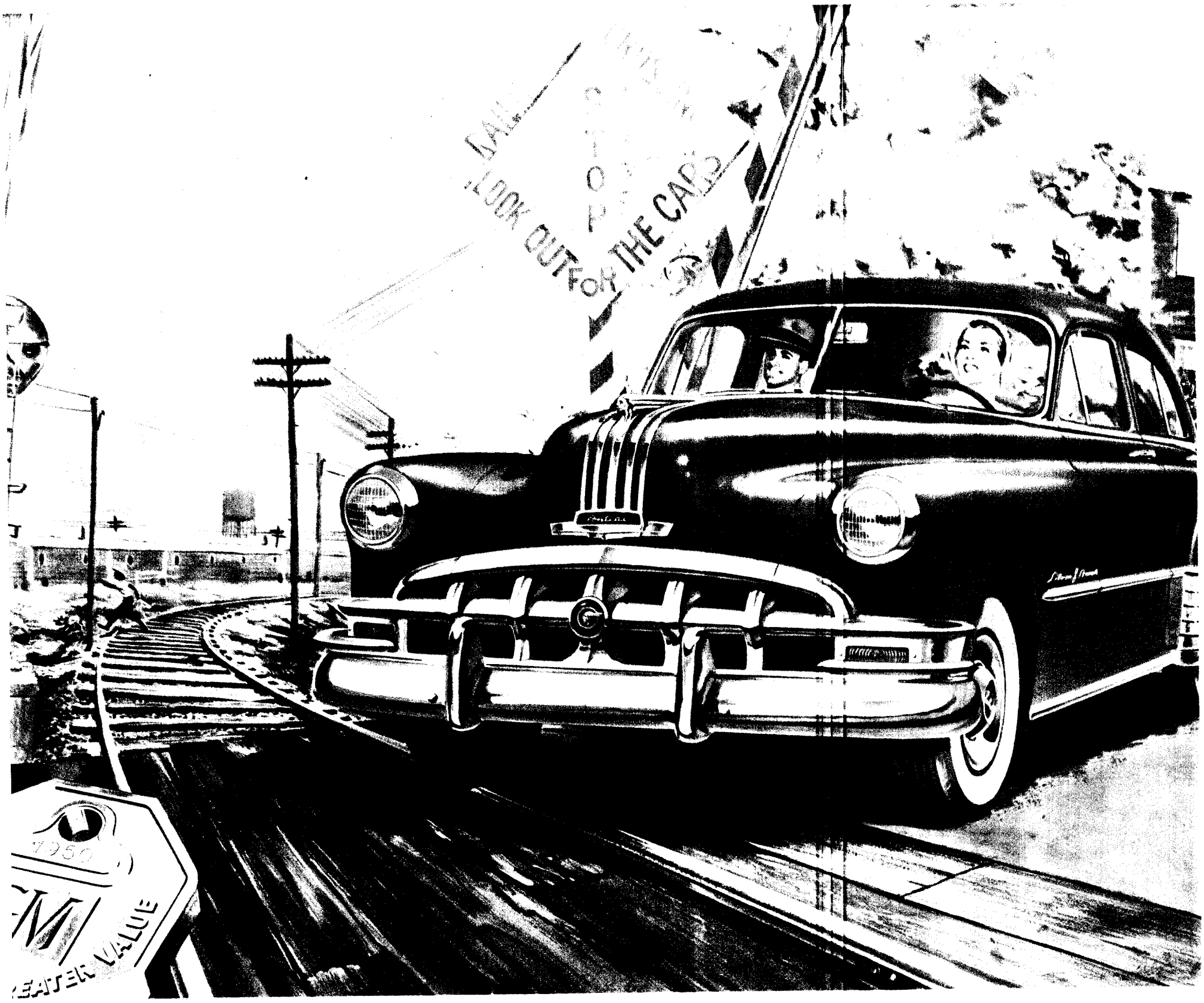
"MORE AND BETTER THINGS FOR MORE PEOPLE"

GENERAL MOTORS

CHEVROLET • PONTIAC • OLDSMOBILE • BUICK • CADILLAC • BODY BY FISHER • GMC TRUCK & COACH

Hear HENRY J. TAYLOR on the air every Monday evening over the ABC Network, coast to coast.

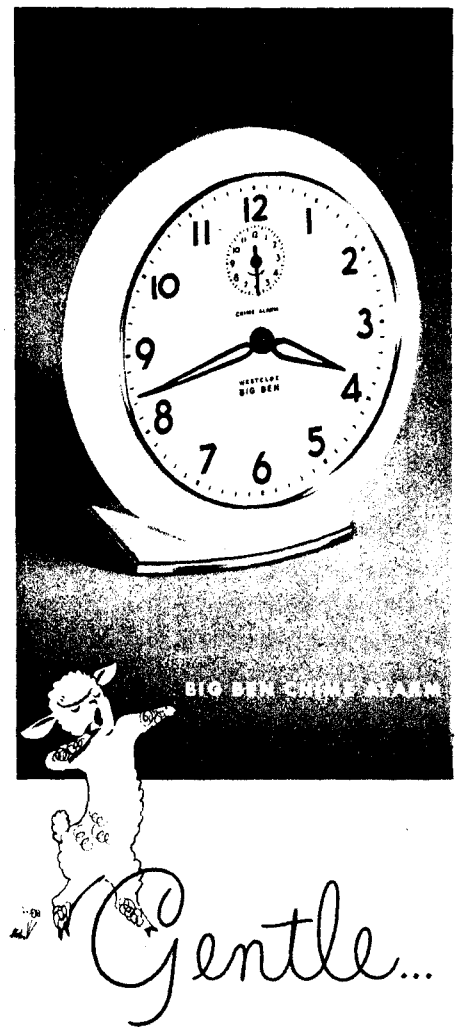
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



CARS ARE RIDDEN OVER *the roughest roads at the GM Proving Ground to see how well their springs and riding assemblies soak up jars and jolts.*

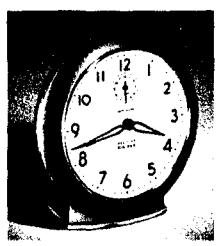
THE MEN WHO MAKE THE CARS *study automotive action on every kind of turn on this "skid pad," endlessly seeking to give you maximum safety on curves.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

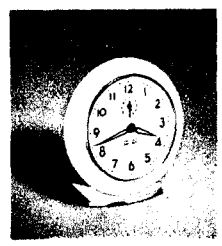


Gentle...

If you dislike being bounced out of bed, polite Big Ben Chime Alarm with quiet tick is your clock. He has a 2-voice alarm . . . "first he whispers, then he shouts."* His first call is a gentle "please." But if you don't shake a leg he gets tough with a steady ring you simply can't ignore . . . he shouts! Lustrous ivory finish. $5.95.



BIG BEN LOUD Alarm has a tick you can hear. His voice is friendly, but firm. Black case. $4.95.



BABY BEN ALARM has quiet tick and alarm that adjusts to loud or soft. Ivory or black finish. $4.95.

With luminous dials, clocks shown are one dollar more. Prices do not include tax and are subject to change.

BIG BEN*

Keeps America On Time

GT GENERAL TIME WESTCLOX*

Products of GENERAL TIME Corporation

*TRADE MARK REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

district attorney and clamped her lips together.

"You've heard Mr. Merton Ostrander's testimony?"

"Yes."

"Is it correct?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"What time did this conversation with Mr. Trenton take place?"

"Sometime between one and two o'clock in the morning, I think it was."

"And Trenton produced this gun for your inspection?"

"Well, he produced it."

"And what did you do with it?"

"Told Merton Ostrander to lock it up right away. I asked him if it was loaded and he took out the clip and showed me that it was loaded. I believe the clip was full except for two shells. I told him to put the clip back and lock that gun up somewhere."

"Then what did you do?"

"I remembered the desk had a lock on it, so I had him put it in the desk and I suggested Merton Ostrander keep the key."

"Was there any conversation about your niece having been a party to smuggling?"

"Certainly not."

"You heard what Mr. Ostrander said, didn't you?"

"That," Linda Mae Carroll said with dignity, "is something else again. Robert Trenton was merely describing something that had happened to the automobile. It didn't have anything to do with my niece."

"Do you know where your niece, Linda Carroll, is?" the district attorney asked.

"I do not," she snapped at him. "And if I did I wouldn't tell you. She'll show up at the proper time, don't worry about that."

"This is the proper time," the district attorney said.

"That may be what you think, but I don't need you to do my thinking for me. I'll know when's the proper time, and so will she."

"You know, do you not, that we have made every effort to locate her?"

"I do not."

"Well, I'm telling you that we have."

Linda Mae eyed him with shrewd, twinkling eyes. "Well, if it's going to count as evidence, you'd better take the oath and trade places with me."

EVEN the judge smiled, and the courtroom rocked with laughter. "Cross-examine," the district attorney said with a wry smile.

"Miss Carroll," Staunton Irvine said, "what happened *after* the weapon, people's Exhibit No. 3, was locked in the desk?"

"We talked for a while and then we went to bed."

"And was there some discussion about an automobile—that is, an automobile other than the one that had been lent Mr. Trenton by your niece?"

"There was. Mr. Trenton had an automobile that he'd picked up and in which he made his escape. We parked it at a place where the police would find it eventually."

"Why didn't you notify the police?"

"Well, at the time I didn't see that any good could come of it."

"Now then," Irvine said, "who had the key to the desk?"

"I believe Mr. Ostrander took the key and put it somewhere, or maybe he kept it. He said that we should take great pains to see that the gun was kept so it could be turned over to the police—that is, that nothing happened to it."

"That's all."

The district attorney turned to the judge and said, "Your Honor, I think we have made out a prima-facie case. It would seem that there is only one course open to Your Honor, and that's to bind the defendant over on a charge of first-degree murder and let the higher court decide the legal aspects of the situation."

The judge nodded.

"Therefore," the district attorney said, "the prosecution rests."

"Well, I guess there's reasonable cause here to connect the defendant with the crime," the judge said. "I—"

"Call our witness, quick," Rob whispered to his lawyer.

Irvine shook his head.

"Just a moment, Your Honor," Rob said in a sudden burst of desperation, surprising even himself by his daring. "I wish to confer for a moment with counsel concerning my case."

The judge frowned, waited briefly.

Irvine said in an angry whisper, "He's made up his mind to bind you over. There's nothing else he can do. Now sit still and let me handle this."

"You mean you won't call Dr. Dixon?"

"Exactly. We can't afford to waste our valuable ammunition now."

The judge rapped with his gavel. "There certainly seems no alternative to the court at this time but to find the defendant—"

"Just a moment," Rob interrupted, "I want to call one witness to the stand."

"Who's your witness?" the judge asked irritably.

"Dr. Herbert Dixon," Trenton said.

The district attorney smiled. "No objection, Your Honor."

"All right," the judge said, "if you want to call a witness that's a right that you have. If Dr. Dixon is still in the courtroom he'll come forward and be sworn."

Dr. Dixon came forward and was sworn.

Acting with manifest reluctance, Staunton Irvine qualified him as an expert, then took the written list of questions which Rob handed him.

"Doctor, did you have occasion to examine the body of Harvey Richmond?"

"I did."

"Did you make a post-mortem examination?"

"I made the best post-mortem examination I could. I was unable to make a complete examination."

"Why?"

"Because an earlier post-mortem had been made. The body had been cut open in order to extract two bullets. However, the skull had not been opened and there were other parts of the burned body which remained undisturbed."

"Did you determine the cause of death?" Irvine asked listlessly.

"I did."

"What was it?"

"Death was caused primarily by burns," Dr. Dixon said.

"By burns?" Irvine echoed in surprise.

"That's right."

"What about the bullets?" the lawyer blurted.

"Well," Dr. Dixon said, "I didn't have an opportunity to see the bullets in place, but, nevertheless, I believe that the cause of death was *not* from gunshot wounds but from burns."

Staunton Irvine turned the sheet of paper. The second page was blank—there were no more questions.

"That's all," Rob whispered.

"But now we're just getting started," Irvine said.

"Come, come, gentlemen," the judge said, "let's get on with the trial."

"That's all, Your Honor," Irvine said.

The judge looked at the prosecutor.

NORTON BERKELEY arose and said, "Well, Doctor, you have presumed to testify that Harvey Richmond died because of the fire."

"That's right."

"Yet you didn't see the location of the fatal bullets?"

"I presume," Dr. Dixon said, "by the fatal bullets you are referring to people's Exhibits No. 1 and 2?"

"That's right."

"No, sir, I didn't see the location of the bullets."

"You didn't see the X-ray pictures?"

"No, sir. I haven't seen them."

"Take a look at them now, then," Berkeley invited. "I will show you people's Exhibits No. 4 and 5. Do you see the bullets as shown in these photographs?"

"I do."

"Do you believe those bullets could have been discharged into the body of a living, breathing human being without causing almost instant death?"

"No, sir."

"And yet you say that your examination of this body led you to believe that the man died as the result of the fire?"

"I am certain of it," Dr. Dixon said slowly. "And now if you will let me explain that answer, I will add that I am certain that Harvey Richmond was engaged in a fight, a physical struggle, shortly before death took place, that he received several blows about the body, that thereafter he was clubbed over the head and that his skull was possibly fractured, that he became unconscious, and while he was unconscious the houseboat was set afire, and that Harvey Richmond lived, although he was unconscious, for some time after that fire started, long enough for the fire to cause his death."

"By all means tell us how you know all that," Berkeley said sarcastically.

"To begin with," Dr. Dixon said, "I was acquainted with Harvey Richmond in his lifetime. I know that he was of stocky build and that he was fleshy. What is not generally realized is that almost everyone has a layer of subcutaneous fat, that this varies with the individual. In the case of Harvey Richmond, there was a very well defined layer of subcutaneous fat."

"And what does that have to do with it?"

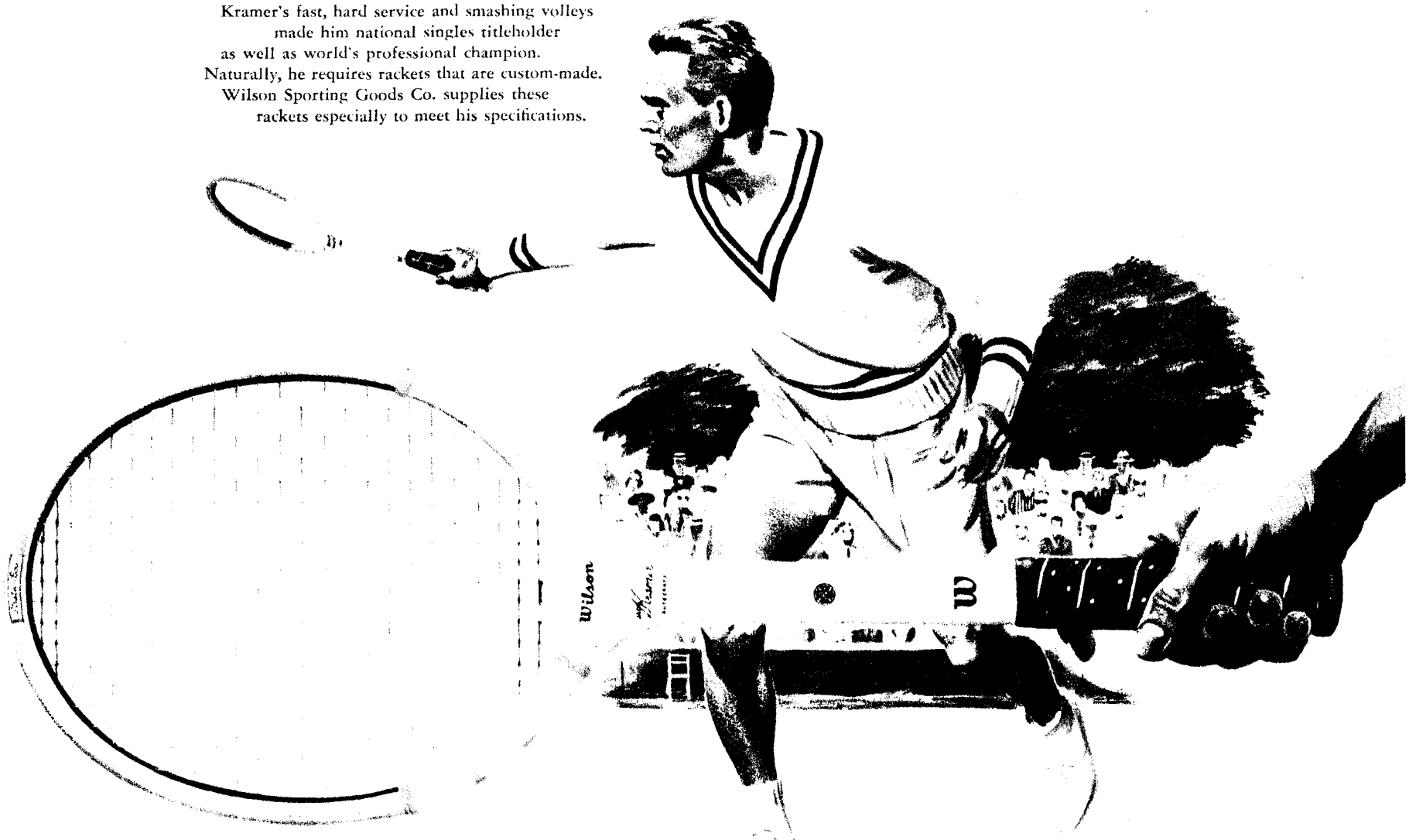
"Simply this. In the event a person receives violent blows on his body, some of

COLLIER'S **"I must hang up now, Helen. Ed's waiting to help me with the dishes"** HERB WILLIAMS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

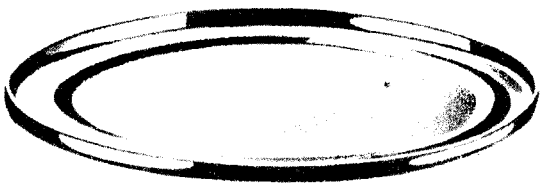
Custom-made for **Jack Kramer**

Kramer's fast, hard service and smashing volleys
made him national singles titleholder
as well as world's professional champion.
Naturally, he requires rackets that are custom-made.
Wilson Sporting Goods Co. supplies these
rackets especially to meet his specifications.



CUSTOM-MADE

to give you
Best performance
Best protection



CUSTOM-MADE

Custom-made to fight wear, acids, carbon and rust; custom-made to *keep your engine clean,* Havoline Motor Oil will net you these paying benefits: more gas-miles, full power, and longer engine life.

No matter what driving conditions you encounter, you have *complete lubrication protection* when Custom-Made Havoline goes in your crankcase. It is superior to *any* Premium motor oil — actually meets all requirements for heavy-duty lubricating oils. It's the best motor oil your money can buy! Custom-Made Havoline has been tested and proved in millions of miles of driving in all 48 states. Get it today from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada

TUNE IN: TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

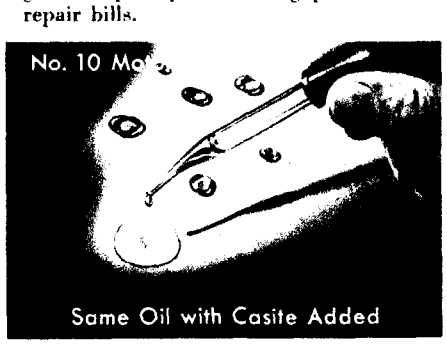
CASITE AT ONLY 75¢
DOES THIS FOR YOU

CASITE CORRECTS OLD ENGINES

Wake up, clean up, tune up your engine with Casite. Casite's cleansing action quickly removes gum and goo, frees sticky valves and rings, leaves the motor clean and free-running, lets the power zoom through.

CASITE PROTECTS ALL ENGINES

You'll get smoother, safer break-in of any new engine with Casite in the crankcase. In both new and old engines Casite gets oil quickly to wearing parts—cuts repair bills.



CASITE SPEEDS MOTOR OIL 22%

at 100°F. (even more when colder). Even the best lubricating oil must warm up to at least 210° to reach top efficiency. Casite speeds motor oil faster at starting temperatures, assuring lubrication during vital warm-up period. Reduces "start-up wear."

NEW CAR OR OLD CAR, KEEP CASITE IN YOUR CAR

Get it from your garage, service station or car dealer today. Only 75c a pint.

THE CASITE CORPORATION • HASTINGS, MICHIGAN
The Casite Division, Hastings Ltd., Toronto

Better and Smoother Performance
or Double-Your-Money-Back

the subcutaneous fat cells are broken loose from the general fat structure and enter the blood stream in the form of globules. Once these fatty globules have entered the blood stream, they are carried to the lungs by the natural circulation. But in the lungs some of the blood vessels are so small that the fat globules clog the small vessels. By examining the lung tissue under a microscope these fat globules can readily be identified."

Berkeley said, "Doctor, that sounds incredible to me."

"It is, nevertheless, a fact."

"And you found such fat globules in the capillaries of the lungs?"

"I did."

"Doctor, could you produce any competent authority that would sustain that position?"

"Certainly," Dr. Dixon said. "It's generally understood among the best pathologists. However, if you wish authority, I can give you authority."

He opened a brief case, reached in, took out a book and said, "Here is a book entitled Homicide Investigation by Dr. Le Moyne Snyder. On page 170, you will find that Dr. Snyder outlines in scientific language the process I have already described somewhat informally."

The district attorney endeavored to dispose of the testimony casually. "I see," he said, smiling, "and simply because you found a few fat cells in this man's lungs, you came to the conclusion that he had suffered violence before death."

"That's right."

"And therefore the fatal bullets had no particular significance?"

"There were other reasons which entered into my opinion," Dr. Dixon said. "I know that the man had received a blow on the head prior to the outset of the fire and was undoubtedly unconscious at the time the fire was started—"

"Well, I don't think we're interested in all this so-called scientific prattle," the district attorney said. "It's been established by competent medical testimony that this man was shot—"

The judge interposed. "It seems the doctor is trying to tell us something here, and we should know what it is."

"Well, in any event, my examination is concluded," the district attorney said. "That's all the cross-examination I have."

The judge looked over at the defense. "Any redirect?" he asked.

Staunton Irvine shook his head, but before he could say, "No redirect," Rob Trenton interposed a question. "How do you know the man received a blow on the head prior to the fire?" he asked.

BERKELEY interrupted, "Just a moment. I object, Your Honor, to such an examination. The defendant is represented by counsel and he can certainly trust to the ability of his own attorney."

"I think the attorney should ask the questions," the judge ruled.

"Ask that question then," Rob said to his lawyer.

"Very well," Irvine said sullenly. "How do you know the man received a blow on the head and was unconscious prior to the fire, Doctor?"

"Because," Dr. Dixon said, "when I opened the skull, I found a blood clot inside which had been evidently caused by violence. Probably a blow on the skull."

"That's all," Irvine said.

Dr. Beaumont whispered excitedly to the district attorney, and the district attorney, with a triumphant smile, said, "Now just a moment, Doctor. I have some recross-examination. Now you've testified that you found some blood in the skull when you opened the skull of the decedent."

"I did."

"And you think that is the result of a blow sustained on the head?"

"I do."

"Don't you know, as a matter of fact, Doctor, that in cases of burning, the heat may well cause the skull to crack open and frequently causes fractures of the skull?"

"I'm quite aware of all of that," Dr. Dixon said, "but I analyzed the blood in the brain for the presence of carbon monoxide and found none. I was able to gather a sample of blood from the liver and analyzed that and found a high percentage of carbon monoxide. It is, therefore, a fact which is not subject to serious question that the blood which formed the clot in the head had been formed *before the fire*, because this blood had ceased to circulate when the fire started. But the blood that *was* circulated through the heart and the respiratory system *did* become contaminated with carbon monoxide. I know, therefore, that the injury sufficient to cause this rather substantial blood clot was inflicted *before* the fire.

"So, I am forced to the conclusion that the man was unconscious at the time the fire started and that he lived long enough after the fire started to inhale particles of soot in the smoke and to have the blood which was circulating impregnated with a high percentage of carbon monoxide, enough to cause unconsciousness and probably to bring about death before the flames actually reached the body. I also know that he had received violent blows on the body prior to the time of death. It is, therefore, my conclusion that the two bullets which were found in the body in a place which would ordinarily have caused instant death *were deliberately fired into the body after death had taken place.*"

"But that couldn't have been, Doctor!" the district attorney shouted. "Your testimony is against all the evidence. The gun was fired twice, prior to the time the fire started, and after that the gun was accounted for all the time."

"How do you know it was accounted for all the time?" Dr. Dixon asked.

"It was locked in a desk."

"And who had the key to that desk?"

Merton Ostrander, on his feet, said from his place in the front row of spectators, "Your Honor, I had that key. It did not leave my possession all night. I resent any implication—"

"Just a minute," the judge observed, banging his gavel for order. "You've already testified, and if the court wants any more testimony from you, it'll call you to the witness stand."

Staunton Irvine said, "Your Honor, I think we are all overlooking one very significant factor in the situation. There was present at that house a young woman, Linda Carroll, the niece of Linda Mae Carroll. This young woman was present throughout the entire European trip. It was on the car of this young woman that the concealed heroin was found. I have tried to serve a subpoena on her and—"

"Don't you say a word against my niece," Linda Mae snapped, getting to her feet. "She'll show up when it's time for her to show up. She isn't going to have her name dragged through the mud—"

The judge banged his gavel furiously. "I've already admonished the spectators," he said, "not to interject comments."

"I'm not interjecting a comment," Linda Mae said. "I'm trying to keep this court from making a fool of itself."

There was a burst of laughter in the courtroom.

THE judge pounded with the gavel for a moment, then suddenly smiled, and said, "That will do. Sit down, Miss Carroll. The court will consider this matter in an orderly way."

Staunton Irvine said, "Your Honor, I feel that Merton Ostrander's comments are very definitely in order. While it is true that I am representing the defendant in this action, I have known Merton Ostrander for years and can vouch for—"

"You're supposed to be representing this defendant," the judge said.

"I am, Your Honor, but I cannot help but state that I have known Merton Ostrander and can vouch for his integrity."

Rob Trenton suddenly pushed his chair back, got to his feet. "Your Honor," he asked, "do I have the privilege of making any comment?"

"Not so long as you have an attorney to represent you."

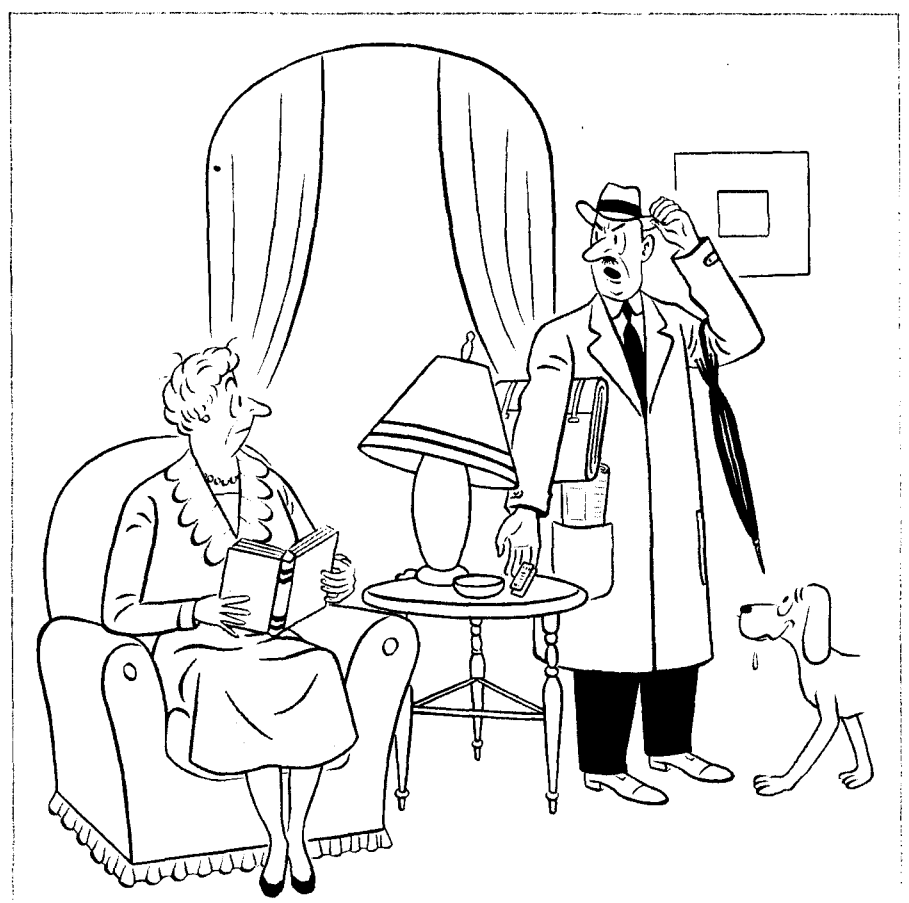
"Do I have the privilege of discharging that attorney?"

"You do if you wish," the judge said.

Rob turned to the attorney. "You're discharged," he said.

"I resent that," Irvine said. "I've consistently endeavored to protect your interests in a way that—"

"All right," the judge interrupted, "you're discharged. Now, young man, you want to say something. What is it?"



COLLIER'S "Now don't say I never take you out! The night of August 30th we're going to see South Pacific" JEFF KEATE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Rob said, "I want to ask Dr. Dixon some more questions."

"Go right ahead. The court also has a few questions it would like to have answered."

Rob said to Dr. Dixon, "Are there any further facts you have, Doctor, which shed any light on what happened?"

Dr. Dixon's voice was coldly precise. "There are several things. In the first place one wonders why the bullets, Exhibits No. 1 and 2, did not go entirely through the body. They very conveniently remained lodged in the vital organs.

"If you will examine these bullets carefully you will find certain marks upon them which are virtually identical, yet which were not made by the grooves or lands of the barrel of the weapon, Exhibit No. 3.

"It seems obvious that these are the marks made by pliers; that the bullets were first extracted from the cartridge cases so that some of the powder charge could be removed, that the bullets were then replaced in these weakened cartridge cases and then fired into the body of the decedent.

"It will be remembered that the fire was out shortly after midnight, that the authorities did not find and inspect the boat until well after daylight.

"I may further state that this morning I recovered a bullet from one of the piles on the little wharf to which the houseboat had been moored. That bullet was apparently a fresh bullet and it had been fired from the automatic which has been introduced in evidence as people's Exhibit No. 3. I personally examined that bullet and compared it with a test bullet under a comparison microscope and, as a result, I know that it was fired and fired recently from the same weapon.

"The court will also note that in the event the decedent met his death at some appreciable interval after the fire started, the death was outside of the territorial limitations of this state, because the boat, according to the testimony of witnesses, and according to surveys that I have made very carefully, drifted out into the current and then across the stream where it lodged on a sand bar which is actually outside of this state."

"Isn't there a statute providing for joint jurisdiction in crimes which occur within a reasonable distance of a state boundary?" the judge asked.

"I'm a doctor, not a lawyer," Dr. Dixon said.

THE district attorney said, "There are several statutes. I don't know whether they cover this case or not. There is a statute that when a person intending to commit a crime does anything in this state which culminates in the commission of a crime without the state, the effect is the same as though the crime had been committed entirely in this state, and there's also a statute providing that when an offense is started without the state but is consummated within the boundaries, even though the defendant was out of the state at the time of the commission of the crime, the defendant is liable just as though he were in this state."

Rob said, "Well, Your Honor, I'm neither a doctor nor a lawyer, but it seems to me that the conditions mentioned by the district attorney have not been met in this case. If Harvey Richmond was killed by bullets fired before the fire took place, that murder may well have taken place in this state, but if he was killed by fire, even despite the fact there had been a previous blow on the head, it's a question of where the man was killed."

The judge pursed his lips, frowned and once more scratched his head, suddenly turned to the district attorney and said, "Mr. District Attorney, as I understand it, the court has the power in this case to bind the defendant over for trial and then, in the event it wishes to do so, release him on bail, or the court has the power to dismiss the case entirely. Now, as I understand it, if the case is dismissed, that doesn't constitute any bar to arresting this man—again."

"No," the district attorney said somewhat dubiously, "I don't suppose it would be any bar, but of course there is the moral effect, Your Honor."

"Also," the judge pointed out, "there's another thing you want to take into consideration, Mr. Prosecutor, and that is that if the court binds this man over on this charge, and then you uncover evidence which points to someone else, the fact that an order was made binding this defendant over is also going to have a moral effect. If I were in your shoes I'd rather just forget about this thing for a while and investigate further."

"Of course, Your Honor," the district attorney said, "Dr. Beaumont is thoroughly convinced as to the cause of death."

"Of course he is," the judge said, "and I'm not saying anything against Dr. Beaumont. He made a post-mortem until he found what he *thought* was the cause of death, and then he quit looking.

"Now then, the court is going to refuse to bind this defendant over, and so far as the court is concerned, he is released from custody. The court feels there's opportunity for a lot of further investigation in this case; and I think this is the fair way to see that such an investigation is conducted in an unbiased and efficient manner. The defendant is released from custody and court is adjourned."

The judge banged his gavel in a tone of finality, effectively shutting off the half-hearted protests of the district attorney.

ROB observed the surge of spectators crowding toward him, intent upon shaking his hand. He moved over quickly to Dr. Dixon before the physician could leave the space reserved for attorneys and witnesses. "I want to thank you," he said.

"You don't have to," Dr. Dixon told him. "I merely performed a complete post-mortem, which I contend should invariably be done in every case of unexplained death, particularly where the circumstances indicate a homicide."

Rob led him to one side. "I think there's a side door out of here," Rob said. "Can you show me where it is? I want to get away from the curiosity seekers."

Dr. Dixon hesitated only briefly, then nodded. "You could go into the door over there which leads to the judge's chambers, as though you were intending to thank the judge for what he'd done, and then you could go down through the corridor and there's a door there that opens on a side street. Come on with me if you want."

Rob moved toward the door to the justice's chambers.

"It just happens," Dr. Dixon said smilingly, "that I have my car parked outside and I'll give you a ride across the bridge. Something seems to tell me it will be a little better for you to get out of the state."

"Flight?" Rob asked.

"Changing your base of operations," Dr. Dixon said. "And incidentally leaving the jurisdiction of a hostile district attorney who has sustained wounds to his vanity and his political prestige, and who may try to recover lost ground by having you rearrested. After an hour or two he'll remember that the two smugglers who are in custody are only too willing to buy themselves immunity by turning state's evidence. When that happens it'll be well for you to be in another state, and to resist extradition."

They moved down the corridor, out the side door and found that as yet no one, not even the reporters, had anticipated such a move. The crowd was still either in the courtroom or milling around the doors on the main street, and Dr. Dixon and Rob entered the physician's car and glided down the road without attracting any attention.

"I hope you realize," Rob said, "that, regardless of what the district attorney may do, *I'm* just starting on this thing."

Dr. Dixon looked at him in a sidelong glance of shrewd appraisal, then said conversationally, "I presume you know that Harvey Richmond was investigating the death of Madame Charteux. The body was exhumed and it was found there was enough arsenic in it to have killed a horse."

"So I understand," Trenton said.

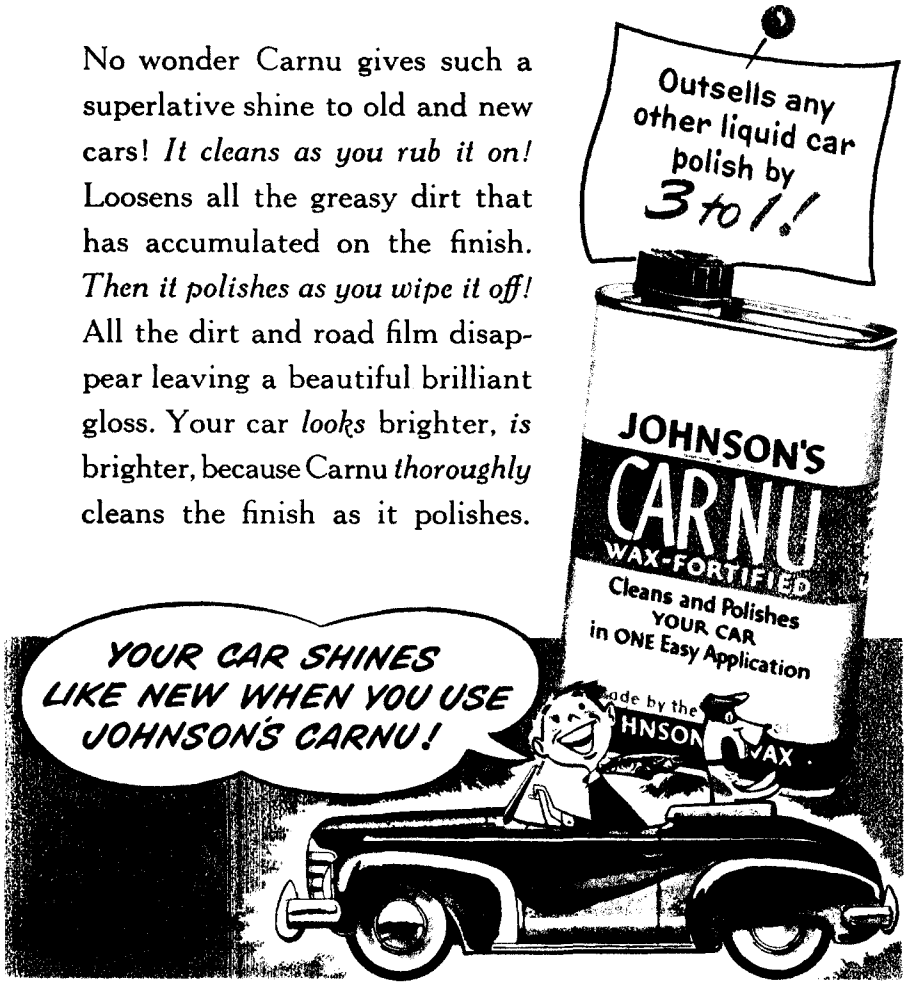
"And," Dr. Dixon went on, "just in or-

Easy-do CARNU

(by the makers of Johnson's Wax)

shines brighter because it cleans cleaner!

No wonder Carnu gives such a superlative shine to old and new cars! *It cleans as you rub it on!* Loosens all the greasy dirt that has accumulated on the finish. *Then it polishes as you wipe it off!* All the dirt and road film disappear leaving a beautiful brilliant gloss. Your car *looks* brighter, *is* brighter, because Carnu *thoroughly* cleans the finish as it polishes.


Outsells any other liquid car polish by 3 to 1!
JOHNSON'S
CARNU
WAX-FORTIFIED
Cleans and Polishes YOUR CAR in ONE Easy Application
YOUR CAR SHINES LIKE NEW WHEN YOU USE JOHNSON'S CARNU!

© S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., Racine, Wis., 1950. "Johnson's" and "Carnu" are registered trademarks.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ONLY ANSCO GUARANTEES CLEAR SNAPSHOTS

With Any Camera... In All Weather!

Yes,
"THIRD DIMENSION"
Realism!
Your eyes see thousands of shades of gray . . . ANSCO ALL-WEATHER FILM sees them, too . . . and captures them in pictures with DEPTH AND REALISM.

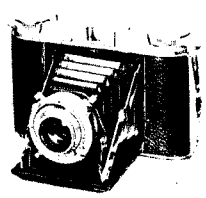
Crisp, Clear Snapshots Indoors or Out!

Rain or shine, indoors or out, all through the year, Ansco All-Weather Film *now* gives you crisp, clear snapshots with depth-like realism.

In *any* camera . . . in *all* weather . . . you are guaranteed snapshots that almost "spring to life." Remember, there's only one ALL-WEATHER film. *That* film is Ansco!

GUARANTEE: Ansco guarantees the results you want—or return your negatives and original film carton and we will send you a new roll, *free*.

ANSCO, Binghamton, N. Y. A Division of General Aniline & Film Corporation "From Research to Reality"



f4.5 TITAN—Coated anastigmat lens; set-and-release shutter to 1/400, time, "bulb"; built-in flash; all metal body covered with genuine black leather. 2¼″ x 2¼″ pictures. **NOW ONLY $69.50** *(Federal Tax Included)*

Insist on the Red and Blue box

Ansco All-Weather Film

Be sure to see RKO's great new picture, "The Man On The Eiffel Tower" photographed in Ansco Color

der to keep the record straight, you'll remember that the customs men took two capsules containing a white powder from your bathrobe, capsules which you said Merton Ostrander had given you to settle your stomach?"

Rob glanced at him sharply.

"I don't know exactly what you have in mind," Dr. Dixon went on, "but the customs men turned those capsules over to Harvey Richmond. When we searched his effects we couldn't find those two capsules."

"Good heavens!" Rob said. "I hope you didn't think I thought the solution would be *that* simple."

Dr. Dixon flashed him a keen-eyed glance. "I'm glad to hear you say that, young man. I'm afraid the solution isn't simple at all."

"What else do you know?" Rob asked.

"Very little for certain," Dr. Dixon said. "We have, of course, investigated all of the parties concerned, to the best of our ability. Linda Mae Carroll and Linda Carroll were in South America two years ago. Linda Mae Carroll was in Europe a year ago, and Linda Carroll was in Africa. They evidently like to travel."

"Where did they get their money?"

"Apparently Linda's father died, left her some money and some money to his sister, Linda Mae Carroll."

"Just money?" Rob asked.

"Well, there was a fair amount of cash, quite a few stocks and some savings bonds, and there were three pieces of property, farm property of three hundred and twenty acres, and the Londonwood apartment building, which went to Linda Carroll, and the house in Falthaven which went to Linda Mae Carroll."

"How much of a search has been made for Linda Carroll?"

"No very great search. She has an apartment at 1940 Chestnut Avenue, Londonwood, the apartment house where her father lived. Linda Carroll went there immediately after she returned from her European trip. For some reason she seemed to want privacy and apparently gave that address to no one. When she had obtained her passport she had been living with Linda Mae at the Falthaven address, so she used that passport address on this European trip.

"Both you and Merton Ostrander went to call on her at the Falthaven address. Linda Mae gave you both a run-around, but Ostrander was more lucky than you. He actually ran into Linda when she came to call on her aunt, presumably to give the aunt some instructions."

"What sort of instructions?"

Dr. Dixon's face was completely impassive. "I'm afraid that's as far as we can go. You apparently know the rest of it as well as we do."

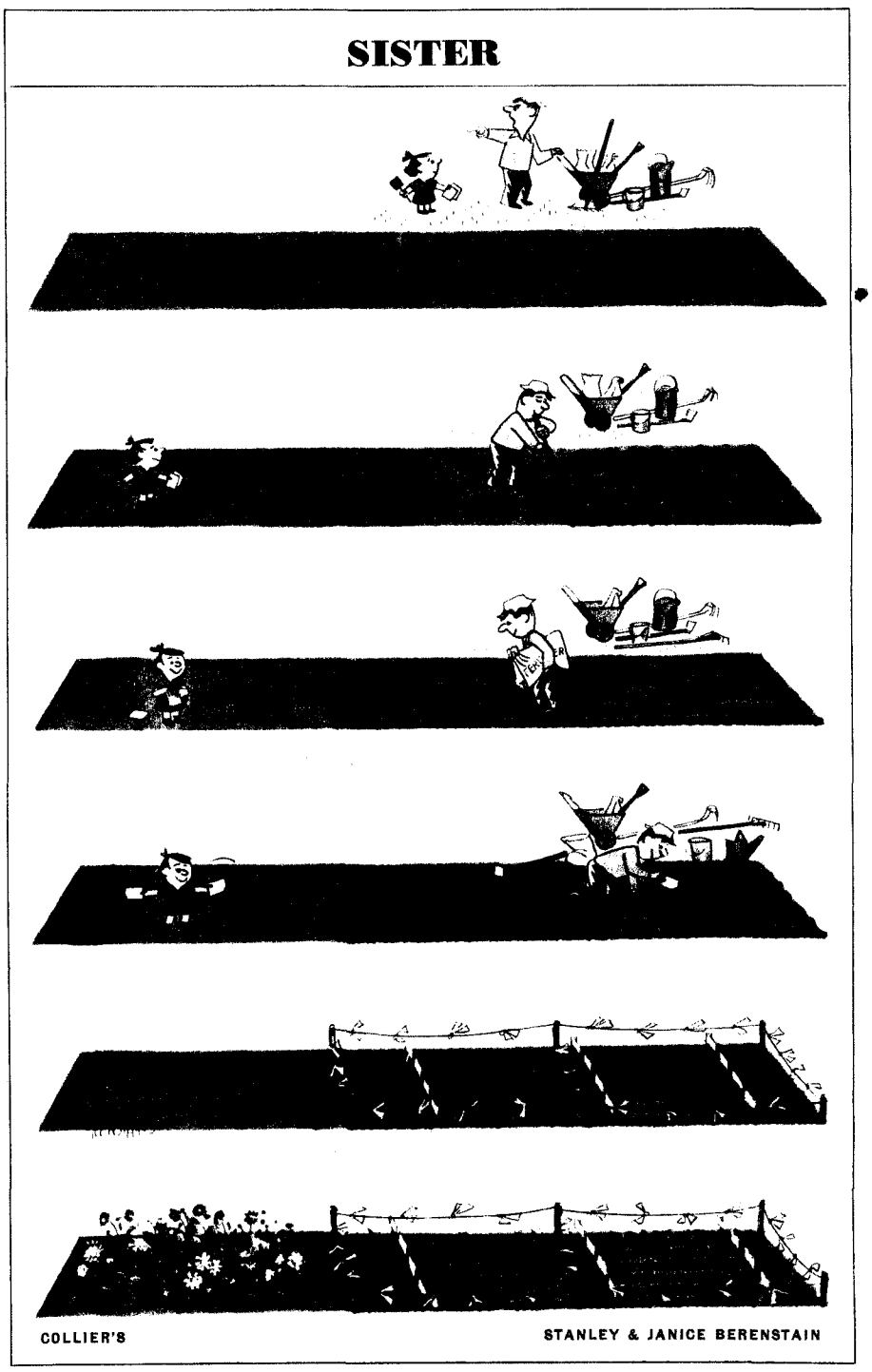
Dr. Dixon eased his car across the big concrete bridge, said, "Well, you're now in a new state. Where do you want to get off?"

"I think I'd like to get off in Londonwood, if it's all right with you."

"She isn't there," Dr. Dixon said.

"I know. I think I'd like to get off there just the same."

Dr. Dixon drove in silence until they entered Londonwood, then stopped the car



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

near the center of town. "How's this?" he asked.

"That's fine," Rob said.

Dr. Dixon shook hands.

"I can't begin to tell you how grateful I am," Rob said.

"That's all right," Dr. Dixon said. "I wish you luck. Those people on the other side of the river are a little chagrined. I think there might be another warrant issued for you within an hour or two. Don't waive extradition. You probably have only a few hours of liberty. I hope you put them to good use."

ROB didn't waste any time on Linda's empty apartment, but took a taxicab to the courthouse in Londonwood, the county seat. He hunted up the clerk's office and said, "I want to look up the probate record in an estate."

"What was the name?" the clerk asked.

"The last name," Rob said, "was Carroll, and I believe the estate was probated about four or five years ago. Aside from that I haven't much to go on."

"Well, we can find it," the clerk said.

Twenty minutes later Rob was busy copying the description of three hundred and twenty acres of property, which under a decree of distribution in the estate of George Hammond Carroll had been distributed to his daughter, Linda Carroll. Immediately after doing that, Rob hurried to a car-renting agency.

Later, just as the sun was dropping behind distant rolling hills, he turned off the pavement and rattled along a graveled roadway. Rob was looking for names on the mailboxes, but suddenly he braked the car to a stop.

From the pasture on the hill below came the sound of a musical chime, followed after a moment by another one, the second being deeper in tone, but both being mellow and musical. Swiss cowbells, arousing nostalgic memories.

Rob found a wide place at the side of the road where he could park the car. He shut off the motor.

The cowbells were drifting up now from the hill below in musical cadences. There were four cowbells and the effect of the harmony was as pleasing to the ear as the rolling scenery was to the eye.

Rob slipped through a barbed-wire fence, crossed under some shade trees and emerged on the upper end of the pasture where the four cows were grazing.

Up in the southwest corner of the pasture on a high knoll near the road was an old-fashioned, two-story frame farmhouse built of honest oak; and from its rugged, weather-beaten appearance, it had been standing for many years.

There was no sign of life about the house and Rob took up a position near the trunk of one of the trees, where he could observe the house through the lower branches and at the same time be all but invisible to any person peering from the house windows.

The countryside seemed peaceful and contented. The musical notes of the Swiss cowbells drifted up on the calm air. The shadows deepened into dusk, and then finally into darkness.

Rob kept his position by the tree until he could see stars overhead, until the huge two-story farmhouse showed only as a dark silhouette against a slightly luminous sky.

The cows quit grazing and with the stilling of the cowbells the countryside lapsed into impenetrable silence.

Rob left his station by the tree and moved forward cautiously along the edge of the pasture, feeling his way. There was no sign of life in the huge farmhouse.

Under cover of darkness, Rob slowly approached the building.

He came at length to a gravel driveway where an ancient woodshed had been converted into a garage. The swinging doors were propped open, showing only an empty interior. Rob walked around to the back door of the farmhouse, stood on the rear porch and listened. He could hear no sound from within.

Carefully he tried the screen door. It was hooked on the inside. By pulling gently against it, Rob was able to determine the position of the hook.

Rob's knife cut down through the screen, just where it joined the door, making an eight-inch cut. Through this he thrust his hand and wrist, found the hook on the inside, gently lifted it, opened the door, crossed the back screened porch and gently tried the back door.

It was locked from the inside.

Rob took a small flashlight from his pocket, pushed his handkerchief under the door. Pulling straws from a broom on the screen porch he was able to spread the handkerchief out on the inner side of the door. There was a large crack at the bottom of the door.

Using the small fountain-pen flashlight to guide his operations, he inserted the point of his knife in the lock and manipulated the key until it was in a straight up-and-down position. Then he pushed with the point of his knife, and heard the key drop on the inside of the door. He gently pulled his handkerchief toward him, and had the satisfaction of feeling the key slide along on the handkerchief.

As soon as Rob's flashlight glinted on a bit of metal under the door, he slipped the blade of his knife through the crack, pressed down on the key, and then by pulling at the same time on both the penknife and the handkerchief, pulled the key through from the underside of the door.

After that it was a simple matter to insert the key in the lock, gently turn it, open the door and step inside.

Rob's small flashlight sent an exploratory beam around the kitchen. He moved across the kitchen to a door which led to a back stairway leading to the upper rooms.

Rob inched his way up these stairs, keeping well over to the sides to avoid creaking boards.

Once in the upper corridor, he paused.

He dared not use his flashlight now, but inched his way down the corridor, listening for any sound which would indicate human occupancy, and listening in vain. The big house was silent as a cave.

Midway down the corridor, for the first time doubt stabbed Rob's mind.

Quite apparently the house was empty. The chain of reasoning on which Rob had staked everything must have somewhere in it a weak link which made it fail to hold. And because Rob knew he was working against time, his failure became all the more cause for bitter self-reproach.

THEN suddenly, his nostrils detected the odor of fresh tobacco smoke. There was no faintest sound, no ribbon of light coming under any of the doors which opened on the corridor, no other sign of human occupancy, but plainly and unmistakably the fresh tobacco smoke indicated someone had just lighted a cigarette.

Rob felt his skin crawling with nervous suspense. His heart began to pound.

He moved slowly, cautiously, down the corridor, trying to find the room from which the tobacco smoke was coming.

The aroma of the fragrant tobacco was all through the corridor now. It seemed impossible to trace it to any one particular source. Then, so suddenly that it startled Rob, he heard the sound of a woman's voice, apparently asking some question.

It was a man who answered, and the answer was evidently in the negative, a rumbling, gruff few words which effectively silenced any further conversation.

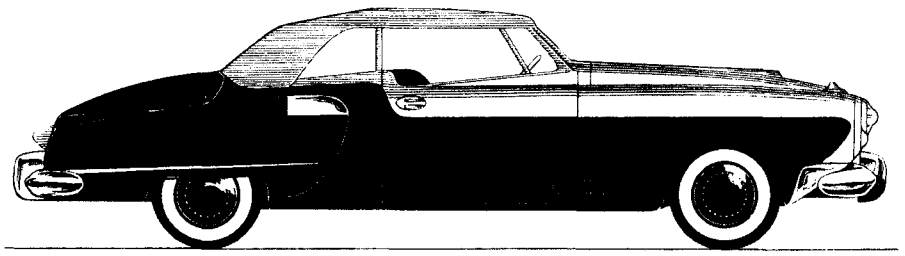
Rob moved forward, so anxious now to test the accuracy of his conclusions that he forgot to keep to the side of the corridor, away from the possibility of creaking boards.

One of these boards creaked under his weight and the sound was so sharp in that silence that it frightened Rob into jumping quickly to one side.

For a moment there was a tense silence. Then Rob heard the sound of a chair scraping back.

A woman screamed. "Look out!"

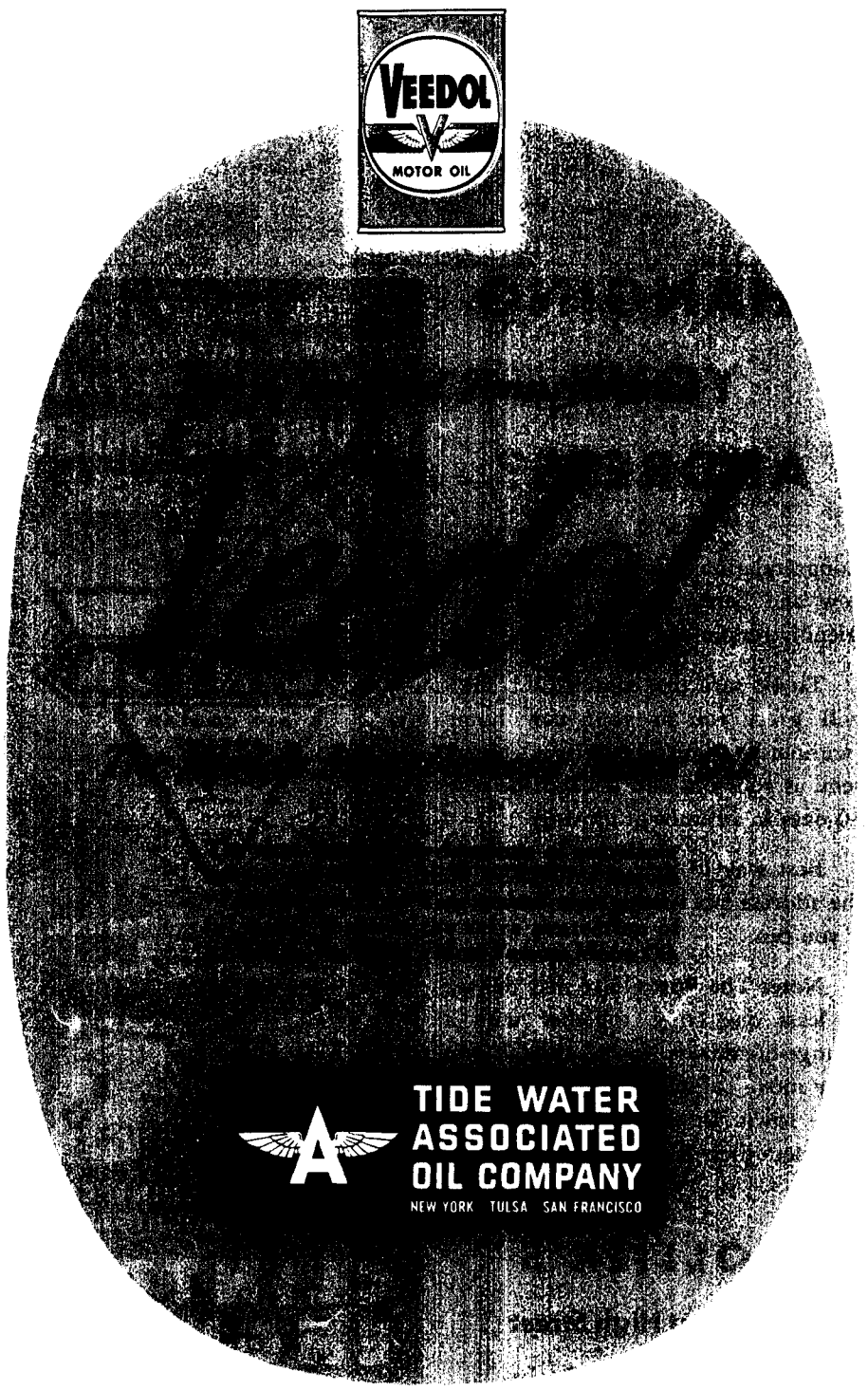
A man's heavy voice muttered a threat,



Custom-styled Convertible by Raymond Loewy, Industrial Designer

ound

Wherever Fine Cars Travel



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Praise for a Poet

If you'd like to hear your critics rave
(And if you'd also like to save)

Then serve Port Wine to every guest
(It's one of California's best)

The wine will rate you "top of class"
(And cost you only cents a glass!)

Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Congratulations if you are moving to new and better quarters . . . and a friendly reminder.

To be sure that your COLLIER'S will greet you at your new home (without your missing an issue), please send us your old address and the new 30 days in advance of moving!

Best way to help us is to enclose the address label from your last copy, if you can.

Note: The Post Office may deliver at least one copy, together with a change-of-address form, should you only move to another address in the same town. In that case, be sure to complete their form and send it to us at:

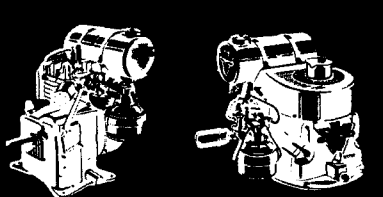
COLLIER'S
202 West High Street
Springfield, Ohio

WHEN YOU BUY YOUR POWER LAWNMOWER OR GARDEN TRACTOR

BE SURE THIS EMBLEM IS ON THE ENGINE

4 CYCLE
The Precision Built
CLINTON
AIR COOLED ENGINE
THE CLINTON MACHINE CO. CLINTON MICH. U.S.A.

WORLD'S QUICKEST STARTING, MOST RELIABLE SMALL GASOLINE ENGINE



CLINTON MACHINE CO.
CLINTON, MICHIGAN

CLINTON ENGINES

a door swung open, and Rob found himself dazzled by the blinding glare of a flashlight which was shining full on his face.

For a moment sheer surprise robbed the man who was holding the flashlight of the power to take action.

Rob took advantage of that split second of frozen immobility. Despite the fact that his eyes were so dazzled he could see nothing, he lowered his head, charged, and after three running steps flung himself forward in a football tackle.

Above him, a long, spitting, orange-blue flash of flame was followed by the roar of a revolver, then Rob had his arms around the man's legs. He crashed into him in the most approved tackling style and the two men went down with a fall that jarred the house. The flashlight fell from the man's hand, rolled over for half a dozen lopsided turns, then came to rest with its beam illuminating the opposite wall of the corridor, sending back a reflected light which furnished a dim, weird illumination. By this light, Rob was able to recognize the features of the man whom he had heard called Rex, the one with whom he had had the fist fight on the houseboat. The fact that one of the man's eyes was swollen almost shut gave Rob confidence.

They wrestled around on the floor of the hallway in a sudden mad scramble, Rob fighting for either a good hold or a knockout punch, Rex pushing himself clear, trying to get room to use his right arm.

Rob caught the glint of light on blue steel and grabbed for the gun.

He missed and flung himself to one side. The gun roared, and even in the heat of the combat, Rob's keyed-up senses took note of the chunk knocked from the ceiling, felt the small particles of powdered plaster raining down on his head.

Again Rob reached for the gun, shoved two fingers in between trigger and trigger guard, effectively jamming the mechanism of the double-action revolver.

The man wrestled and pulled, trying to work the trigger of the gun, but not being able to pull it back so long as Rob's fingers kept the trigger from moving back far enough to cause the double-action mechanism to function.

Rex freed his left hand, rained blows on Rob's head. Rob, still hanging onto the gun, jerked his head forward blindly, and the impact of the top of his head smashing against the other man's all but stunned him.

However, the blow did the trick. Rex released his grasp on the revolver and Rob jerked it out of his hand.

Then of a sudden the house was filled with running steps, with voices that were shouting, with the shrill of police whistles.

Too late, Rob sensed the motion in front of him. He tried to dodge, but the heel of the man's shoe crashed into his jaw.

Rob was conscious of flinging his left arm over and around, locking the leg, holding the foot under him. He felt a black wave of giddy nausea and then was only half conscious, like a fighter on the ropes. He hung onto the man's foot and leg and kept a firm grip on the gun with his right hand. Some instinct kept him from using the gun, even when the man freed his right foot and poised it for a kick.

At that moment Rob's head cleared slightly. He raised the gun and brought the barrel down on his antagonist's knee.

He heard a yell of agony and then flashlights were in the corridor like fireflies in the trees in summer. Men seemed to be all around him—uniformed men who knew exactly what to do and how to do it.

Rob felt himself jerked to his feet. The gun was yanked from his hand with an expert twist. He was pushed to one side.

He heard a vicious string of oaths from Rex, the sound of a blow and then the click of handcuffs.

Dr. Dixon's voice came out of the darkness, "Are you hurt?"

Rob's own voice sounded strange to him, "I guess I'm a little groggy."

"Come in here."

THERE were lights now and Rob was in a bedroom, plainly but comfortably furnished. In a chair by a window, her hands tied behind the back of the chair, was Linda Carroll. Her ankles were tied to the legs of the chair, and Rob was conscious of the pallor of her face.

"Rob. Oh, Rob!" she said.

Lieutenant Tyler clicked on more lights.

Moose Wallington wrapped his big hand around the arm of the prisoner, said, "Don't start anything now. You might get hurt."

Dr. Dixon, moving across the room, said "It's all right, Miss Carroll," and stooped to untie the knots which held her ankles to the legs of the chair. A moment later, he had brought out his knife and quickly cut the bonds which tied her wrists. "How are you? All right?"

"Yes," she said. "I—" She laughed nervously, became silent.

Dr. Dixon said, "We're state police. Would you care to tell us—"

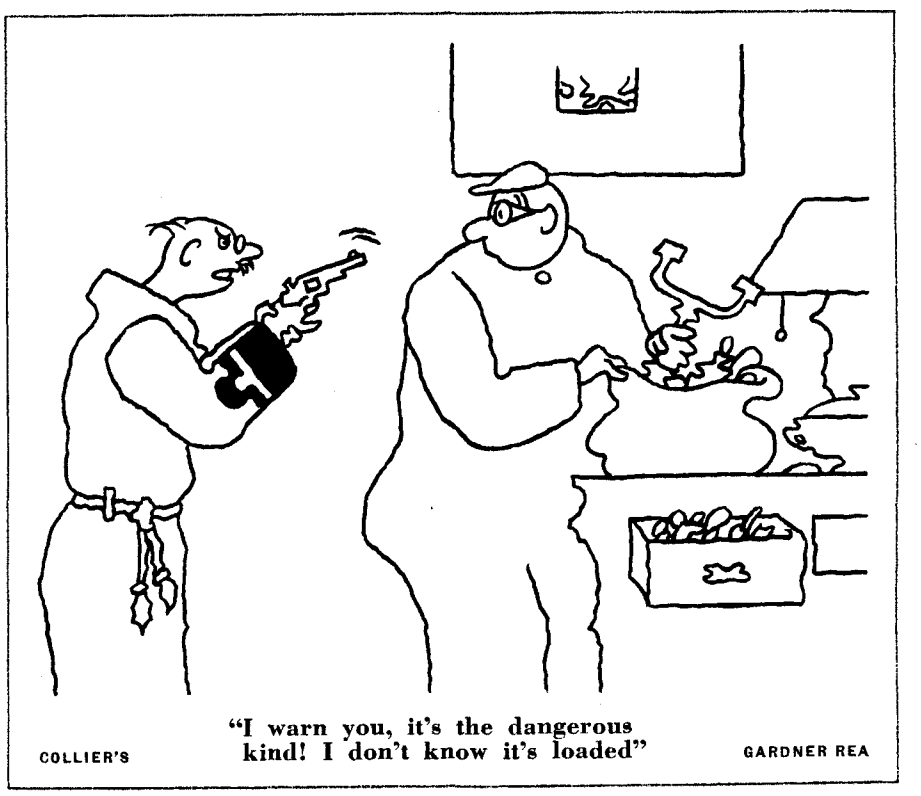
"I have nothing to say."

Dr. Dixon's face darkened. "You can't afford to adopt that attitude, Miss Carroll. After all, it was your car that was used for smuggling and—"

"I'm sorry, I have nothing to say. There's no statement I care to make."

Rob stepped forward. "I think I can tell you all the essential facts," he said.

Dr. Dixon cocked a quizzical eyebrow at



COLLIER'S

"I warn you, it's the dangerous kind! I don't know it's loaded"

GARDNER REA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When nature cuts loose!

ANY DAY OR NIGHT, anywhere in this country, storm, flood or fire can threaten telephone lines.

If disaster strikes, Western Electric rushes equipment to the scene at once—wires, poles, cables, crossarms—whatever is needed to help your Bell Telephone company restore service *fast!*

Readiness to meet disaster—as well as daily needs of Bell Telephone companies—is part of Western Electric's job as manufacturer-supplier of the Bell System.

• Western Electric is a unit of the Bell System—has been for 68 years. Our people, who provide telephone equipment and supplies, share naturally in the System's spirit of service that aims to "get the message through" for you—quickly, clearly, and at low cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AS LOWELL THOMAS PUTS IT:

"One of my greatest thrills can be enjoyed by every American!

"I've stood on the banks of the Jumna, marveling at the splendor of the Taj Mahal. I've gazed in awe at the mighty Himalayas and the snowy volcanoes of the Andes. I'm not likely soon to forget the romantic cities of Bagdad, Bangkok, Kabul—or forbidden Lhasa in the mysterious land of Tibet. Yet, to me, as an American, few places on earth are as exciting to visit as our own beautiful city of Washington—which has practically become the capital of the world.

"Standing beneath the Capitol dome, or viewing the colorful panorama from the Washington monument, you are fascinated, inspired. And one thrill follows another as you tour the legislative halls, the memorial shrines, the galleries, the Library of Congress—the almost endless places of interest.

"Here, you feel the heart of our nation, beating with the vigor of its tremendous strength. Here, too, is renewed an appreciation of our freedom and way of life. So, during this year of the Sesquicentennial celebration, plan a trip to Washington. To an American, there is no place in the world like it!"

Lowell Thomas

To make the most of your Washington trip-

Start it on a Baltimore & Ohio train. For the B&O offers the pleasant, comfortable kind of travel that makes a holiday complete. You enjoy the smooth, quiet gliding of Diesel-electric power, and the restfulness of fine coaches and luxurious Pullmans. You feel confident of arriving on time. And to the pleasures of Washington itself—described so enthusiastically by Lowell Thomas—you'll add the delicious food and friendly courtesy you discover on the B&O.

FREE LET LOWELL THOMAS SEND YOU THIS PICTORIAL WASHINGTON TRAVEL GUIDE

You will enjoy "roaming Washington" through every page of this attractively illustrated booklet. Fill in the coupon now, and mail at once.

Lowell Thomas
Box 341, 322 W. 52nd St., New York, N. Y. C-1

Please send me, without charge, the Pictorial Washington Travel Guide.

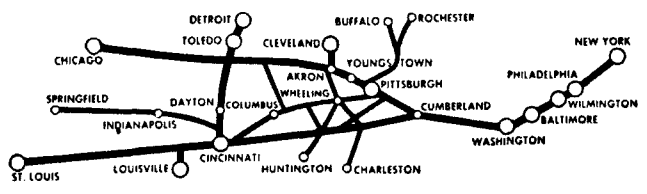
(Please Print)

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ ZONE____ STATE_____

Paste on a penny postal card, and mail today.



BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD

The only railroad between the East and the West passing directly through Washington

him, said, "The state police were under orders to follow you when I let you out of my car. You probably didn't know you were being shadowed, but you seemed to know just where to go and just what to do when you got here."

Rob, somewhat crestfallen, said, "I suppose I should have confided in the police."

"You didn't need to," Dr. Dixon said with a smile. "I think we know pretty generally what happened. I think our reasoning parallels yours, Rob, but I don't know how you knew about this place and what you were going to find here."

ROB said, "After all, it's rather simple. There *had* to be some woman involved. Some woman who knew the people at that Swiss inn. Some woman who could count on easy access to the Rapidex sedan. I knew that it wasn't Linda Carroll. There was only one other person it could have been. Linda Mae. She locked up the desk that had the gun in it and gave *a* key to Ostrander. She always referred to it as *the* key, but it's quite reasonable to suppose that there were two keys to that desk."

"Of course there were," Dr. Dixon said. "It's the only explanation. I can appreciate that Miss Carroll dislikes to testify against her own family, but I think it will simplify matters if she'll tell her story."

"All right," Linda said dispiritedly. "I guess there's no use trying to conceal things any longer.

"My aunt has always been eccentric and decidedly unconventional. She has a certain amount of talent but a limited imagination. She can paint like nobody's business, but she has a hard time finding things to paint.

"A year ago when she was over in Switzerland she found a painting by some little-known Swiss artist. A painting of dawn on a lake, with a campfire by the lake and the smoke coming up in a straight shaft until it hit one of the upper strata of air and spread out into a long, hazy cloud. A typical effect that we see so frequently over lakes at dawn.

"Well, Linda Mae simply stole that picture. That is, she didn't touch the painting itself, but she studied the composition, the coloring and the general theme of the painting. Then she came home and duplicated it and it was sold to a calendar company. That was her undoing, because the calendar attracted so much attention and was so popular that eventually a copy found its way into Switzerland and—well, the thing was hushed up, but people who were in a position to make or break an artist's reputation learned about it.

"That was a terrific blow to Aunt Linda Mae. She was all set really to capitalize on the reputation that painting had made for her. She went to Europe. At the time I didn't suspect a thing, but suddenly Aunt Linda Mae became exceedingly affluent. I suspected there might have been some smuggling, although I had absolutely no idea it could have been anything like drugs. I was thinking entirely in terms of jewelry.

"This year I decided I'd go to Europe. Somewhat to my surprise, Linda Mae made no attempt to accompany me, but she did insist that I stop at this inn and pay her compliments to Madame Charteux and her husband.

"Looking back on it, I can see it all now. Aunt Linda Mae simply decided to use me as a cat's-paw. René Charteux was her accomplice in the smuggling. It was only necessary for him to get possession of the car for a few hours to weld a secret receptacle on the under part of the car which would hold enough dope to make a small fortune when it was smuggled into the United States and sold at retail. I presume that his wife had learned what he was doing and threatened to tell the police, which was the reason she suddenly succumbed to what apparently was a case of mushroom poisoning.

"I admit that I was stupid. I just didn't put two and two together, even after Rob had told me about what he had found on the car. It wasn't until after Rob was arrested and charged with murder that I suddenly realized what must have happened. And then I was too foolish to go to the police. I thought I could handle it.

"I tried to play it smart. I pretended that I was still completely unaware of all the sinister implications. I tried to treat Aunt Linda Mae just as though nothing had happened, and as though I knew nothing. But she's cunning as a serpent. She must have read my mind. I think she knew almost the exact instant when I began putting two and two together. She insisted we should have a cup of tea. I realized the tea was drugged within five minutes of the time I had drunk it. I tried to hold on to my consciousness long enough to get to the telephone, but I collapsed in a heap on the floor and went to sleep.

"When I woke up I was here. I don't know what Aunt Linda Mae intended to do with me finally. Perhaps *she* didn't know."

Dr. Dixon looked at Lieutenant Tyler.

Lieutenant Tyler said, "Well, I guess everything's all right now. We're going to have to ask you to come to headquarters and sign a statement."

Linda said, "It's not so much what I actually know as what I suspect. For instance, that night when Merton Ostrander and I arrived at the house, Aunt Linda Mae told us she'd been in bed. Her hair was down and she wasn't wearing make-up, and—well, she fooled me. I really thought she had been in bed. Actually she must have gone with the man who went to dig up this cache of dope, managed to elude the police, must have got back to the houseboat apparently for a conference, then returned to the boat again just as the fire broke out. Then she must have driven back to Falthaven, arrived shortly before we did, and pretended she had been in bed and asleep.

"Then after Rob Trenton came and we all went to bed, she must have opened the desk, taken out the gun, gone to the river, picked up a speedboat and one of her gang, gone to where the burning houseboat had come to rest on the sand bar, gone aboard, fired two shells from the gun into Harvey Richmond's body, put two fresh cartridges in the magazine, and then gone back home, placed the gun back in the desk, locked the desk and pretended that she'd slept soundly all night. I know what she *must* have done, but I didn't see her doing it, and I can't actually testify to anything. I do know that she put a sleeping tablet in the glass of warm milk she gave Rob just before he went to bed."

"Well," Lieutenant Tyler said, "I want you to come to headquarters and talk with Colonel Stepney. He'll be getting the whole thing lined up. As a matter of fact, your aunt is already in custody."

"The deuce she is!" Rob said.

DR. DIXON smiled at him. "Good Lord, young man," he said dryly, "I hope you don't think that *you're* the only one who can put two and two together. The state police started working on the right theory almost as soon as I had completed my report on the cause of death."

Rob, somewhat crestfallen, said, "I—I guess I should have kept out of this."

"Well," Lieutenant Tyler said, "we couldn't help but wonder just how much you were mixed in this, and we wanted to give you a little rope to see whether you'd get all tangled up or not. As it is, you seem to have done a pretty good job."

"What about Ostrander?" Rob asked.

"I don't think we need to go into that at this time," Lieutenant Tyler said.

Dr. Dixon gave him a glance that was filled with significance, then looked toward Linda Carroll, turned his head slightly to take in Rob, and said quietly, "If I may make a suggestion, Lieutenant, I think the people here are entitled to an explanation. I had already talked with Rob Trenton about the disposition of those capsules that had been found in the pocket of his bathrobe by the customs officials."

Lieutenant Tyler, somewhat in surprise, looked up at Dr Dixon.

The pathologist caught and held the gaze of the police official.

A faint smile twisted the corners of Lieu-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tenant Tyler's mouth. He nodded acquiescence to Dr. Dixon, said, "I stand corrected, Doctor," then turned to address himself to Rob, taking care that what he said was distinctly audible to Linda Carroll, but that his remarks were definitely not addressed to her.

"Merton Ostrander," he said, "is apparently an adventurer—an opportunist, and a drifter. He stayed at the inn with René Charteux. It is difficult to determine just how much he learned of Charteux's smuggling activities, but he did learn something. It seems, however, that Charteux definitely did not confide anything about the smuggling conspiracy relating to the Rapidex sedan. It would also seem that some of René Charteux's associates *did* approach Ostrander, and Ostrander decided he could do some smuggling by boring out the metal plugs in Swiss cowbells and inserting contraband.

"And then for some reason Ostrander lost his nerve. He never did go through with it, and when he began to realize he was being investigated on shipboard, he was so afraid the holes he had drilled in the clappers of the cowbells would be discovered, that he dumped the whole shipment overboard. All except four bells which Miss Carroll asked for and received, bells which he could not very well refrain from giving her, and which because they were in *her* baggage passed unchecked through Customs."

Rob thought that over. "And the capsules?" he asked.

Dr. Dixon smiled. "As I told you, the capsules were taken by Customs and given to Harvey Richmond. Then they seemed to disappear. No one knew what had happened to them. They weren't among his personal effects. Then we thought of the obvious, and I'm free to confess our faces were a little red."

"What was the obvious?" Rob asked.

"He'd sent them to a chemist to have them analyzed. We found them in the chemist's laboratory. It might interest you to know their contents."

"What?" Rob Trenton asked.

"Bicarbonate of soda, pepsin and a little peppermint," Dr. Dixon said dryly.

Lieutenant Tyler turned to Linda Carroll. "I think we'd better start, Miss Carroll. You can ride in with us and—"

Dr. Dixon interrupted. "I hope you'll pardon me if I make another suggestion, Lieutenant. Rob Trenton has a car here. If it's all the same with you, Miss Carroll might ride in with Rob and they can compare notes. One may help the other to recall some bit of evidence which may be significant. I'll take the responsibility."

The lieutenant nodded. "All right, go ahead."...

Rob, using his little flashlight, piloted Linda along the path at the edge of the pasture, down through the trees, toward the place where he had left his automobile.

The night was calm and silent. There was no breath of wind, no faintest cloud. The stars blazed down with steady brilliance.

Linda put her hand on Rob's arm. "Don't be in too big a rush, Rob," she said. "There's something so majestic about the night. Oh, Rob, I've always *loved* this place."

"And that, I suppose," Rob said, "was why you wanted the four cowbells."

"Of course. I came out here, put the bells on the cows, the first thing I did after getting unpacked. Oh, Rob, I—"

SOME night noise startled the sleeping cattle. A deep, musical cowbell broke the silence, followed almost immediately by the other bells. Then they settled down once more, and the bells came in a slow rhythm of musical harmony.

"It's like Switzerland," she said softly. "Oh, Rob, how I wish we were back there, and that all *this* that has happened could just be a nightmare."

"It's happened," Rob said. "There's nothing one can do about it. I presume the information about Merton Ostrander came as a terrific shock to you."

"Oh, in a way," she said. "But in another way I had him sized up all the time."

"You did!" Rob exclaimed in surprise. "I—why, I thought you liked him."

"I do like him," she said, smiling, "but the reason I liked him was because he drew *you* out. He started you talking, Rob—I love to listen to you. Merton knew the country and the people and he was very observing, but—well, you knew more of the underlying philosophy of people and of life. But if it hadn't been for Merton to sort of start you going, you'd have just sat there and soaked up the scenery."

Rob thought that over. Then he took Linda's arm and piloted her to the automobile.

"Dr. Dixon," he said firmly, "wanted us to compare notes. I'm quite certain there's no great rush about our getting back and since you like it here, we may as well— I'm quite certain Dr. Dixon wants us to canvass the entire situation."

"Yes," she said demurely. "He seemed most—most—"

"Helpful," Rob said. THE END

Charlie McCarthy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

"Edgar," he declared, "I didn't know you were such a genius. You must give that to the world, and I guess we can fix your grades a little."

Bergen graduated with his class and went on to Northwestern University. There Charlie not only helped pay the bills, but was responsible for Bergen's election to Delta Upsilon, which had a reputation as the "theatrical" fraternity. Bergen still maintains a lavender-and-pressed-flower romance with Northwestern, even though an anemic bank account kept him from graduating. He has established 12 scholarships—worth $400 a year each—in the speech arts at the university, and keeps in touch with the winners.

"I've never forgotten," he says wryly, "that lack of money kept me from finishing my education, and even though the university gave me a degree 20 years after I left there, it wasn't the same." Northwestern also conferred upon Charlie the degree of "Master of Innuendo and Snappy Comebacks." The presentation was a gimmick worth snickers and column inches from coast to coast, but privately Bergen is piqued over the fact that no university—Northwestern included—has a worth-while course in professional humor.

"Sometimes I think there's too much Shakespeare taught," he says. "It's comedy that really pays off—comedy that fits the times. I have had some of my scholarship people come to me after majoring in drama and say, 'Now where do I go to work?' I have to say, 'I'm damned if I know.'"

Bergen humbly neglects to add that if he himself is a great artist, it is not because he is a college-educated entertainer, a virtuoso of ventriloquism, or even a master craftsman of the theater, but rather because he is motivated by compelling psychological forces that are unique. Along with that, Bergen has a talent for verbal thrusts so original and sharp that no professional comedian has ever encountered them without retreating, dazed and scarred. Combined, these factors explain why, in the long history of ventriloquism—from Eurycles of Athens to the immortal Arthur Prince of England—no other dummy but Charlie McCarthy is remembered by name.

Charlie's psychological strangle hold on his master may be broken when Bergen introduces a new puppet on a projected television show. Next week's article reveals Bergen's daring plan

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Captain Ollie and the Monster

By GILBERT BYRON

CAPTAIN OLLIE sat on the back steps. The locust tree had blossomed—a sign that soft crabs had come to the creek. In other springs this had always made him happy. But this morning Captain Ollie was mad. He had been hopping mad—now he was cunning mad.

It had all started two days before. While spading the garden, the captain had been seized with a dizzy spell. He'd figured that it was something he'd eaten but Miss Birdie, his wife, had insisted on taking him to the new doctor. Just like a woman, always trying something new. This doc, a young feller, had wrapped a rubber thing around his arm and pumped it up. Sort of scared him.

"Your blood pressure is much too high for an old man," he had said.

That young squirt had called him an old man, and he was only eighty-two. Then he had ordered him to take a nap every day, like a baby, and there was a sack of pills for him to swallow down. If Miss Birdie had kept quiet, things would have stopped there.

"Do you think my husband should row his boat, Doctor?" she had asked.

"Most certainly not," he had said, "that's much too strenuous for an old man. For the present he ought not to leave the yard at all." . . .

Old Man Ollie was sitting on the back steps now, waiting for a chance to escape. Miss Birdie didn't even trust him any more. She watched him like a hawk and had locked the shed where he kept his oars and dip net, and hid his key. Now he heard her coming through the summer kitchen and closed his eyes in a pretended doze.

"I've got to go to the store, Mr. Ollie," she said. "I'll only be gone a minute."

"Huh?" he said, sleepily opening one eye.

"Don't you stir out of the yard," she commanded.

When he was sure that Miss Birdie was out of hearing, Captain Ollie became exceedingly spry for an old man. He tossed a brick through the shed's only window and retrieved his oars and dip net. Then he went to the kitchen, took a loaf of bread, filled a jug with water, paused to catch his breath, and swore. But once on the oyster-shell path, the old waterman felt ready for anything.

The wharf was deserted. Captain Ollie slipped the hitches from the piling and gave his boat a shove downstream. A heron squawked and flew ahead.

"Heigho, honey," the captain said. "They couldn't keep the old man from coming down the creek. Just let me get my poor old feet in the cove water and I'll soon be hard again." He thought with relish about a mess of fried soft crabs.

Thoughts of soft crabs reminded him of Old Barney, the giant jumbo that had always escaped his net. Most folks, at least the educated ones, didn't believe Old Barney could possibly have lived as long as it was said he had, but the watermen feared and hated him. The monster tangled trotlines, tore great holes in seines, and had even, it was said, dared to make off once with a loose oar and another time with a dip net.

Captain Ollie's struggle with the huge crab had been a long one, beginning on that spring day when little Ollie, aged eleven, had stepped on what felt like a big snapping turtle. The creature had savagely seized his big toe and the boy had clearly seen the tremendous crab. He'd known that it couldn't be a snapping turtle, for once a turtle grips you it can't let go until the sun goes down.

After that, he'd seen the giant often, and once he'd almost netted the monster but the big fellow had seized the dip net frame in his big claws and climbed out. That was when Captain Ollie had first noticed the barnacles on his back and nicknamed him Old Barney. And not so long ago the old waterman had been pulling in a trout, when the jumbo came up out of the depths to cut his line and swim away with the fish, not to mention a new hook and sinker. That had been pretty humiliating, because one of his cronies, Captain Burt, had seen it happen, and reported the details, with embellishments, to the eager students of the art of billiards at Floyd's Academy. . . .

Captain Ollie reached the cove and slipped his shoes off. Dip net in hand, he waded the shallows. Schools of little minnows fled before him. Soon he netted his first soft crab, a small one.

"Does your mama know you're out, honey?" he crooned, softly pressing the velvet shell before placing it in the boat.

The old man was approaching Old Barney's bailiwick and moved quietly, dip net cocked. There was the log where he had glimpsed the big devil last summer. What was that faint touch of red in the crab grass? At first, in great excitement, he thought it was Old Barney and gathered himself for the lunge. Then his trained eyes, seeing the relaxed position of the huge claws, told him that it was only the slough of the great crab. From its position, he knew that Old Barney had left it that very morning and must still be close by.

Captain Ollie stood very still and studied the log. After a while, there was a slight stir in the mud, and he stretched out his long arms. His hands carefully explored the area along the log and closed on something large, soft and helpless. When he stood up he was holding Old Barney; he was panting.

The captain placed the crab in the bottom of the boat and gloated. "Well, you rascal, Old Man Ollie has caught up with you at last. I guess you figured I wouldn't be coming down the creek so early in the spring."

The giant's eyes protruded and he tried to raise one of his fighting claws. "You're no good any more, Old Barney," Captain Ollie taunted. "You're softer than the old man and now the creek won't ever harden your shell."

The crab stirred and squirted a stream of water in the captain's direction. "Still want to fight?" said Captain Ollie. "It won't do you no good—you might as well crumple and die."

ALL of a sudden Captain Ollie felt very old, and then he had a dizzy spell. When his head cleared, he figured it must be hunger, so he ate the bread and drank the water he had brought. He looked at Old Barney; the crab was watching him.

He placed a few crumbs close to the crab's mouth, but Old Barney was in no condition to take nourishment. The waterman covered him with grass, trying to hide the searching eyes. He had the feeling that an old friend was passing—the creek would not be the same with Old Barney gone.

Then Captain Ollie made a decision. He picked the giant up and stroked his soft shell. "I'm going to give you another chance, old feller. I guess we came out a little too early this spring—you and me both." He slipped the crab into the creek and watched him swim away.

Captain Ollie sighed and picked up his oars. He wouldn't tell Miss Birdie and the young doc about his meeting with Old Barney. They would just say he was getting dotty. THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Portrait by Alfred Freudeman

"On the road or at home,

I'm an Avon fan!"

says Joe DiMaggio

Joe Di Maggio selecting Avon products from Miss Dorothy Wills, an Avon Representative

Among the Avon products purchased by Joe Di Maggio

"Whether the team is playing in New York or away, an Avon shave is the first event on my program every day. Avon Shave Cream followed by Avon's After-shave Lotion and Talc starts a man off on the right foot."

Like Joe Di Maggio, baseball's most popular star, many men now prefer Avon's shaving luxury, having been introduced to Avon by a wife or mother who purchased from the Avon Representative.

Welcome her when she calls.

AVON

TOILETRIES FOR MEN

and Avon cosmetics for Women

©

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take soothing
Pepto-Bismol
and feel good again!

Your stomach needs *gentle* treatment when it's upset. Don't add to the upset with overdoses of harsh laxatives or antacids.

Take *soothing* PEPTO-BISMOL. Its action is *different*. PEPTO-BISMOL* spreads a soothing, protective coating on irritated stomach and intestinal walls—*gives fast 3-way relief:*

1. *Helps calm and quiet the upset.*
2. *Helps retard fermentation and formation of gas.*
3. *Helps sweeten and settle the stomach.*

Whenever you suffer from acid indigestion, heartburn, diarrhea or other common digestive distress, take pleasant, soothing PEPTO-BISMOL. *At all drug stores.*

Eczema-like
RASHES?
Don't scratch them

Scratching only leads to *more* scratching—and possible infection. Apply soothing, antiseptic Zemacol lotion.

Zemacol quickly helps relieve the itching and burning of eczema-like rashes, poison ivy or oak and many other skin irritations—kills germs, bacteria and fungi on contact.

And Zemacol is invisible in use—greaseless—stainless—doesn't show on your skin. Sold with the money-back guarantee of The Norwich Pharmacal Co. At all drug stores.

***If it itches at all, use* ZEMACOL**

Would You Enter a Door Marked 'Socialism'?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

doubled the output each of us produces for every hour we work. We have increased our supply of machine power four and a half times. We have lowered our death rate from 17.2 to 9.9 per thousand; we have increased our life expectancy from 49 years to 66.8.

All this achievement in the way of mass production and distribution gives me, as a businessman, a surging sense of pride. But I take little pride in what we have accomplished toward the development of mass understanding. We have not been able to get across exactly what this achievement all means, or how it came about, or to convince ourselves as a nation that this glowing pattern is now threatened by the encroachments of government paternalism and the menace of what has been called the "farewell state."

Our educators, who boast of their ability to teach, and our businessmen, who boast of their ability to sell, have conspicuously failed, up to the present time, to teach and sell the American way of life to the American public. The failure is all the more marked because most Americans hate regimentation and loathe bureaucracy.

Perhaps the fervency of my feelings will be more readily understood if I introduce myself. I hail from Brooklyn, city of churches and home of the Dodgers. I run a department store there, unfortunately not as well known throughout the country as "dem bums," but managing nevertheless to struggle along on an annual business of over $15,000,000. It was founded in 1876 by my father, a German immigrant who started his merchandising career as a door-to-door salesman, and who built the business to a position of community leadership, thanks to the opportunities of the enterprise system.

Technically, then, I am only a first-generation American. But I could not love my country more if my ancestors had paddled across the Atlantic a few years ahead of the Mayflower. I have served the United States in two wars—in World War I with a combat division of the Regular Army, in World War II as an overseas specialist with the armed forces. I have been active in politics since the torchlight parades of my boyhood. For the past 20 years I have attended every Republican national convention and done my best to keep the party's platforms liberal and realistic.

With that background, when I reflect on the privileges and opportunities I have enjoyed under the American economy—operating under a constitutional system which so far has recognized the need for and protected the results of initiative, incentive and invention—is it any wonder that I want to see the system perpetuated for others?

At the same time that we businessmen have made a mess of selling the public on our system, the enemies of free enterprise have taken advantage of our every error and lapse. They have done a brilliant job of selling their collectivist propaganda, using every device in the book—the smear, the half-truth and the economic distortion. But however achieved, the success of their efforts cannot be denied. The businessman, formerly the hero of the great American drama, is now widely regarded as the villain of the piece.

Recently the Opinion Research Corporation made a comprehensive survey to determine what the public really thinks about the American economic system. What does labor think, for instance?

Factory workers, the survey showed, believe that management has let them down. They were asked who had done the most to raise the workers' standard of living over the years—management, government or labor unions. Only 15 per cent voted for management; 43 per cent said government, and 42 per cent labor unions.

They were also asked specifically as to their attitude toward management. Were they friendly, apathetic or hostile to it? Eighteen per cent were hostile and 28 per cent were apathetic. That's a big proportion of indifference and enmity, a big block of workers who don't give a hoot whether private enterprise or government runs the business which employs them.

Another blunt question in the O.R.C. survey was, "Do you think that corporations tell the truth about their profits?" Only 41 per cent answered yes. The rest thought that big business falsified its reports and concealed profits. This alarming vote of lack-of-confidence must have been based on emotional reaction rather than logic, because presumably everybody knows that corporation reports are rigidly supervised and inspected by government accountants and tax experts, and that falsified reports can hardly hope to escape the diligence of these sleuths.

Obviously, there has been something wrong with the way we businessmen have handled our case. We are going through all the motions of rescuing our private enterprise system. But instead of putting up our fists and inflicting real damage on our opponents, we are mostly shadowboxing. We pass resolutions against government encroaching on private business. We argue against creeping Socialism. But too often the debate is confined to our own circles. We speak at dinners and meetings by the score, but we seldom contact the man in the street. The sad fact remains that the forces fighting to achieve government enterprise are winning too many rounds.

There is one basic principle we have got to get through our heads. Al Smith shrewdly said: "You can't beat something with nothing." It is not enough merely to oppose the welfare state. We must offer something better in its place. We must be positive, not negative. We can't arouse enthusiasm for our beliefs merely by criticizing the other fellow's.

We should make these things plain: that we do not deny the right of any and every citizen to adequate education, housing, medical care and job security; that we believe, however, that private enterprise can handle most of these security problems and get results as astounding as it has achieved with the problems of mass production and distribution; and that we fear and distrust the "Papa knows best" philosophy in which the state assumes it can spend the citizen's money more wisely than he can spend it himself. If we expect to gain recruits, we must offer a positive program in which we as businessmen recognize and define the full extent of our social responsibilities to our employees, stockholders and communities.

The practical goal of our program should be to achieve a welfare society instead of a welfare state. The distinction between these two is the difference between Socialism and capitalism, the difference between the incentive that reaches up for success, and the complacency that reaches down for security. It is also, I am certain, the difference between national solvency and national bankruptcy.

The trouble with Washington is that it has forgotten its traditional democratic role of servant of the people. Instead of trying to transfer a maximum of social planning to private hands, it has sought to hold more and more power in its own hands. Instead of offering businessmen tax incentives and similar inducements, it has done everything possible to penalize and discourage them from undertaking private social welfare enterprises.

My concept of a welfare society is a self-reliant civilization in which stockholders, management and labor co-operate to obtain for themselves the various benefits and securities which New and Fair Dealers mistakenly assume only a welfare state can provide.

Naturally all these things will cost money, but in the past American business has always found the money when a job had to be done. The vast sums they spent in capital investment for mass production quickly came back in increased profits. Investment in personnel can also pay off, for men and women give most freely of themselves when the present offers them opportunities for pleasant and profitable self-expression, and the future guarantees them reasonable expectation of happiness.

A businessman who establishes a good society within his corporation is not merely an altruist. He is a sensible man who knows that prosperous and happy workers will produce a better product at a lower cost. That is why I am confident American business, if only through enlightened self-interest, will—if allowed to—embrace the

"About this blind date you got for me, Paula—how much does he look like?"
COLLIER'S — JOHN DEMPSEY

Next Week

You Can't See That Movie: Censorship In Action

The Derby's Bill Corum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Because
MONGOL
stays sharper
longer

Willie chews up fewer pencils in the sharpener . . . the firm's pencil costs drop! Further advantage . . . MONGOL points are GUARANTEED not to break in normal use . . . fewer work-interruptions! Read how to save office time, "How to Relate Pencils to Results." Free . . . ask your Stationer.

TRADE MARKS REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

EBERHARD FABER
BROOKLYN • TORONTO
SINCE 1849

YOUR DOG HATES FLEAS!
When your dog has fleas, it's time for PULVEX FLEA POWDER. Not only kills fleas instantly, but actually keeps 'em off for days! Wonderfully easy! Effective! At drug, pet and department stores . . . 25c, 50c, Kennel size . . . $1.25.

PULVEX FLEA POWDER
One of 25 Quality Pulvex Dog Remedies

He Prefers It
On Steak
For Goodness Sake

A·1
Sauce — the dash that makes the dish
Ask for A.1. when dining out, too.

program of a welfare society within the framework of our present system.

Before this can be done, however, the second of our two great errors must be rectified. If we have failed to create a proper mass understanding of our country's economic predicament, we have also intensified the failure by mishandling our most precious raw material, the youth of the country.

Just as our shops and factories replace the inventory on their shelves from time to time, so we must keep replenishing our human inventory. And nowadays the new recruits to this inventory are coming to us woefully unprepared as to the facts of our economic life.

What are the schools doing about it? It is their job to supply the educational background of all the future managers, owners and workers in industry and business. Obviously, if there is any one subject they should stress, to provide their students with a better understanding of society, it is the study of economics. Yet a report issued last fall by the Joint Council on Economic Education shows the extent to which the schools have failed.

Professor G. Derwood Baker of New York University, director of the council, declared that "in the nation as a whole, not more than 5 per cent of the boys and girls leaving high school have received adequate instruction in economics. Yet as citizens they are called upon to pass upon economic issues which vitally affect the future of the country."

Is the situation any better in the colleges and universities? In many cases it is worse, because instead of getting nothing, our college students are actually getting misinformation and bad guidance.

College faculties are loaded with the Handout State's and the Gimme State's most enthusiastic votaries. I speak with some authority on this situation, as chairman of the board of trustees of one of the largest vocational institutes in the country —New York State's new Institute of Applied Arts and Sciences in Brooklyn.

Textbooks Favor Statism

In the course of my contact with the educational field, I have found that in many leading colleges and universities the economics faculties are far from wholehearted in favor of our present free enterprise system. We have a veritable army of teachers who favor more government in business. And a considerable proportion of the college and university textbooks in economics criticize the whole concept of free enterprise. Either openly or deviously, they propagandize widespread governmental operation of industry and centralized control of any remaining segments of the business structure.

I have just been reading a text book used in 170 institutions of higher learning, including Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Columbia, Boston University, the U.S. Naval Academy, Amherst, the University of California, the University of Pennsylvania, the Catholic University of America, Bryn Mawr, Smith and Vassar. It might well be the bible of those who advocate the welfare state. While giving lip service to free enterprise, the author overlooks no opportunity to criticize our present system. Such conclusions as the following are typical:

"Now the remarkable fact is not how much the government does to control economic activity . . . but how much it does *not* do, even in time of war when controls multiply."

"Cradle-to-grave security has great popularity; if the private economy cannot supply it naturally, people will insist upon getting it artificially from governments."

"Socialist Britain (1948) has more civil liberties than did the United States in the 1920 era of rugged individualism."

"No longer is modern man able to believe that government governs best which governs least."

"Wasteful competitive advertising, needless insignificant differentiation of products, distortion of consumers' tastes and beliefs —all these are extra evils when pushed beyond the useful informative functions of legitimate advertising."

A similar book, designed for high-school use, was handed me recently by a young student. The authors define "democracy" rather questionably as "an attitude of the people," and move quickly from that definition into arguments for a Socialistic or welfare state. Later they devote several pages to a Utopian exposition of Soviet government and economy. One reviewer wrote of this book: "Any school which believes in indoctrinating its pupils toward a Socialistic state by the surreptitious presentation of half-truths under the guise of education should find this book useful."

Few Realists Are Teachers

These are two random examples of the kind of welfare state propaganda being dished up in educational establishments of the highest standing. The fact is that most "practical economists," the realists who prefer fact to theory, are employed by private business. Only a minority remain in the teaching profession.

There is a tendency in the colleges to forget that economics is a fairly recent and experimental science. Unlike the physical sciences, it does not consist of a series of provable facts. Unfortunately we cannot test economic theory on guinea pigs and white mice; the laboratory has to be the world and its citizens.

Every American who is a member of his local school board, or a member of a parent-teacher association, or a trustee of any educational institution ought to investigate the views advocated by the teachers and textbooks. He should study the type of economic instruction offered at the college or university which he attended, or which is located in his home community.

This should not be construed to mean that I endorse any "thought control" over educators, the burning of "dangerous" books, the selection of faculties by big business, or any other restrictions that curtail academic freedom. I am simply convinced that more contacts between teachers and practical businessmen will help to put more realism into their teaching.

There is no use blaming the state of economic education and general public misinformation on any single group or party. It is today's fashion to regard anyone opposed to the welfare state as a heartless reactionary who would deny the average man the ordinary decencies of life. On the contrary, many of us who are alarmed at the growth of statism are humiliated by poor housing, insufficient medical care, substandard wages and unprotected old age. We think the New and Fair Dealers have had and still have the right questions—but the wrong answers. The only truly American answer is not a welfare state, but a welfare society.

All along the line, we businessmen in particular must do a selling job on behalf of this welfare society. I propose that every business and corporation, regardless of size, set aside a substantial percentage of its advertising budget to tell our citizens what free enterprise has done for the United States in the past, and what it can do for the world in the future.

Some of my fellow industrialists may suggest that I am being very generous in devising ways to spend their money—they may insist they need every dollar to promote the sale of their own products. But I say that unless we reverse the direction of current thinking, the time will come when they will have no products of their own to merchandise.

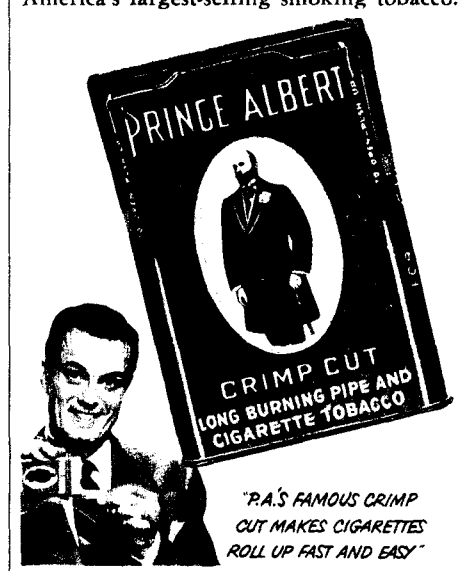
Of course, more education and more advertising are not enough. They are merely means to an end—weapons in a vital battle to promote the belief that a free economy is indispensable to a free people, to repudiate the concepts of "no more frontiers," and to proclaim our steadfast faith in America Unlimited. THE END

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

P.A.*
means Pipe Appeal and Prince Albert

● Yes! Everything's right with *her*. He has Pipe Appeal! And everything's right with *him*. He has Prince Albert in his pipe!

Get P.A.! Crimp cut Prince Albert packs right, smokes right, and tastes right—and Prince Albert's choice tobacco is specially treated to insure against tongue bite. P.A.'s America's largest-selling smoking tobacco.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
"P.A.'S FAMOUS CRIMP CUT MAKES CIGARETTES ROLL UP FAST AND EASY"

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teen-Age Punks

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

a fist wrapped in brass knuckles. The gang stalked on. . . . The man went to the hospital with a broken jaw.

Often five or ten smaller kids, nine, ten and eleven, followed the Big Four around, watching their operations. These were the audience—"the admirers," the police report called them. Sometimes when the gang lacked for victims it would turn around and beat the daylights out of the admirers. Next week—a new crop of admirers.

I talked to two of the gang after they had been turned over to the California Youth Authority for commitment. One smiled as though he had been caught in some mischievous peccadillo. "I guess we just got a kick out of it," he said. The other, hard, defiant, snapped at the youth worker who sat in on the interview, "It's all your fault, your fault, your fault!" He felt that society was being hard on him.

As hard as brass knuckles?

San Francisco was getting it fast—punks caught beating up pedestrians, hot-rodding in stolen cars, running around with spring-blade knives, holding up women, crashing into theaters, beating up ushers. Then the Fred Schoene case broke on January 20th.

Schoene and some of his friends were in a poolroom in Sharp Park, down the peninsula in San Mateo County. In came a couple of kids, one sixteen, one seventeen, from San Francisco. Punk rivalries being as incendiary as they are, an incident was brewing in no time.

(Police desperately tried to find motives. Perhaps they don't know that in punkdom no motives are necessary. Did the Sharp Park boys resent San Francisco boys muscling in on their territory, making eyes at their girls? Had one of the San Francisco boys been beaten up by a gang from down the peninsula recently, and was he carrying a chip on his shoulder? What did it matter?)

As Schoene put it, "The San Francisco boys got tough and went out and got in their car. My friends told me to get my hot rod because it's faster . . . We chased them." Six boys in Schoene's car, the two San Francisco boys in the other. The race roared through Sharp Park. Up and down Coast Highway No. 1. Over the dark, winding roads of the San Mateo coastside. Into Pedro Valley. There was the customary hot-rod insanity: fender-bumping ("fender-dueling" they call it), screeching stops, roaring starts, shoving the other car off the road, cutting in front and slamming on the brakes to make the other fellow swerve for his life, speed, two-wheel turns, bumps from behind.

Caught in a Dead-End Trap

Finally the San Francisco boys swerved into a deserted road leading to a famous old landmark, reputedly the first house built on the peninsula, the Sanchez Adobe. Schoene and his buddies simply pulled up to the mouth of the road and stopped. They waited. They figured their adversaries had driven themselves into a cul-de-sac and soon would be frantically trying to get out.

It happened just that way. The San Francisco boys' car came back down the road. It stopped head on to Schoene's car, 40 feet away, the headlights of the two cars glaring into each other like angry eyes. There, a strange drama of our time was enacted.

Schoene got out of his car and started walking through the blazing light.

"Stop! We have guns. If you come any closer we'll shoot!" shouted one of the San Francisco boys. The two of them, just kids of sixteen and seventeen, got out into the road and stood facing Schoene spread-legged, like actors on a klieg-lighted stage.

Schoene took another step. A shot cracked out. Schoene staggered. Another shot. Another. Another. Six shots in all. Five of them burrowed into Schoene's body.

"Take care of your buddy! He's hit!" yelled the San Francisco boys as they gunned their car around Schoene's hot rod and back into the night. Schoene, badly wounded, was taken to San Mateo Community Hospital.

Next day the two San Francisco youths were at large. Their parents frantically put out "missing persons" alarms for them—as if the police weren't handling that matter already. The mother of one got on the radio and pleaded, "Come home, son. At a time like this your place is in your home. Give yourself up. Face the music." That evening the boys were captured in a Salinas café. They had wandered in after running out of gas and hitchhiking. Each had a gun in a holster strapped to his belt. A customer quietly called the police.

"Now, Alfred, you'll be much older than any of the other children and you're going to be the only boy, so I want you to set a fine example"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

In January, 173 kids under eighteen were arrested in San Francisco. This was the highest monthly rate for all time, higher even than the monthly average for turbulent, wartime 1945. For 1949 the juvenile arrest total was 1,521, 25 per cent higher than 1948. San Franciscans shook their heads. They were getting all too accustomed to such incidents as these:

—A thirteen-year-old schoolgirl shot in the leg by kids who were "target practicing." (They had a secret cache of weapons including a tommy gun, eight pistols and 4,500 rounds of ammunition.)

—A K-line streetcar stopped and held up Jesse James-style by five kids.

—A seventeen-year-old boy beaten up and left semiconscious in the street at Twenty-third and Mission with cuts, head injuries and a fractured jaw. He had been kicked in the face.

—A man stopped in front of his house on Monterey Boulevard and asked for a match by a kid in blue jeans. As he held out a match he was punched in the face, jumped by three others, beaten and cut, his wallet stolen.

—An off-duty police sergeant held up by a masked kid with a gun on Ottawa Street.

When you look at some of these half-pint desperadoes you are amazed. Most of them are callow boys, gangling, narrow-shouldered, still growing, their cheeks just beginning to beard. They wear T-shirts and blue jeans.

I remember seeing one of them booked by the police. When he emptied his pockets, out came jelly beans.

It is hard to reconcile the full flush of youth—and the jelly beans—with the stark violence. In some cases, cutting and beating seems to be an end in itself. A new phrase has crept up in the police department: the "no-reason assault." The punks don't even know who their victim is. They have no reason to beat him up. They just want to beat up somebody—*anybody*.

Little kids are quick to pick up the pattern. They trail the gangs as worshipful spectators. They "earn" their manliness by doing what the big boys do. How far do they carry it? Take this case:

"San Francisco, December 21st—a thirteen-year-old boy today broke into his parents' liquor supply, took two shots of whisky, two beers—then went to a near-by playground and beat up a six-year-old."

All time-honored notions of sportsmanship are gone. I sat in a juvenile court hearing and heard Judge Milton Sapiro heatedly say to six boys who had beaten up an innocent man, "How much courage do you think you have? Do you think you are courageous, bold boys—or just yellow cowards?"

Later I talked to one of these boys in the detention home.

"Sure, I socked the guy," he said.

"Why do things like that? What's the point?" I asked.

"I guess a kid wants to make a name for himself," he replied.

A name for himself? A kid's name would be mud, in the old days, if he ever took part in a fight of six against one. He'd be a yellowbelly and a coward. Sure, there were fights in the schoolyard. But when two kids squared away, that was an inviolate command for all other kids to stand off. As for weapons—if a kid ever was caught with a hunk of lead in his fist he'd be a pariah in the neighborhood for weeks.

"Never hit a guy when he's down" was another rule kids lived by in the old days. Not so in punkdom. A routine strategy in San Francisco's beatings was to knock the victim off his feet, then kick him in the face and stomp on him with heavy boots. The punks shod themselves especially for kicking-when-down. They'd take a new pair of shoes to the cobbler and get extra half-inch soles and heavy heels put on. One shoemaker refused to take such jobs. "I know what they want them for," he told police.

Biting and scratching is another specialty. Police have found victims with bloody teeth marks on their cheeks and arms. Twenty years ago a kid who resorted to biting would have been razzed out of the neighborhood!

The upshot of San Francisco's epidemic of punkism was one gigantic question:

What can we do about it?

Police Chief Michael Mitchell hastily cracked down on curfew violators. Kids under eighteen who were found on the streets after 11:00 P.M. were rounded up, questioned, searched, sent home or run in to the Juvenile Detention Home. The creameries, bowling alleys, doughnut parlors and juke joints were invaded nightly by patrols. This is an ancient police technique. When the public is incensed, stage a cleanup until it blows over. Henry C. Maginn, president of the Board of Police Commissioners, wasn't trying to fool anybody about this, least of all himself. Philosophically he said to me, "I know I can send cops out to scatter the bad boys. But what good does it do?"

Other San Franciscans pulled the old wheeze about punishing the parents. "Parents should be punished for the misdemeanors of their children. They are the ones to blame," a righteous civic leader shouted. Perhaps he didn't know that right in San Francisco parent-punishment was given a big whirl in 1943. Mothers and fathers were forced to attend a "parental school." It flopped—until all punishment aspects were removed and it was changed to a "guidance center."

Other cities have thrown parents in jail, only to find that it made matters worse.

A Father's Tragic Problem

I thought of the righteous parent-punishers the night we called on Mr. B. I was riding with a Juvenile Bureau patrol when the call came in. We went to the B family's little apartment, in one of the housing projects. We all sat and took notes, two juvenile officers, a policewoman and myself, while Mr. B told his story.

"I don't like to ask the police to help me with my business," he said. "But I'm stuck. I'm at the end of my rope." He told about his seventeen-year-old boy . . . "He stays out until three or four o'clock every night. I talk to him—it doesn't mean a thing. He disobeys everything I tell him. I can't tell him anything." The man's eyes began to moisten when finally he said, "When I try to correct him, he tells me where to head in at. He's even struck me . . ."

Can you help matters by punishing a parent like this?

Still other San Franciscans clamored for the "playground approach." The way to combat punkism is to build playgrounds, they said. Let the kids kick a football instead of kicking one another.

In 1947, San Francisco voted a $12,000,000 bond issue for youth recreation. Playgrounds *are* being built and a full-blown recreation program is charted up to 1953. It is all to the good, of course. But the punk problem has a special angle. Punks stay away from the playgrounds. As Ray Peterson, the boy who had his eye bashed in, put it, "They think a fellow's a sissy if he goes in for sports."

One of San Francisco's most experienced youth workers, Will Fawcett, principal of Horace Mann Junior High School, declared, "Youngsters having delinquent tendencies . . . do not want anything to do with organized social or recreational activities which appeal to most youth. Our efforts to bring them into social activities or to engage them in group recreational activities have been unsuccessful."

So the "playground approach," while worth while, has a big gap. You get the nice kids (the "good heads" they call them in San Francisco) at the playgrounds, while the punks still roam the streets.

Dewey Mead, of the board of supervisors (San Francisco's governing body), thought he had the answer to punkism in a very few well-chosen words. He stated: "These egotistical, fatheaded punks should be taken to the woodshed and given old-fashioned spankings!"

Some San Franciscans agreed. Said one, "I would recommend a public whipping post." Said another, "There ought to be public spankings on the City Hall steps." Another, more original, suggested shaving the heads of punks—as they did to mistresses of the Nazis in France.

But when you looked back of all the fuss

This Is Another of Collier's Terror in Our Cities Reports

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"We've come a long way since then"

"I'm Harry Neesman. For the last ten years I've owned an attractive bar and restaurant at 1815 Farnam Street, Omaha. I've done pretty well because I've built my business on three things—good food, drinks, and service.

"Up above you see me holding a picture that tells quite a story . . . it proves that we've come a long way in our handling of alcoholic beverages.

"Last week I ran across some figures that made me take another good look at that picture, for the figures prove that when it comes to drinking, folks sure are growing up.

* * *

"Back in 1850 the average yearly consumption of distilled spirits was 2.2 gallons per person, but by the time 1917 rolled around the figure had dropped to 1.6 gallons.

"You'd think that Prohibition would have cut the average way down, but it didn't. Consumption went up instead to about 1.7 gallons a year. Nobody won *that* battle except the bootlegger!

"And when I think of the illegitimate speakeasies, the gang wars, and the deaths from poisonous alcohol, I wonder how this country managed to put up with it for 14 years.

"As a business and a family man, with a child of my own, I'm thankful that's all behind us. And I hope we're all smart enough never to let the bootlegger take over again.

"Today, we've got a well-run, law-abiding, *legal* industry that's giving jobs to over a million people, and helping to make jobs for many more in over 400 different businesses. And don't forget—alcoholic beverages produce more taxes than any other single product. Today, you and I are getting good liquor, made in spotless distilleries under strict government supervision.

* * *

"Funny thing, though. With legal liquor so widely available you'd think that consumption would be way up. Instead, it's down to 1.2 gallons of distilled spirits per person per year . . . *less than ever before.*

"When you look at the figures, it's pretty clear that as a nation we Americans have sort of grown up.

"We've learned how to control the sale of alcoholic beverages and we've learned how to drink more intelligently and moderately.

"To me, the credit for all this has to be split two ways. It's due to good people in the legal liquor business . . . and good sense on the part of those who value their right to drink.

* * *

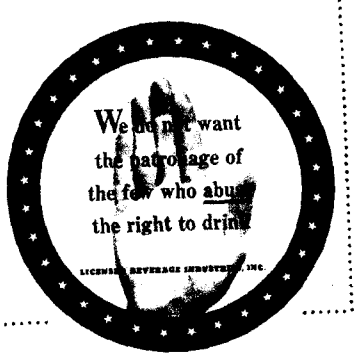
"We've come a long way since the so-called 'good old days'. Let's keep it that way."

Harry Neesman's message is sponsored by the producers and distributors of alcoholic beverages. As citizens and businessmen, we stand for the following aims in your community:

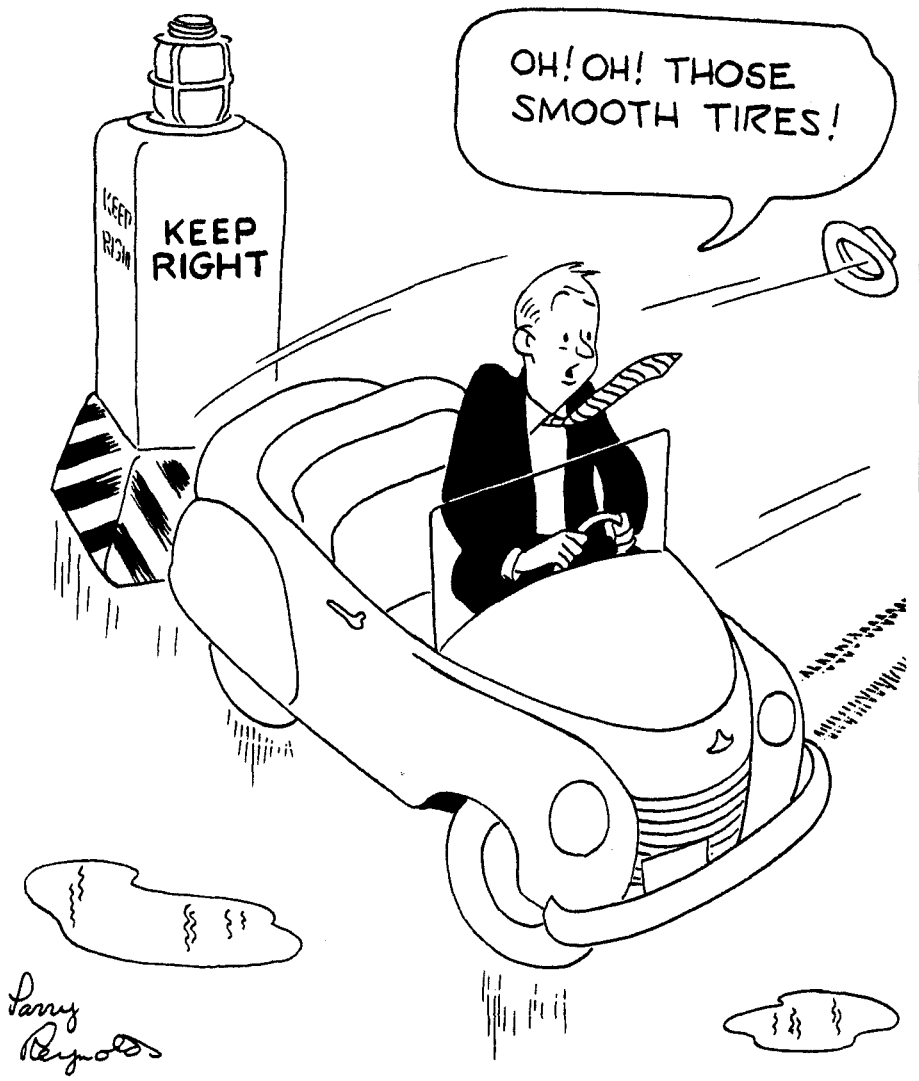
- ...*the encouragement of moderation by word and by example.*
- ...*the licensing of only orderly places of business.*
- ...*the strict observance and enforcement of the law.*

LICENSED BEVERAGE INDUSTRIES, INC.

10 East 40th Street,
New York 16, N. Y.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IT CAN HAPPEN IN AN INSTANT

Your brakes may function but the tires stop the car. Tires that are worn smooth may cause skidding or sliding. The last thousand miles of rubber on your tires really isn't worth the risk.

Preventive Service includes inspection of the tires by your service man—along with *rotation*—(switching) of the tires every 5000 miles.

While you are having this done, have the *wheel alignment* checked—the *wheels balanced*—see that your *shock absorbers* are functioning properly and that your *steering mechanism* is okay.

These checks are very important. If defects are discovered and corrected in time, you'll save the cost and inconvenience of major repairs later.

Preventive Service Beats Roadside Regrets

P.S. Preventive Service for Motor Car Owners

Sponsored by Collier's For Pleasant, Safe Driving

and feathers, when you tossed out the extremists—the hotheads and the coddlers—you could see a new philosophy being born in San Francisco.

It went something like this:

You don't have to take Bad Boy Bill out to the City Hall steps and whale him with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Nor do you have to pat him on the head and say, "There, there, Bill. We understand. Here's a new baseball glove for you. Now go out and play." The first approach is based on the medieval fallacy that people are bad because they want to be bad, that they are just no-good cusses and ought to be throttled. The second approach stems from our new knowledge that, as Father Flanagan put it, "There is no such thing as a 'bad boy' "—that boys do bad things not because they are innately bad but because of lack of parental love, broken homes, bad neighborhoods, slums and psychological buffetings.

The new philosophy is a synthesis. It recognizes the causes of antisocial behavior. But still it says society cannot tolerate it. It says, in effect, "Okay, Bill. We know why you act as you do. We love you, Bill. You're a fellow human being. We know all about those slums and all those things that turned you into a hellion. We're going to do everything we can to correct them. Come to our clubhouse tomorrow . . . But remember, Bill. We won't stand for any monkey business. You've got to stop it—right now! No carrying of weapons. No beating and robbing. No vandalism. Because, Bill, if you do that, you're destroying society. And society's got to be tough to stay alive. A fellow named Hitler found that out."

Call it the *theory of responsibility,* if you wish. It rejects the one extreme—"We blame Bill, therefore we punish him." It rejects the other extreme—"We don't blame Bill, therefore we coddle him." It simply views Bad Boy Bill as a kid with scarlet fever. It's not his fault—but darned if we're going to let him endanger anybody else!

Some psychiatrists call this the "here and now" approach. All past causes, past histories, past traumata are well evaluated and well understood. But the burning question still remains: What are we going to do about it *here and now?*

That question confronted James Dierke when he became principal of Everett Junior High School in 1945. It was a rough, tough school. Kids carried knives, sometimes blackjacks. They engaged in beatings and extortion. They unscrewed faucets in the washrooms, made floods, rang fire alarms.

Kind Words—But Firm

Dierke, a former coach and basketball player (and an accomplished psychologist without portfolio), moved in with a combination of kindness and firmness which the kids had never known before. He wasn't a browbeater. Nor was he a sucker. This is typical of what he said to the hell raisers: "Boys, here's the pitch. You play on my team and I'll do everything I can for you. But you try to bust up the game and, brother—watch out."

Psychologically these boys had learned to respect only strength. They were contemptuous of the soft approach. If authorities coddled them just because they made cow eyes and looked repentant after brass-knuckling an innocent kid, they had only one word for those authorities when their backs were turned—"Sucker!"

But the word went around about Dierke, "Hey, this guy means what he says"—"Hey, Dierke's a square guy."

They even seemed to like it when Dierke took away their knives and chains, when he made them stop wearing black shirts (a gang custom), and when he said to the zoot boys with the long, Hollywood haircuts, "You've got 24 hours to get to the barbershop." They liked it because Dierke was a leader. He stood for no monkey business, but he stood by them when they got in trouble and he smoothed out a lot of things with the cops. "Just let us work this out ourselves," he'd say. And they always did.

By the time Dierke left Everett Junior High last year it had become a show school of San Francisco, a place where the city proudly sent visitors.

I found more bits and pieces of the new philosophy in the city's boys' clubs. Club leaders have to be more than theorists. They have to deal with Tommy, Jim and Joe right now—today. Julian P. Hargrove, director of the Columbia Park Boys' Club, has a full appreciation of the psychological causes of delinquency. He knows that the so-called bad boys are "socially ill." But he also knows that this kind of illness, like any other, may require bitter medicine.

Strict Ban on All Weapons

"When all this weapon carrying started, I simply announced to my boys that the club couldn't, and wouldn't, stand for it," he said. "I made it clear that there would be no knives, no chains, no chunks of lead—and that if we found any we'd take them away." He also put a ban on imitation guns. "If you bring a gun to the club I will take it and break it," he said. He broke several.

This attitude has spurred Hargrove's brilliant youth work. He has held up to the boys the kind but firm attitude that society itself holds up. He has given them a sense of responsibility to the total group.

Perry Kittredge, head of the Kittredge School, hit the keynote of *responsibility* when he told the newly formed San Francisco Youth Council, "Let's have our boys *earn* what they get. Let's not hand it to them on a silver platter. For example, let's bring some of our baseball heroes into the neighborhoods. Have the boys meet them. But first, let the boys earn the privilege by, say cleaning up a lot, or doing something else of value to the neighborhood."

I found the final wrapping up of the city's new philosophy about kids when I walked the beat with Patrolman Harry Gurtler in the North Beach section, hard by the old Barbary Coast.

"Harry," as every kid in the area knows him, is a neighborhood cop. He's around Washington Irving School in the morning, greeting the kids by name, joking with them, waving to their mothers and fathers as they go down the street. Everyone on the beat knows Harry.

As I walked with him along Montgomery Street, I thought of what Mayor Elmer E. Robinson had said the day before: "When I was a kid and somebody said, 'Let's snitch a watermelon,' we'd look down the street and see that policeman with his tall hat and frock coat, swinging his billy—and we'd decide *not* to snitch it." Harry Gurtler doesn't wear the tall hat and frock coat. But he's the modern counterpart of the old neighborhood cop whom kids respected. If he puts his arm on a kid's shoulder and says, "Now, what's this I hear you've been doing, Joey?"—that's worth a dozen visits to the Juvenile Home.

There is virtually no punkism on Harry's beat. As one businessman put it, "These kids delinquent? Oh, no. That would be letting Harry down!"

San Francisco is determined to send as many Harry Gurtlers as possible into its neighborhoods. On January 30th, the board of supervisors okayed the hiring of 154 new cops. Said Supervisor Patrick J. McMurray:

"I'm going to keep on voting for more policemen, if the chief will continue to put them on the beat. I recall that in the old days the policeman was a friend of the neighborhood. He knew all the ins and outs, and all of the people. He knew all their troubles and settled most of them. We should put more cops on the beat to deal with juvenile delinquents."

Perhaps with its new idea of loving these kids without coddling them, of giving them firm leadership toward responsible living, San Francisco will show a good many other cities the way. San Francisco is a good place for the lesson to be learned. There is only a narrow channel between it and Alcatraz. THE END

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sneak Preview

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

gray-haired, little old lady. Do you think we can get our money back on those bibs?"

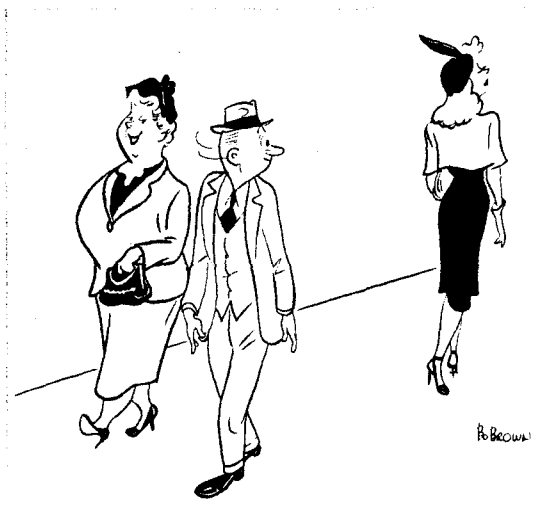
Debbie looked thoughtfully at the floor, ignoring him. "Dotty says don't worry about feeling tired at first. And she says I'll probably be thirsty a lot."

"I was talking to Mel the other night," Al said, "and he tells me not to worry if my big toe swells up. That happened to him while Dotty was pregnant. He also advises drinking plenty of beer."

"All right," said Debbie. "I don't listen to everything Dotty says, but it doesn't hurt to get some idea of what to expect." She nodded at the papers on the cushion beside him. "What you looking at?"

AL GLANCED down at the papers. "Oh, just that travel stuff on Mexico we got. I was wondering— How long can you get around pretty freely? The doctor say?"

"No, but I imagine four or five months, maybe six." She grinned. "I'll ask Dotty.



"Someone you'd like to know, dear?"
COLLIER'S — BO BROWN

Why? You thinking of a trip? I thought we decided to wait; we decided it would cost too much."

"Well"—his voice was defensive, and he shrugged—"it might not be so expensive; I was just looking at the figures, and . . ." He stopped.

"And there's not much time left," she said quietly, "for us to have fun any more. Isn't that it?"

"I don't mean it like that. But if we don't do it now—"

"We probably never will."

"I'm afraid that's right," he said.

"Al? Are you sorry we're having this baby?"

He sat up. "Now, look. Let's get this straight. No, I'm not. I'm glad. But I also realize that a child is a hell of a lot of responsibility. They're fun, a pride and joy, but you don't get anything free. Up to now, we've done pretty much what we wanted, and we've had a lot of fun. But that's just about ended, and it'll stay ended for the next twenty years. From now on, there's all kinds of things we'll have to do." He shrugged. "Read books—child psychology, psychiatry, all that. You've got to *know* those things, or your kid's liable to wind up with a psychosis that'll lead him straight to arson and bigamy before he's thirty years old."

He took Debbie's hand. "Honey, it's just that I'm more of a realist than you are. We're having a baby and you're all sentimental about it. You should be." He grinned at her. "I'm glad, too, but realistic. Kids are swell, but they're also little horrors, you know. They're positively bloodthirsty."

"Bloodthirsty." She sniffed disdainfully.

"They are," said Al. "Take this little nephew of mine. He got an electric train for Christmas; tracks, cars, little stations, crossing gates, the whole works. And he got a set of toy soldiers. And you know what that kid did? He cleverly altered the sides of the coaches so they'd spring open. Then he converted the soldiers into miniature passengers, with detachable heads and limbs. With his junior chemical set, he fixed up smoke and flames to pour out the coach windows, and with this revised equipment the little fellow would sit on the floor and stage some of the most realistic, horrible little train wrecks you ever saw. Last I heard, he'd synchronized a recorded accompaniment of screams and cries of agony. Four years old; bright little kid."

"You don't have a nephew; you haven't even been close to a real live child since you were twelve years old."

Al smiled. "Well, it's true in principle. Yet the sad fact is that even our experts—our educators, child psychiatrists, all expectant mothers, and especially our book publishers—persist in the mad dream that children are the souls of amiability. They just aren't realists. I had a prime example of that the time we sent a birthday present to Elaine and Dave Mitchell's little girl; remember?"

"We sent her a book."

"That's right, and I stopped in at Elder's to get it. 'May I see a copy of Little Red Ridinghood?' I said, and the clerk, a sweet, white-haired old lady, got it and handed it to me with a saintly smile. Well, I skimmed through the text and when the clerk came back, I asked for an unexpurgated edition. 'Unexpurgated?' she said. 'Little Red *Ridinghood*?' 'Certainly,' I said. 'This has been censored. In this sedate little version, the wolf does not eat up the grandmother. Grandma simply hides in a closet and escapes without a scratch. Even worse, the kindly old wood chopper does not brain the wolf with an ax. He just shoos it away. Not a drop of blood in the entire story.'

"'But of *course*,' said the clerk. 'That's what you *want* for children!' 'Not at all,' I replied. 'Children are a bloodthirsty lot. My four-year-old niece's favorite book is her little picture story of the life of Dillinger.' I handed back her sterile, scrubbed-up little volume. 'Hardly suitable for a child,' I said coldly, and stalked out." He grinned at Debbie. "We gave the Mitchell's little girl, you'll recall, a collection of Grimms' fairy tales—properly bloody—with which she was very pleased."

DEBBIE looked at him calmly. "All finished?" she said. "All out of your system? Because I have a surprise for you."

"Surprise?"

"Yes. We're having company tonight. After dinner."

"Oh, Lord, I was going to read! Who? What sordid mob of people—"

"No, not people," she said. "Not exactly, I mean."

"What then? Apes?"

"It's a girl; a little four-year-old girl."

"Dotty's kid?"

"Yes. She asked if we'd mind, and—"

"Wonderful. We'll have a marvelous evening watching her wreck the furniture, tear up the magazines, and set fire to the curtains. Or does she play bridge? Because I know a three-year-old fourth we can ge—"

"Now, Al. They haven't been out for a long time, and it just occurred to Dotty, just before she hung up, so what could I do? She simply thought—"

"She simply thought she'd catch you in what was obviously a weak moment. Shrewd article, that Dotty. Okay, Mother," he said, patting her arm. "You're jumping the gun by approximately eight months, but

You may save a life—perhaps your own—by this simple precaution: Have your brakes checked *regularly*, at least four times a year. And if new brake lining is needed, be sure to install Grizzly, famous for over 35 years for smooth, soft-pedal, *safe* stops. *Grizzly Manufacturing Co., Paulding, Ohio.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I guess you deserve a little preview. And it's only for one horrible evening. What time's she coming?"

"Right after dinner. Dotty will put her right to bed on the davenport. We can read in the bedroom, and she'll sleep in here till they call for her."

"Think she *will* go to sleep?"

"Of course."

"She better." He began to gather up his travel folders, then he paused. "What about Mexico?"

"Well . . ."

"Yeah," he said. "That's what I think, too. Oh, well, in no time at all, as you pointed out, the kid will be grown up and married, and I guess Mexico will still be there. Roads'll be better then, too."

THEY sat quietly in the living room after dinner, reading. It was raining outside, and an occasional light burst of rain and wind rattled the windows, emphasizing the bright cheerfulness of the room. They sat quietly, Al in the big armchair, Debbie on the davenport, each of them occasionally turning a page. But though they read, they were also conscious of this as a moment—one of the last of them—in a kind of life they had always lived and enjoyed.

Some twenty minutes passed, then the child arrived in her mother's arms, wrapped in an automobile robe; her father was waiting in the car downstairs. When the robe was removed, Al saw that the child was ready for bed, dressed in flannelette pajamas, tiny red felt slippers and a miniature bathrobe. The two women set to work making up a bed on the davenport, their movements deft and certain, their voices subdued, as they tucked blankets under the cushions and thumped a pillow to softness. Al sat watching, and the little girl stood beside the davenport, silent and docile, watching the women, occasionally turning to look at Al.

When the child was tucked into bed, she passively accepted the jouncing of cushions and tugging of blankets, her face turned to Al. They regarded each other solemnly.

Finally, with a quiet murmur of last-minute instructions and thanks at the front door, Dotty left, and Debbie walked around the room, turning off all the lamps but the one at the head of the child's bed.

Then the little girl spoke, directly to Al. "Tell me a story," she said in a tiny, confident voice.

Al looked at Debbie. "That sounds suspiciously like the result of a previous promise. Of which I am the victim." He stood up and walked to the davenport and sat down facing the little girl. "It's my understanding," he said gravely, "that you're supposed to go to sleep."

"I always hear a story first."

"Well, precedent is a powerful argument, of course. But do you think you might go to sleep then?"

"Yes."

"Okay. What should the story be about?"

"A turtle. Ruthie has a turtle with a picture on his back."

"All right, a turtle. Once there was a turtle. A little girl turtle."

"How old?"

"Just about your age, by an amazing coincidence."

"What was her name?"

"Myrtle," said Al. "I'm sorry; rather obvious, I know. But that was her name. Myrtle, the turtle."

"I like it," the child said, and suddenly smiled, her large brown eyes on Al. She seemed to have serene confidence in him as a teller of stories. He glanced wryly at Debbie. She smiled and sat down. Twisting sideways, she swung her legs over one arm of her chair. Then she folded her hands, and both she and the little girl gazed at Al with quiet expectancy. "Go ahead," said Debbie. "Tell us a story, Daddy."

"Well," said Al, "one day . . ." He paused for a moment, thinking. "One day when Myrtle the turtle was old enough to know that she *was* a turtle, she decided she didn't like it. 'Mother,' she said, 'I don't want to be a turtle. Turtles are too slow.' " Al glanced at Debbie triumphantly, then went on with his story:

" 'Not at all,' said Myrtle's mother. 'Why, once your grandfather won a race with a rabbit! The rabbit was 'way ahead, but then he lay down and went to sleep. And your grandfather—' 'Oh, nuts,' said Myrtle. 'That old story again. I never did believe it, and all it proves anyway is that rabbits are dopes. Or else he threw the race.' "

Debbie frowned at Al warningly, shaking her head.

Al went on quickly. " 'Why, Myrtle!' said her mother. 'Where did you learn such awful language! Now, I want you to stop!' 'Okay,' said Myrtle, 'but I still think turtles are awfully slow. They're dirty, too. Why do we live in this awful old mud? Wish I lived where there isn't any mud. Like Arizona.' 'Land sakes,' said Myrtle's mother. 'Turtles are supposed to *like* mud.' "

The little girl smiled encouragingly at Al.

" 'Well, not this kid,' said Myrtle. 'I wish I were a butterfly. Boy, do they have fun! They're pretty, too, and that's another thing—us turtles are ugly!' 'Not at all,' said Myrtle's old lady—"

"Al," said Debbie.

" 'Not at all,' said Myrtle's mother. 'We're beautiful! Such lovely wrinkled faces! Such nice sharp beaks! Such gorgeous yellow eyes! You're just lucky you're not a little *human* girl. They're repulsive. No wrinkles at all! Just ugly smooth skin. And no beaks! Just soft little noses. Little human girls are horrible-looking!"

The child was staring at Al, her eyes wide, her mouth open.

" 'Not in my humble opinion,' said Myrtle. 'I wish I was a little human girl! Or a butterfly.' 'Don't talk back to your mother,' said Myrtle's mother. 'That's not talking back,' said Myrtle. 'That's contradicting.' 'So is that,' said Myrtle's mother. 'You better pull in your neck, young lady.' So Myrtle pulled in her neck and went to sleep. Which was a very good idea, and something all little girls should do now and then. Preferably now." Al smiled at the child. "So how about you?" he said. "Time to go to sleep, don't you think?"

"That'll get you nowhere," said Debbie.

"No," said the child, "it isn't time yet." She wriggled down under the blankets more snugly. "What happened then?"

Al looked at Debbie, raising his eyebrows. "Well," he said, "Myrtle decided she just wouldn't be like other turtles. She decided to run away. About three hours later, Myrtle was only four yards, two feet, seven and a half inches from home. And did that burn Myrtle! 'Now I *know* I don't want to be a turtle,' she said. 'This is awful! I'll *never* get to Arizona!' "

The little girl withdrew one arm from under the covers and solemnly scratched her nose, frowning at Al.

" 'Well,' said a little voice right next to Myrtle's ear, 'Arizona's not really so much.' It was a little green caterpillar. 'A fat lot you know about it,' said Myrtle. 'And what a homely little character you are, anyway. You're all wrinkled and green and ugly-looking. Beat it! Scram! Powder!' 'Well!' said the caterpillar. 'Look who's calling who ugly-looking! You're all wrinkled and green yourself!' Myrtle realized he was right. 'Yes,' she said sadly, 'we're both wrinkled and green and ugly-looking, and—' "

Al paused for a moment, looking over at Debbie. "Myrtle had a brilliant idea just then," he said, "and so did I. 'Say,' said Myrtle to the caterpillar, 'did you notice that we're both pretty slow, too? We're both alike! I must be a caterpillar, too!' Well, the caterpillar wasn't too sure about that, but Myrtle was. 'Of course!' said Myrtle. 'I've always been a caterpillar! Because once a caterpillar always a caterpillar.' 'Don't kid yourself,' said the caterpillar. 'Pretty soon I'll be a butterfly. I'll just make a cocoon, and when I come out—*voilà!* I'm a butterfly!'

" 'Well, I'll be darned,' said Myrtle; she was all excited. 'What's a cocoon, anyway?' 'Just a little nest,' said the caterpillar. 'You just wrap up in it, go to sleep, and when you wake up you're a butterfly. Nothin' to it; a lead-pipe cinch.' The caterpillar yawned a little. 'Well,' he said, 'I have to go now. It's time to make my cocoon.' 'How do you know?' said Myrtle. 'Instinct,' said the caterpillar. 'What's that?' Myrtle said. 'Darned if I know,' said the caterpillar, 'but that's how you tell. So long. Nice to have met you.' 'Nice to have met *you*,' " said Myrtle.

With a nod of her head, Debbie indicated the little girl. She was still staring up at Al, but her eyes were blinking repeatedly.

Al resumed the story, gradually dropping his voice to a monotone. " 'So I'm really a caterpillar,' Myrtle said to herself. 'And pretty soon I'll be a butterfly. Gee, I feel kind of sleepy, too. Must be instinct. Must be time to make my cocoon. Wonder how you do it, though? I should have asked that other caterpillar; gee, I'm dumb. I'm even stupider than a rabbit.' But Myrtle decided that a cocoon was just a little nest. She crawled off the road and pushed some sticks and grass together into a little heap, crawled up on top of it, blinked her eyes . . . very, very sleepily . . . got sleepier and sleepier . . . said her prayers . . . pulled in her neck . . . and went to sleep."

The child's eyes were closed and Al stopped and waited, neither he nor Debbie making a sound, both of them unconsciously holding their breaths. They listened to the faint sound of the little girl's breathing. When she did not stir, Al slowly stood up, looking down at her face. He turned to Debbie. "Think she'll stay that way?" he whispered, and was startled when Debbie replied in a normal tone.

"Sure. She's dead to the world." Debbie reached out and gently brushed the little girl's bangs from her forehead. "You can talk; she won't wake up."

Al lighted a cigarette, then walked to a chair and sat down facing the davenport.

"She certainly raised hell, didn't she?" said Debbie. "Tore the house to pieces."

"Too bad she fell asleep; I had a smash ending all figured out. Maybe we ought to wake her up."

"Just how *did* it all turn out?"

Al looked at her. "You really want to know?"

"Sure."

"Well," said Al, "as it happened, Myrtle built her cocoon right next to an artist's easel. Myrtle didn't know what it was, of course; she didn't know anything about art. But she knew what she liked."

Debbie sneered at him.

"The artist was gone at the moment; he'd taken his little girl down to the river to swim or something. But when he came back, he saw Myrtle, and just for laughs he painted a picture on Myrtle's shell. Very similar to Ruthie's turtle, I imagine. Well, he finished the picture, the kid came back from swimming, saw Myrtle and picked her up, waking her, and when Myrtle saw the ground way below, she knew she was flying.

"The kid speaks up then. 'It's beautiful,' she says. 'It's the most beautiful butterfly I ever saw!' And Myrtle was happy at last. She didn't know—now, here's the smash climax—she didn't know the kid was looking at the picture her father had painted on Myrtle's shell. It was a picture of a beautiful butterfly. But Myrtle couldn't see it, so she knew the little girl was talking about her. And that was that. They took Myrtle home where she lived happily ever after. Sometimes she wondered why she couldn't fly, but she wasn't the worrying type; she was a butterfly at last, and that's all that mattered."

AL STOPPED and looked at Debbie. She was sitting, elbows on her knees, her chin on her fists, staring at the sleeping child. Al grinned. "A little light on suspense and love interest, I know," he said, "but—"

Debbie looked up. "It was cute, Al. A darling story." She looked at him for a moment. "And you had fun telling it, didn't you?"

Al got up, walked over to the davenport, and stood next to Debbie's chair, looking down at the miniature face on the pillow. "Yeah," he said. "I'm pretty good, I guess; put her right to sleep."

Debbie stood up, reaching for the light switch. "Oh, you're wonderful, Daddy," she said. She turned off the light, and they left the room.

In the bedroom, standing at his dresser removing his tie, Al said, "Want to read for a while?"

"I guess so." Debbie stood at her dressing table, removing her earrings.

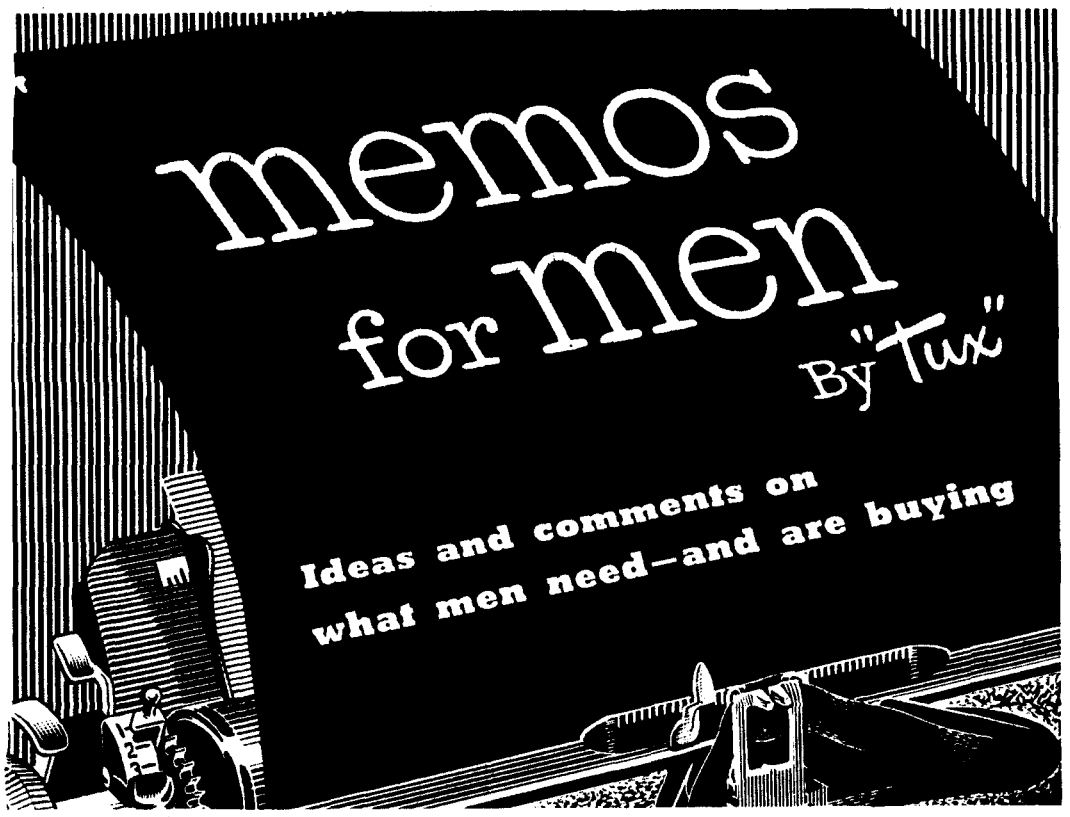
For a few minutes they stood, busy with the preliminaries of getting ready for bed; winding watches, removing jewelry or the contents of pockets. Then, as it happened, they turned at the same moment, and their eyes met. For a second they stood looking at each other, then Al began to smile. It was a slow, almost bewildered smile, and his face seemed startled. He stepped for-

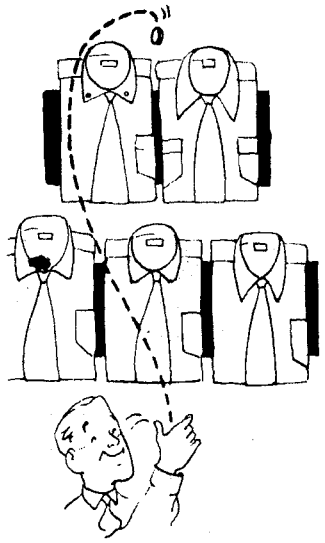
"Well, she's going to have to get up pretty early in the afternoon to beat *me* out in show business!"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Who's "Tux"? . . . TUX *is your own "private eye" in detecting ideas and items for men which add to the fun of living.* TUX *is an interpreter who translates, into the language of your own needs or interests, "inside" stories on new developments in products for men. He's a "talent scout" for star performers in the merchandising arena. Watch* COLLIER'S *for his first-hand memos. . . .*





ou'll only find one item of a nd in this MEMOS for MEN ature page . . . no flipping a coin decide between the advantages of " or "Y" brand shirts, or ciga- tes, or razor blades. TUX doesn't e to carry water on both shoulders. ese MEMOS are not catalog scriptions; they're just *memos*—formal notes on what's new, or me new angle on something you're ed to . . . sometimes just a sug- stion or expression of opinion. e *multiple* coupon is for your nvenience; gummed or taped on postcard, it will bring you the mplete dope on one or all of the ms checked. As a matter of fact, u can write to TUX about men's oducts not mentioned in these EMOS. You'll get the best infor- ation we can dig up for you. Hope u'll like this first page . . . hope hear from you.

act vs. Flimflam! Physicians, ntists, druggists, patients every- here: Compulsory health insur- ce is a visionary plan to impose nother whopping payroll tax—and r what? Inferior, assembly-line edical care! New booklet gives cts—answers 40 most-asked ques- ons on this vital issue. Check No. on coupon for your free copy.

"Social security" for a buck! —that's SMUG, man's newest de- fense against you-know-what. It's a greaseless *dry-stick* deodorant, in a smart plastic case, that will give you sure-fire poise-insurance. SMUG is a tidy, he-man creation—just moisten and apply. Easy to use . . . no fuss . . . no bother . . . no per- fume camouflage . . . lasts for days. Money-back guarantee. You'll want one for use at home; one for your traveling bag. See your dealer, or mail $1 with coupon (check No. 2) for full-size package.

Top hat and T-shirt? Well, hardly! But there's top-hat styling in these T-shirts with Embassy stripes—*diagonal* stripes, like the honor ribbons across the chest of a Balkan diplomat, B.T. (Before Tito, that is). T-shirts are among the most useful all-'round wearables for men. Now, with a fashion flair, they move from the fo'c's'le to the quar- terdeck. Comfort . . . serviceability . . . good style . . . reasonable cost—these striped numbers have got 'em —*in spades*! Where can you buy 'em? Check No. 3 on the coupon below, and we'll tell all.

Did you ever see a casting rod of *solid glass?* You can get one from SOUTH BEND—the "sweetest-handling" rod you've ever tried! For casting marks- manship—and a higher catch- quota—it's out of this world! Tough, resilient glass fibers—484,000 of 'em—bonded together into a *solid glass rod*, ensure distance with light lures . . . fast power to set hooks firmly; unu- sual tip action. SOUTH BEND's *Presto-Lock* handle has your fa- vorite grip and reel-mounting. 5, 5½, or 6 ft. lengths—$15.75. FREE! For 100 pages of fishing know-how—color pictures, helpful tips, casting in- structions—write for "FISHING—WHAT TACKLE AND WHEN." FREE; mark No. 4 on coupon and mail today.

A hot tip for car owners: save "elbow grease" and money, get a mirror finish with WAX SEAL auto polish—"the world's fastest, easiest to use." Just spread on; rub off. Cleans, shines, waxes, seals—money-back guarantee. Check No. 5 on coupon for full information.

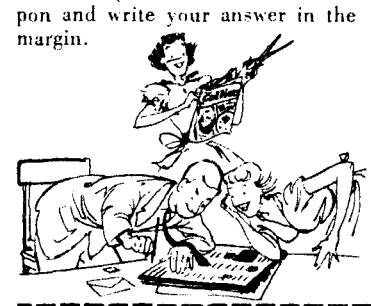
You've never smoked a pipe like this, because it's absolutely new —just on the market! But wise pipe smokers will want to try it, to discover a new high in puff-pleasure. The secret of its better combustion and cooler smoke is a patented thermostat concealed in the bottom of the bowl that adds a charge of cool air to every overheated puff . . . keeps the bowl dry, the smoke sweet. Fine imported briars in your favorite styles, five bucks. Use the coupon (No. 10) for descriptive folder.

Don't walk—TELETALK! Let your voice run your office errands . . . today's way to save time, energy—and costs!—in every department. With a master station, and 5 substations where you need 'em, your office is "wired for sound" . . . a "walkie-talkie" without the "walkie." Sit at your desk, flip a key and talk . . . to four or five at once, if you wish!

TELETALK fits small business and professional offices; retail stores, garages, warehouses and studios. It's great for resorts and farms, where buildings are distances apart. You're actually *paying* for TELETALK when- ever you take a walk to hold a conversation which TELETALK could cover. Why not have the convenience of it? Only $99.50 for master unit and 5 stations (fewer stations cost less). Send for descriptive literature and your nearest dealer's name. Check No. 6 on coupon.

Got anything to paint, or spray or pump . . . such as a garage, a pile of screens; or some bug-infested bushes, or a flat tire? Here's a handy *new* spray set that'll do any of these chores, in top shape, with power from your car. Two clever *spark plug pumps*, actuated on your motor's exhaust stroke, will give you up to 105 lbs. pressure of clean air —equal to the capacity of a sizeable and costly air compressor. Complete outfit carries in small, fitted case. Air hose coupling fits standard tire valves; three nozzle sizes. Check No. 7 on coupon for descriptive folder, and where-to-buy information.

Are you an ad-noticer? Then what do you notice in the above sketch that suggests an ad which recently ran in a flock of maga- zines? What was the product? What brand? TUX has a bet on the ratio of correct answers—if any. For *your* answer, you will receive a neat card appointing you a charter member of Tux's "Committee on Ad-noticing." Check No. 8 on coupon and write your answer in the margin.



Good looks are a good buy —especially in men's suits—espe- cially this season, when the style is casual, and only good tailoring and fine woolens can do it justice. Suits are "drapey," with softer construc- tion, lighter fabrics . . . and not every tailor can make them well. If you're one of those one-color men who is dubious about trying new colors in his clothes, get a load of this: new Spring colors are bright and becom- ing . . . an escape from somber shades. Easy-fitting, loungy coats, with straighter lines . . . a keynote of informality. Gabardines, still good. A fine suit is worth taking trouble to find. Where to buy it? Mark No. 9 on coupon.

Forty-two shopping days till Father's Day. (Bet we said *that* first.)

It's time for a reminder to millions of dads that they'll be put on a ped- estal, come June 18th, and they want to look pretty good up there. Not because Mom and the kids may slip 'em a tie, or a box of cigars; but because they're regular guys. To help the little woman, here's a tip: use coupons on these MEMOS pages.

Memos for Men, Inc., 121 W. Wacker Drive, Chicago 1, Ill.
Please send me what is offered in ad numbers checked below:

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© 1950, MfM, Inc.

MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN • MEMOS FOR MEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for that
Top-of-the-World
feeling
while
shaving

.60
Brushless
or
Lather

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
SHAVING CREAM
SHULTON

ward and grasped Debbie's shoulders. "Hey," he said softly, incredulously. "Hey," he said, "we're going to have a baby!" . . .

Well after midnight, at the front door, they said good night to Dotty. She stood in the hall, holding her sleeping, blanket-wrapped child, while Al and Debbie, in pajamas and robes, stood smiling just inside the half-opened door.

"Mel says thanks a million," Dotty was saying in a hurried whisper. "First time we've been out in a month. We'd never have had the nerve to ask; but it was wonderful of you to volunteer."

"Oh, we didn't mind," Debbie said. Suddenly she blushed, glancing at Al. "We didn't mind at all."

For a moment he looked at her, then he spoke hurriedly, looking at Dotty. "No," he said, shaking his head, "we didn't mind a bit." He smiled at Dotty. "Good night," he said.

Dotty waved good-by with a flick of her hand, turning toward the elevator, and Al closed the door.

He looked at Debbie. "Should be a very shrewd article, that kid of ours," he said.

THE END

Angel of Boyle's Thirty Acres

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

but this time he stared dreamy-eyed into the loud-speaker, to all appearances completely under the spell of the golden tenor. When the final note of the solo died away and Mike failed to come out of his trance, the wife of a Garden official who happened to be sitting near him couldn't help observing, "Mr. Jacobs, I've never seen you so carried away. I had no idea you were so fond of opera."

Abruptly Mike snapped out of it, clacked his false teeth and growled, "Aaaah, I was just thinkin' of a potful of dough."

Rich Grist for the Mill

Opera stars, famous beauties, Mansfields and Barrymores, six-day bike racers or a boy with two heads were all grist to Mike's opportunistic mill. When Emmeline Pankhurst, the British suffragette leader, arrived for an American tour, she was detained at Ellis Island. American suffragettes paraded, picketed and demanded her entry, the chief result of which was that Miss Pankhurst received a million dollars' worth of free publicity.

When Mike noted the size of the crowds Miss Pankhurst attracted, he decided to enlist, temporarily, in the cause of woman suffrage. That such a drawing card should waste her services for free was a challenge to everything he held dear. The way we heard it from our old box-office man, Mike took it upon himself to convince Miss Pankhurst that she should cash in on her popularity.

"My good man, I'm not in this crusade for profit," the feminist reminded him.

"But a crusade needs dough," Mike persisted. "Lookit the fines, the bail, and a little ice for the politicians won't hurt you none either."

Though a rather unique approach to woman suffrage, this apparently had its appeal, for Emmeline Pankhurst did consent to a commercial tour which contributed substantially to the lady militant's war chest, and with something left over for Uncle Mike Jacobs.

When America went to war in 1917, the Army had neither the time nor facilities to set up elaborate PX centers and snack bars to keep the doughboys in candy, cigarettes and short orders as it was to do in World War II. This phase of Army life was left to private enterprise. Enterprise, officially defined as "boldness or readiness in undertaking, adventurous spirit or energy," was where Mike came in.

With his excursion-boat training, Mike was a natural concessionaire. He soon tied up every kind of concession the camp at Spartanburg, South Carolina, was handing out, not to mention a few the C.O. hadn't even thought of.

When you went home for a furlough, you bought one of Mike's suitcases. Then you went down to Mike's bus line, the only one to town. Mike's laundry kept you in clean linen. Josie Jacobs ran the coffee-and-doughnut stand and it did such a rush business, she remembers her arms going numb after standing over that hot counter all day. To keep the boys in haircuts, Mike imported 50 barbers from New York City and the profits from this branch of his scalping activities are estimated to have been $5,000 a month.

After operating these services for a year, Mike reputedly sold out for $100,000. That instinct for divining just how long a show was going to run and how deep to buy in seemed to extend even to international fields, for Mike sold out at the time when the Germans were on the move and the concession seemed to be worth several times what the buyers had paid for it. But a few months later the Hindenburg line was broken and it wasn't only the Kaiser who was out of business. By this time, Mike was back in New York ready to cash in on the entertainment boom that followed after the armistice.

But the $100,000 he and Josie cleared in addition to their weekly profits wasn't all take-home pay, Mike told us. Written off as overhead were the nine expensive limousines delivered to influential parties as Christmas remembrances from Michael S. (for Santa Claus) Jacobs, not to mention another couple of thousand in cash for Class B cumshaw.

The Roaring Twenties really got off to a flying head start in 1919: Alcock and Brown beat Lindbergh to the first nonstop transatlantic flight by eight years; Ina Claire starred in The Gold Diggers; woman suffrage got the green light in the Senate; the Ziegfeld Follies featured Irving Berlin's A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody, and a young man who seemed bent on committing manslaughter became the most famous fighter in the world by breaking the jaw and a couple of ribs of the ponderous, thirty-six-year-old giant who happened to be the heavyweight champion of the world.

A New High in Fight Gates

Tex Rickard's Jack Dempsey–Jess Willard promotion at Toledo drew nearly half a million dollars, doubling the all-time box-office record set by Tex himself with Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries in 1910. The 16,000 spectators who saw Dempsey batter big Jess into helplessness in nine minutes paid an average of more than $20 apiece for this privilege. Despite a blazing temperature of 103 degrees, ringside seats were going for as much as $100 a throw by fight time. A triumphant young nation in a holiday spirit was getting ready for the biggest mass binge since the days of the Caesars.

The country had had its fill of solemn, long-faced politicians. They were ready to turn their ears and their pockets inside out for Babe Ruth, Benny Leonard, the Four Horsemen, Red Grange, Bobby Jones, and the young man from Manassa who could bust you open with a left hook. Postwar America was looking for laughs, for thrills, providing a new kind of gold rush for the movies, the Follies, the big games in the college stadiums, the fights. Tex Rickard, the flamboyant, mercurial figure who had worked his way East from the saloons and the gambling rooms of Alaskan mining

for that
Top-of-the-World
feeling
after
shaving

1.00 plus tax

EARLY AMERICAN
Old Spice
AFTER SHAVE LOTION
SHULTON

extra-
long
for
extra
service!

RONSON®
REDSKIN 'FLINTS'
best for all lighters

5 in the handy 'Five-Flinter', 15¢
P. S. Use Ronsonol Lighter Fuel
by RONSON world's greatest lighter specialists

RELIEVES
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
NEURITIS PAIN
FAST

Here's Why...
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, it contains not one but a combination of medically proved ingredients that are specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

SAFE EYE-GENE
EYE-OPENING TEST THRILLS MANY!

Eyes so tired you want to close them for relief? . . .
2 drops make this striking difference in SECONDS!
Clear, expressive eyes are fascinating. 2 drops of soothing EYE-GENE in each eye floats away that tired, strained, irritated look and feeling in seconds—dramatically lights up your whole expression! Safe EYE-GENE is like a tonic for your eyes. Use it every day. 25c, 60c, $1 in handy eye-dropper bottles at Druggists.
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY IF NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

towns to cabarets in Seattle, big-time gambling and fight promotions in the gold fields of Nevada, knew the times were ripe for lavish spectacle.

It was Rickard's gambling philosophy that when you have a hunch, back it with everything you've got. Now he was ready to let all the chips ride on Dempsey, on 1921 and a public going sports-mad. In his suite at the Commodore, he frightened his associates with the size of his thinking. He was going to stage a heavyweight title fight that would make his Dempsey-Willard undertaking look like nickels and dimes.

A man with a rare gift for selling his dreams, Tex Rickard reached outside the sports world into the highest theatrical circles for his backing—William A. Brady and C. B. Cochrane.

With the exception of three or four ranking Negro heavyweights who might have given Dempsey an interesting evening had they been permitted a chance, there wasn't anyone around who figured to give Dempsey any trouble. But this was the least of Tex's worries, for he was the master of the dream-up and the steam-up. With his native understanding of mass psychology, he cast around for a challenger who lent himself to high-pressure selling.

Georges Carpentier was a happy choice. He was a Frenchman, which gave the match an international aspect, a war hero, and attractive to ladies in a debonair way which introduced the important element of sex appeal. That he was merely a light heavyweight who had won his title from the aging Battling Levinsky and that he was actually on the decline after fifteen years of campaigning was to be conveniently lost sight of.

But Carpentier and his manager had few illusions when they went in to make their deal with Rickard. After what Dempsey had done to Willard, it seemed as if Carpentier was being asked to take greater chances than when he had gone into combat against the Boche. The only thing that could lure them into such a match was the promise of more money than any pugilist had ever received before, $200,000.

The champion, said Dempsey's canny mouthpiece Doc Kearns, was entitled to at least one hundred grand more than the challenger. Not even 40 per cent of the gate would satisfy the astute Doctor. Rickard, the plunger, was really over his head this time. With two such unprecedented guarantees made before a single ticket was sold, there wasn't a house big enough for the kind of business he needed to get off this half-million-dollar hook.

So the enormous bubble grew and grew. Rickard would build an arena specially for the occasion, with the largest seating capacity in the world, 100,000 seats.

Too Big a Risk for Partners

When Rickard broke ground for this at Boyle's Thirty Acres in Jersey City, New Jersey, Brady and Cochrane were convinced that they had involved themselves with a madman. No match in boxing history had drawn more than a half million dollars, but Rickard was sleepwalking into one that would need nearly a million dollars to break even. They were sensible showmen, not wild-eyed gamblers. They picked up their marbles and went home.

Meanwhile, the lumber mill was calling for its money. The contractor threatened to pull his men off unless Tex put the cash on the line. Tex Rickard, in New York to establish himself as the greatest fight promoter of the day, was on the verge of going broke.

At this dark moment in walked Uncle Mike, angling for the sort of inside track he had had at the Met.

In a rare moment of discouragement, Tex said, "Don't bother me, there's not gonna be a fight."

"No fight!" Mike moaned. "There's gotta be a fight. This is the biggest thing that ever hit the fight business. It's a million easy."

"Yeah," said the despondent Rickard. "I know. But I wish you could convince my backers."

"What do we need those guys for?"

"Who else can keep this thing going?" Tex said. "If I don't get twenty thousand

COLLIER'S

"Now if I become overdrawn, don't give me any money until I deposit more!"

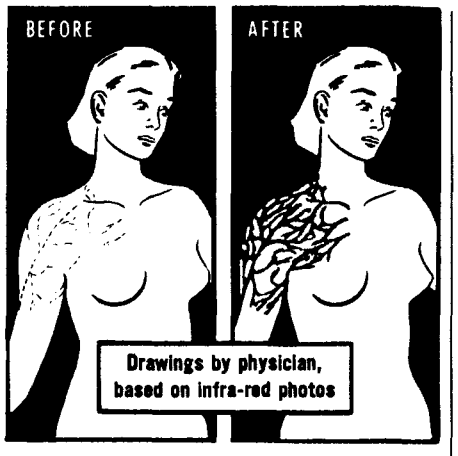
BANDEL LINN

Advice to a Bride

When you and Ted start entertaining, you'll have to watch your pennies. So I suggest you try serving Sherry Wine. You'll find Sherry makes a hit with your friends and your budget. Because Sherry wines of California cost only a few cents a glass

P.S. It's easy, too. Just cool and serve.

Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco 3, California



HOW SLOAN'S LINIMENT AIDS RHEUMATIC PAINS

Now modern science reveals *why* Sloan's is the greatest name in pain-relieving liniments, why so many users of Sloan's get amazing relief from rheumatic aches, neuralgia, stiff-neck and sore muscles. Using infra-red rays, scientists have photographed blood-vessels *below the skin surface*. See pictures above. These photos show that, after an application of Sloan's Liniment, there's a noticeable *expansion* of sub-surface veins, evidence that an *extra* supply of blood has been brought to the pain area. This extra blood revitalizes painful tissues and carries away waste matter and poisons.

When you use Sloan's Liniment, you *know* that it is increasing the all-important flow of blood to the treated area, and that this effect *extends below the skin-surface*. No wonder Sloan's helps to bring blessed relief from rheumatic aches, arthritis pains, lumbago and sore muscles. Get a bottle today—never greasy or sticky.

they look and feel just like the shoes you are now wearing

and they make you almost 2 inches taller

These *New Design* "ELEVATORS" look as smart and feel as comfortable as *any* other fine shoes. But what a difference in how they make *you* look and feel! Wonderfully . . . but *wonderfully* taller. Instantly! They cost no more than other fine shoes.

THE ORIGINAL AND GENUINE ELEVATORS* HEIGHT-INCREASING SHOES "YOUR PERSONAL PEDESTAL" *TRADE MARK OF STONE-TARLOW CO., INC.

STONE-TARLOW CO., INC. Dept. C-42-50, Brockton 66, Mass.
Please send me Free Booklet and name of nearest dealer.
NAME .....
PLEASE PRINT
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE .....

The Original and Genuine "ELEVATORS" Mfd. in U. S. Exclusively by Stone-Tarlow Co., Inc. And under its authority in Canada by MacFarlane, Lefaivre, Ltd., Montreal.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3-WAY FAVORITE!

CHOOSE THE ONE BLENDED WHISKEY THAT GIVES YOU ALL 3

Every drop
90 PROOF
rich, robust, delicious!

CHOICE QUALITY
✻ 35% Straight Whiskies
65% Grain Neutral Spirits

WINNING PRICE
America's Greatest Whiskey Value!

FLEISCHMANN'S
PREFERRED

✻ THE STRAIGHT WHISKIES IN THIS PRODUCT ARE 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD. 35% STRAIGHT WHISKIES. 65% NEUTRAL SPIRITS DISTILLED FROM GRAIN. 90 PROOF. BLENDED WHISKEY. THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORPORATION, PEEKSKILL, N. Y.

to the contractor by this afternoon I've got no arena. And that's just the beginning."

"I'll be back in an hour," Mike said. When he returned he pulled out $20,000 in cash.

"Go pay the bum. An advance on the first five rows of ringside."

Tex began to look more like his usual ebullient self. "I'll need two hundred grand to open the show. The rest can come out of the receipts."

"Tex," Mike said, "ya fight is in."

"Mike, you're saving my life," Rickard said. "I'll never forget you for this."

"Aaaah, nuts." Mike said. "Just be sure ya don't forget me when the ringside tickets come off the press."

Then Mike went out to do a selling job among his fellow speculators. For years they had been suspicious of him as a predatory lone wolf who never ran with the pack, but this time Mike was all for intraprofessional solidarity.

He convinced eight brokers to put up $25,000 apiece in return for choice sections of the house, and Tex Rickard was saved.

The Daydream That Paid Off

Rickard's million-dollar daydream, that had frightened off the two outstanding showmen of the day and that Uncle Mike had reached into his own sock to rescue, exceeded Tex's wildest hunch and Mike's shrewdest calculation. Official receipts were $1,800,000. Even the calculating Doc Kearns missed up on this one, for his $300,000 guarantee didn't look quite so large when compared with the $720,000 Dempsey might have earned had he accepted the proffered 40 per cent of the gate.

Although Mike was actually a silent partner of Tex's in the extravaganza at Boyle's Thirty Acres, advising him on the price range, the fine art of stretching the "ringside" area and of squeezing the maximum out of general admissions, Mike didn't ask to be cut in on the profits. His pick of reserved seats was adequate compensation, even for Mike.

What his take-home amounted to that hysterical July evening no one can say exactly, but a former associate of Mike's, who prefers not to be identified, put it this way: "Suppose Mike had 5,000 choice seats. The last two or three days, New Yorkers were ready to hock almost anything for a ringside seat. It was nothing for a guy to grab 10 at two hundred bucks apiece. Let's say Mike's profits averaged fifty bucks a throw. That adds up to a quarter of a million—more'n they paid Carpentier."

In 1923, Tex Rickard—by that time universally acclaimed as the greatest fight promoter of all time—served up two more spectacles, each drawing 80,000 fans. First, poor old Jess Willard, now a blubbery forty-year-old, was resurrected to build up Luis Firpo, and then Firpo fought his knock-down-drag-out with Dempsey in Rickard's second million-dollar gate. The sports pages of that day failed to give Mike a single call. So far as the general public knew, Mike was just another ticket broker. But you couldn't insult Mike by keeping his name out of the paper.

Although Rickard might have found himself back in the Southwest bending over a wheel if it hadn't been for Mike's timely assist, Mike himself always refused to discuss his landing-of-the-Marines act. "Tex don't need no help," he'd growl when the question of Rickard's debt to him came up. Until Mike needed the publicity to puff up his own promotions, he seemed perfectly satisfied to work behind the scenes.

So long as he got the spot cash, the other boys could have as much of the spotlight as they wanted.

Although Mike always worked closely with Tex, he wasn't one for keeping all his eggs, or rather his tickets, in one basket. At heart the same little hustler he had been on Fourteenth Street 30 years before, he had learned to play no favorites and to regard personal loyalty as a possible business liability. His relations with Rickard and Jimmy Johnston, the fast-talking little manager who occasionally turned promoter, were unique in the business world. For Mike, by advance purchase of the best part of the house, actually bought himself a voice in the promotions (and what an overpowering foghorn it was!).

When Sid Terris, the pride of the East Side, met Jimmy Johnston's perennial favorite, Johnny Dundee, in the last show at the old Garden on Twenty-fifth Street, an impressive turnout of New York celebrities was on hand to ceremonialize its passing. Joe Humphries, the eloquent little announcer with the big voice that never required mechanical amplification, was not a man to underplay a good scene. The fight could not go on until he had delivered an elaborate funeral oration.

"Before presenting the stellar attraction in this, the final contest in our beloved home, I wish to say this marks the 'crossing of the bar' for this venerable old arena that has stood the acid test these many memorable years." Humphries was actually weeping as he recalled the great deeds accomplished there by the likes of John L. Sullivan, Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Dempsey, Leonard and Dundee himself. "And let us pay tribute to Tex Rickard and the other great gentlemen and sportsmen we have met within these hallowed portals," Humphries went on. Then, raising his arms to the rafters, he sobbed, "Good-by, old temple, farewell to thee, O Goddess Diana standing on your tower. Good night, all . . . until we meet again."

Some ringside spectators were visibly moved. Their lives had revolved around this sports center for a third of a century. The passing of the old Garden was a turning point in the life of New York. The arena had been built to serve a city of less than 2,000,000, and people had wondered how a 12,000-seat hall could ever be filled. Now the huge enclosure wasn't large enough for a sports-mad city that had tripled in size.

Among those listening to Humphries' requiem, none should have felt more involved than Mike Jacobs. When he was still in short pants, he had stood outside this place as a "digger" for small-time scalpers. Now he had the Garden ticket office in his pocket and was growing quietly richer with every show.

As Humphries reached his tearful peroration, Mike was seen to lower his head and hide his face in his hands.

"Lookit Mike—I think he's actually bawling," said George McKitrick, a crony of Johnston's and Jimmy Walker's.

Johnston took a quick, skeptical look and said, "Nah, he's figuring how much better he'll do at the new Garden with twice the seating capacity."

Officially the Jacobs ticket office moved north with the Garden to the Forrest Hotel, but Mike's real office was a secret room on the fourth floor of the new Madison Square Garden not much bigger than a good-sized closet. From here he had a direct inside line to the Garden box office.

Always There with a Stake

According to a well-known boxing press agent who goes back a quarter of a century with Mike, "He had the inside track on all tickets for all Garden events because he staked everybody from top to bottom—anybody who could help him run this business from the secret cubbyhole on the fourth floor. The main thing I remember about Mike, he was always there with the ready. With Uncle Mike, the scratch was always up. And his mouth was always shut."

The most incredible part of this operation, according to our informant, was that Mike year after year was able to keep his actual presence in the Garden a secret. The office he used was a spare belonging to one of the Garden concessions. There was no listing for it in the Garden directory, nor any identification on the door. He'd enter the Garden by a side entrance, go up a back elevator, and slip in and out of this secret door. Command posts in combat zones maintained no tighter security. "I swear, not even Garden officials knew Mike was

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ıp there," one of his former employees in-ists.

To Garden officials, even though they re-alized he helped them fill the house, Mike Jacobs was never entirely *persona grata*. While acknowledging his uncanny box-office sense, they didn't exactly want to lie down in the same bed, or the same building, with him. But Mike, as usual, got his way by moving in first and worrying about the legalities later. This was another lesson he had learned early.

As a result of Mike's talent for obscurity during Rickard's regime, his name was prac-tically unknown to readers of the city's press throughout the twenties. The only reference in the files of the old New York World deals with a now forgotten suit against Rickard in which Mike was a witness.

Richard Fuchs, former secretary to cir-cus head John Ringling, claimed Rickard and the Garden Corporation owed him $189,000, 10 per cent of the first Dempsey-Tunney gross, for arranging the deal by which the fight was brought to Philadelphia in 1926. Jacobs was called in because Fuchs claimed Mike, as a partner of Tex's, was in on the agreement and actually supposed to split the fee fifty-fifty with him. Fuchs de-scribed Mike as—"The man who had ex-clusive access to the Garden box office. He's the official distributor of Garden tickets. Every agent who gets tickets for Garden events must get them from him."

Mike denied this, as well as the sugges-tion that he was Tex's silent partner and guiding hand. He also testified that neither he nor Fuchs had gone to Philadelphia to help arrange the title fight. The plaintiff was finally awarded $3,000.

But one of the minor sensations of the trial was the revelation of Mike's relation-ship to the Garden, a fact that no one had known before, not even his closest relatives.

"What are your connections with Rick-ard?" Fuchs's attorney, B. F. Norris, had asked.

"I'm a stockholder in the Garden," Mike said.

"What?" Norris asked in amazement. "Since when?"

"Since 1926," Mike admitted, and even he couldn't suppress a tendency to smile.

It wasn't until 1935 that Sid Mercer, one of the few sports writers for whom Mike ever seemed to develop any genuine liking, described in the New York American the pivotal role that Mike played in engineering the Dempsey-Tunney return fight in Chi-cago.

According to Mercer, although Billy Gib-son, Tunney's manager, had promised Dempsey a return match, Rickard had been unable to persuade the new champion to sign for the bout. The main hitch seemed to be that Tunney and his manager had had a falling out and the champion was using this as his reason for not going along with his manager's agreement.

Bringing Tunney to Terms

With a crew of sports writers who could bring public pressure to bear, Rickard and Mike went to St. Louis where Tunney was appearing in vaudeville. There, said Mercer, Uncle Mike, who apparently had arranged the trip and took personal charge of the writers, served as mediator between Tunney and Gibson and finally was able to bring them together. Although Mike, character-istically, denied he had anything to do with it, Mercer claimed that Rickard gave Silent Mike full credit for working out the bugs in that particular Battle of the Century which drew an all-time record gate of $2,658,660.

From the sale of ringside seats for the Chicago bout at twice, three times (or 10 times, if he could get it) their printed value of $40, Mike is said to have made as much money as Rickard, the official promoter.

A personal employee, who was with him for years, claims Mike had so much cash on him that free-spending September evening that he broke it up into $20,000 lots, con-cealed it on the persons of his various rela-tives and put them on a train back to New York. He was careful not to buy them Pull-man berths, though. He made them sit up in the coach all night. "If I let 'em get too comfortable," he told Bobby Dawson, the old boxer who served as a sort of rough-and-ready Knight of the Bath to Mike, "the suckers might fall asleep."

In Detroit a sensational young Negro heavyweight named Joe Louis started his professional boxing career. Mike got in on his act and together they made ring history. Read the fourth installment in this series next week

BUTCH

"Well, d'ya like it or not? We can't spend all night pickin' out a getaway car!"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

1890—*golf was just becoming popular in America. Three of the early courses were near Millis, Mass., home of Clicquot Club, then and now.*

They tried a brand new sport and a grand new refreshment

In the nineties there was some question as to whether you pro-nounced that new game "golf" or "goff"—but there was no question about Clicquot Club! It was pronounced the finest gin-ger ale anyone had tasted! And so the fame of Clicquot Club spread—from old New England to all the U. S. A., and then across the seas. The rich, ripe tang of Clicquot Club Ginger Ale today as yesterday is flavor-perfect because it's *flavor-aged*—mellowed months for extra goodness. And ice-cold carbonation means longer-lasting sparkle—for *all* Clicquot Club beverages.

Clicquot (pronounced Kleek-o) Club

GINGER ALE • SPARKLING WATER

Try these and other Clicquot Club flavors. They're delicious!

ORANGE COLA ROOT BEER GRAPE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ROBERT BUGG

PAUKERIZED

THIS DEPARTMENT REJOICES that Elizabeth Arden has publicly denounced the vogue of the neo-1920 shingle bob. We have long admired Miss Arden for parlaying beauty preparations and race horses into a successful career. We respect her professional judgment, and we hope that the ladies do, too. For our own campaign against the current coiffure has got us nowhere.

We have argued on historical grounds, warning the ladies that they court the same loss of power over men that Samson experienced after his first and last haircut. We have raised the economic objection that it's silly to pay a beauty parlor for a job that looks as if the victim had cut her own hair, using a blunt pair of shears and no mirror. We have lodged the political gripe that Communism is bad enough without American women trying to resemble Rumania's foreign minister, Mme. Ana Pauker.

All this has been to no avail. "Pooh!" and "Oh, nuts!" are typical expressions of the reaction to our protests.

Okay, girls, ignore our masculine opinion if you will. But just remember that Miss Arden is in the business of keeping you pretty. And Miss Arden is right in our corner when we tell you again that in today's high-style hairdo you look like a pack of unkempt spaniels who've just come in out of the rain.

Let's US Economize

SOME OF THE RESIDENTS of Winnetka, Illinois, a Chicago suburb, apparently cling to an old-fashioned, small-town belief in government economy. They seem downright reluctant to dip in and help themselves every time the public purse is passed. We figure this must be the reason why their village council, early this year, turned down the offer of $316,000 worth of brand-new post office.

In our March 18th issue we commented editorially on this unusual example of civic self-denial. Above that comment we reproduced a letter which the president of the Winnetka Village Council had written to Senator Lucas of Illinois. The councilman told the senator, in effect, that Winnetka could sure use a new post office but, things being as they are, he thought maybe the village should go along with its present setup in order to hold down federal expenditures.

Recently Senator Lucas sent us another letter. This one, written some six weeks after the other message, was from the president of the Winnetka Chamber of Commerce. The gist of *his* letter to the senator was that he sure would like to see government spending reduced but, things being as they are, he didn't see how Winnetka could get by any longer without a new post office.

Since we don't know much about the local situation there, we're not going to take sides. The chamber of commerce president quoted some baleful figures to prove his point. Yet it would seem that the present postal facilities haven't been able to stay Winnetka's couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds. For the C. of C. man told the senator that "we Winnetkans wish to continue to receive the A-1 service to which we have become accustomed."

Senator Lucas replied that he was inclined to agree with the pro-post office group. And he said he found it rather amusing that the village officials and the chamber of commerce couldn't agree on the need for a post office in Winnetka. We suspect that he may have been a little amused at Collier's, too.

It was probably a little naïve of us to assume that a whole town would have the united will power to say no when the man with the pork barrel full of Washington money was right outside the door hollering, "Come and get it!" The senator, being a political sophisticate, must have known that somebody would enter a dissent to the village council's decision.

But we don't regret our editorial cheer for the council. We think that their principle is right and that their example is valuable. And we think they made a valiant start toward reversing the prevailing attitude of American communities toward federal spending.

It's easy enough for a town or an individual to be noble about government economy. But when a nice, expensive plum is about to drop in the local lap, then the inclination is to say—if we may paraphrase a famous remark by Popeye's friend, Mr. J. Wellington Wimpy—"Let's you and him economize."

Winnetka's council had the courage to say, "Let's start economizing here at home." It was a small but significant gesture. And, in this day of deficit spending, we still admire them for it.

Crabathon

WE JUST READ the other day about a crab that took a 90-mile walk. The creature was tagged by the Oregon State Fish Commission and was picked up five months later after its lengthy sidewise stroll. Somehow we don't feel that this remarkable feat got all the attention it deserved. And we have a special reason for trying to make up for that deficiency here and now.

Frankly, we've grown pretty tired of the undue publicity that's been given certain other crabs who haven't traveled nearly as far. We don't know the total distance covered by Mr. Gromyko, Mr. Malik and other sour-pussed Soviet representatives while stalking out of U.N. meetings. But we're sure that it wouldn't even approach the official record hung up by our unsung hero, the West Coast crustacean.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OLD CROW WINS ANOTHER DECISION

Time and again in Old Crow's long and distinguished history, the courts ruled that no whiskey other than genuine Old Crow could be labeled or sold by that name.

OLD CROW

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

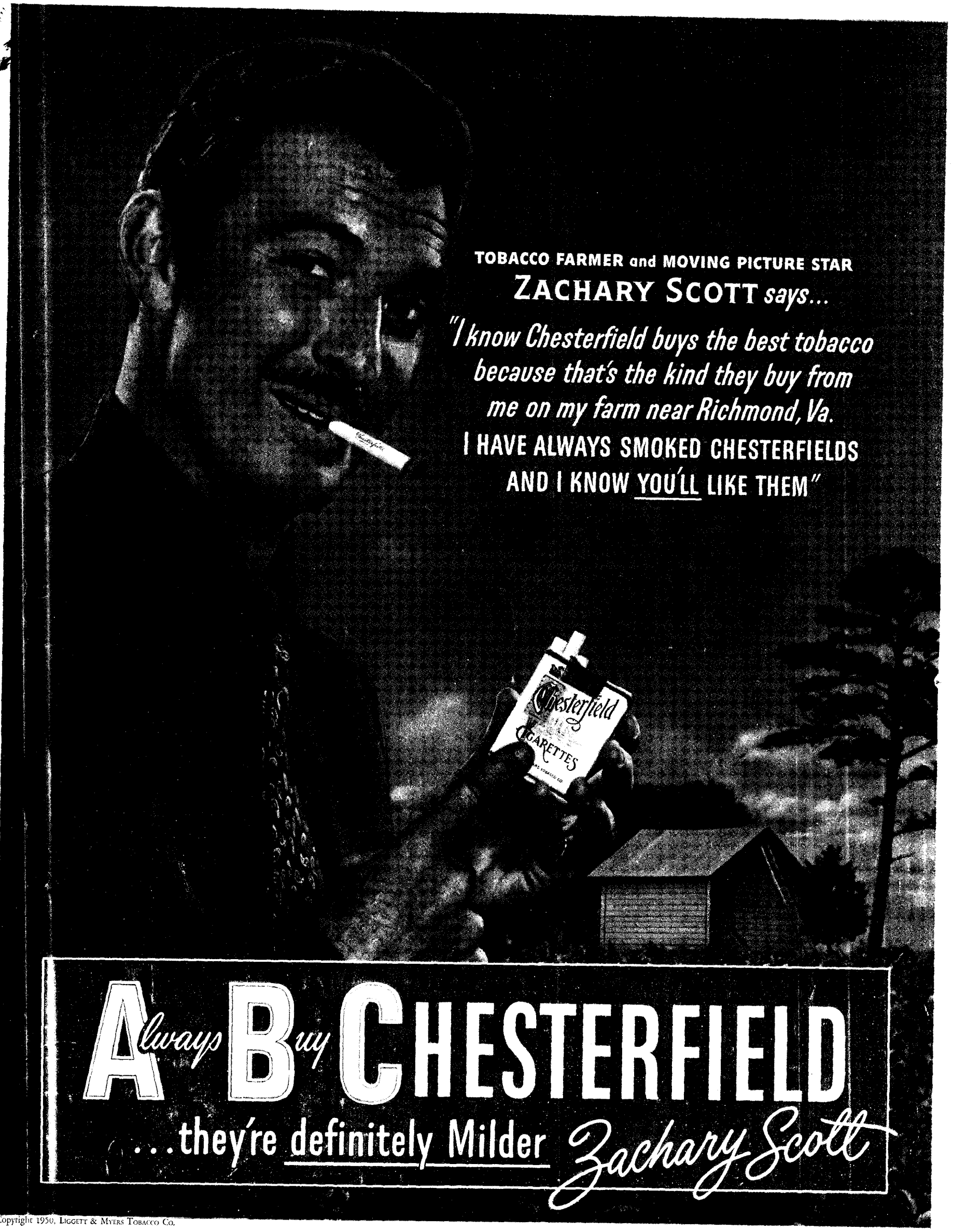
At one time more than 1800 writs, desists and summonses were needed to stop imitation of the Old Crow trademark. But Old Crow itself was inimitable . . . and never ceased to command the preference of discriminating men. Today, as 100 years ago, it remains a standard of perfection in Kentucky bourbons.

A TRULY GREAT NAME

Among America's Great Whiskies

100 PROOF • NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, NEW YORK

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


TOBACCO FARMER and MOVING PICTURE STAR
ZACHARY SCOTT says...
"I know Chesterfield buys the best tobacco because that's the kind they buy from me on my farm near Richmond, Va.
I HAVE ALWAYS SMOKED CHESTERFIELDS AND I KNOW YOU'LL LIKE THEM"
Chesterfield
CIGARETTES
Always Buy CHESTERFIELD
...they're definitely Milder
Zachary Scott

Copyright 1950, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED